

MINNIE P. BLAIR: DAYS REMEMBERED OF FOLSOM AND PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA; BANKING AND FARMING IN GOLDFIELD, TONOPAH, AND FALLON, NEVADA

Interviewee: Minnie P. Blair

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Description

Minnie P. (Nichols) Blair was born in California in 1886. She spent her early years in Folsom and Placerville. She arrived in Nevada in 1909, the bride of Ernest W. Blair, a banker in Goldfield. The Blairs lived in Goldfield for nine years, then moved to Tonopah, where they resided at the time of the Divide Boom in 1919. Following the decline of the camp, the family moved to Fallon in 1924, where they bought a farm, and Mr. Blair continued his banking career in association with George Wingfield, owner of a chain of Nevada banks. The farm, named the Atlasta Ranch, became the center of one of Fallon's most important industries, ultimately becoming nationally known.

Mrs. Blair began raising poultry, at first on a small scale. Finally, her work made the distribution of Fallon turkeys an important business. The Fallon birds were shipped all over the country, and the birds' marketability, fine quality, and excellent flavor made Fallon, Nevada, and the Atlasta Ranch significant factors in the state's economy. At the same time, Mrs. Blair supervised a truck garden and eight hundred laying chickens.

When she retired from the poultry business, Mrs. Blair opened a small coffee shop in Fallon, and with other family members, started to serve her own food creations. This led to a new interest, and it was only a short time until the "sandwich queen," as Helen Blair Millward (Mrs. Blair's daughter) became known, had received a national restaurateurs' award for the "Atlasta good beef sandwich."

Mrs. Blair's careers are only a part of her story. She was always extremely active in civic, charitable, and political affairs in every community where she lived. These activities gained her the widest possible acquaintance over her adopted state. At more than eighty years of age, she was still supervising the restaurant in Fallon. She was named a Distinguished Nevadan by the University of Nevada in 1967.

The Minnie P. Blair memoir contains her reminiscences about her early days in California; accounts of social, economic, and political affairs in Goldfield and Tonopah; descriptions of ranch work and other activities in Fallon; and a philosophical conclusion.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Minnie P. (Nichols) Blair was born in California in 1886. She spent her early years there, in Folsom and Placerville. She arrived in Nevada in 1909, the bride of Ernest W. Blair, a banker of Goldfield. The Blairs lived in Goldfield for nine years, then moved to Tonopah, where they resided at the time of the "Divide boom" (1919). Following the decline of the camp, the family moved to Fallon in 1924, where they bought a farm, and Mr. Blair continued his banking career in association with George Wingfield, owner of a chain of Nevada banks. The farm, named the "Atlasta Ranch," became the center of one of Fallon's most important industries, ultimately becoming nationally known.

Mrs. Blair began raising poultry, at first on a small scale. Finally, her work made the distribution of Fallon turkeys an important business. The Fallon birds were shipped all over the country, and the birds' marketability, fine quality, and excellent flavor made Fallon, Nevada, and the Atlasta Ranch significant factors in the state's economy. At the same

time, Mrs. Blair supervised a truck garden and eight hundred laying chickens.

When she retired from the poultry business, Mrs. Blair could have rested; she did not. Realizing that there was need for a restaurant serving well-prepared, economical meals in Fallon, she opened a small coffee shop, and with other family members, started to serve her own food creations. This led to a new interest, and it was only a short time until the "sandwich queen," as Helen Blair Millward (Mrs. Blair's daughter) became known, had received a national restauranteurs' award for the "Atlasta good beef sandwich."

Mrs. Blair's careers are only part of her story. She was always extremely active in civic, charitable, and political affairs in every community where she lived. These activities gained her the widest possible acquaintance over her adopted state. At more than eighty years of age, she was still supervising the restaurant in Fallon. She was named a Distinguished Nevadan by the University of Nevada at commencement in 1967.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Mrs. Blair accepted readily, preparing for the interviews by compiling scripts and notes. There were eight taping session between October, 1966, and April, 1967. Mrs. Blair was a cooperative and enthusiastic memoirist, reading from her prepared material and answering questions.

The memoir made by Minnie P. Blair contains her reminiscences about her early days in California; accounts of social, economic, and political affairs of Goldfield and Tonopah; descriptions of ranch work and other activities in Fallon; and a philosophical conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada's Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of persons who have played important roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library on the Reno campus, and the Special Collections department of the Nevada Southern University Library. Permission to cite or quote from Minnie P. Blair's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1968

CALIFORNIA YEARS

My maternal grandparents were Andrew Wagner and Christina Wagner, my paternal grandparents, Eli Nichols and Lucy N. Nichols. All were inspired to move to the West, to the new frontier, by the discovery of gold in California. Charles Wagner joined a wagon train, leaving his family in Philadelphia to join him when he could send the money necessary to finance the trip by boat to the new land. Anecdotes of his trip across the plains, I never knew as I was still young when he passed away. Just how long this trip took, I regret to say I do not know.

The family made the trip by boat, steerage, around Cape Horn, South America. They settled in a community called Jayhawk, about seven miles down the American River from Coloma where gold was first discovered by James Marshall, in 1848.

Likewise, my paternal grandparents joined a wagon train for the goldfields in California. They started from Bridgeport, Connecticut. They had an only son, very young at the time, and his grandparents persuaded the parents to leave him in Bridgeport until such time as

they were located in the new land and could send for him. (What they really said was, "If you want to go on such a hazardous journey and be attacked or scalped by the Indians, go, but leave the boy with us.") In 1852, when William, the son, was six years old, he was shipped by Wells Fargo Express via the Isthmus to San Francisco, where he was met by his parents. The parents were living in Folsom City, California and this remained their home and William's home throughout their lifetimes.

Going back to Grandfather Wagner, he was born in Germany, and was married there. I do not know the location of his birth, but my grandmother was a native of Luxemburg. They had one son, Charles, born in Germany. The rest of the family were five girls and one other son, born in Pennsylvania.

Grandpa Wagner was a harsh gentleman. He bound the children out as they were old enough to work. My mother said, as soon as the weather was warm enough, the children went barefooted and until the colder weather came, did not wear any shoes. Grandpa

Wagner collected the wages earned when the children were old enough to work. When my mother was old enough to work though, he did not collect the wages she earned.

Both of my grandfathers were blacksmiths and toolmakers, both had shops in Folsom. The Wagners left Jayhawk and moved to Folsom after the marriage of their daughter, Christina who was my mother.

A railroad was being built out of Sacramento. My father, in his late teens, learned to be an engineer when there was but twenty-two miles of railroad in California. Later this line was extended to Shingle Springs, and it was there my father met my mother, who was working at the Orr Hotel.

A fast courtship followed, and they were married in this hotel at Shingle Springs, neither one quite of age, so their parents' consent was required. Both families were of the Episcopalian faith and all of the children from the union were raised in the same faith.

When this event occurred, I cannot tell you, I just know that in the days when it just wasn't done, my grandmother divorced my grandfather and moved to Dayton, Nevada, with the then only unmarried daughter, Pauline. Virginia City mining probably prompted the move. Grandmother was married again to a man by name of Weincoop, and Pauline, though not adopted, went by her stepfather's name. Later she was married to James Millsap, a family well-known in Lyon County.

In the year 1893, my father, my mother, brother Charles, and myself along with my youngest brother, only a year old, went to Dayton to visit my grandmother and the Millsaps. I was only seven, but I remember very clearly events of the visit. A trip by horse and buggy to Carson was the highlight. We carried a picnic lunch with us, which was eaten in the capitol park at noon.

Our first sightseeing trip was to the state prison. I was particularly impressed with the footprints of the animals, and the giant-sized prints of a dinosaur's foot in the solid clay or sandstone formation in the prison yard. The dungeons and "Oregon Boots" used for punishment were pretty terrible to my young mind. From there to the orphan's home. The children seemed a happy lot and the home, if I was capable to judge, was well-run.

Next we went to the Indian school, and from kitchen to classrooms it, too, seemed like a well-run institution. The boys learned along with education, vocational training, and the girls were taught with their educational classes all types of home economics work.

Back to Carson and a trip to the Mint. What a wonderful sight to see gleaming twenty-dollar gold pieces coming red-hot from the molds! It was this year that the Mint closed, and no more coins were minted there. Lastly the state capitol. My interest lagged here until we visited the treasurer's office, and such a sight when Mr. Egan, the state treasurer, opened the vault—shelves and bags of coins, gold coins of every denomination in trays, on shelves, and bags and bags piled on the floor. This was the last year the Carson City Mint was in operation.

I started school in Granite district school in Folsom at six years of age. At that time they had what was called a beginner's class. I already had learned the alphabet and small numbers and some reading, so at the end of two weeks, I was put into the first grade.

My first teacher was Alice Burke. To the sorrow of the entire school, she passed away that year. Mary McDerby followed her, and was my teacher through the fourth grade. Sarah Lawson taught fifth and sixth, but before I finished fifth grade, another teacher; Annie Anglon came in. Seventh, eighth, and ninth grades were taught by the principal, Mr.

Blanchard. There was only one high school in Sacramento County, so Mr. Blanchard taught those of us who would stay after school for an hour or so, word analysis, algebra, chemistry, and astronomy. The class was called tenth grade. I was fortunate enough to be able to enroll in high school at Sacramento, after graduation. My brother Charles, working on trains out of Sacramento, had married and lived in Sacramento. That left just the three younger children of the family home, brother Bert, Clarence and myself.

I graduated from the Folsom school in 1901, and brother Charles living in Sacramento offered me the opportunity of living in his home and attending high school. The school, a county-supported one, numbered probably less than 150 pupils. My time there was short, for my sister Lena moved away and I was called back to Folsom to help my father. To relieve the household burdens for me, my sister Maude took the youngest brother Clarence to Placerville with her.

Soon after this, Bert, after graduation from Granite, worked for about a year at Field's Variety Store making the ice cream and such for that department. After this Bert apprenticed himself to the Shaw-Batcher pipe works in Sacramento for three years.

I might add here that Folsom had lots of mosquitoes, and malaria was prevalent. Chills and fever were frightening things, and I had my share. It called for much medication during the summer months. The move later to Placerville, with the healthful mountain air, relieved me of this malaria, and my health there was excellent.

The school bell in Folsom was a fine, bronze bell, and it was used for many purposes in the town. It rang for school, of course, tolled for funerals, rang to call people to church, and to call volunteer fire fighters when there were fires.

Going back to events that were happening during these years at school, the canal from the dam across the American River at the Folsom prison was being built. This was to carry water to the powerhouse, also being built at the same time. We had no electricity, and used lamps and candles. This project was completed in 1895, and it was a thrill to turn a button and have a light. I remember the cost of installation, \$2.50 for each drop light. We had three bedrooms, a parlor, family room, and dining room and kitchen. So for less than \$20.00, our house was wired.

After the powerhouse and canals were finished, the American River Land and Lumber Company built a sawmill and mill pond, and just below town, their planing mill and box factory was built. In the spring when the river was high, the logs that were cut the summer before in the mountains were sent down the log chutes to the river, and flowed to where the dam held them back. They were then directed by log drivers—skilled men who rode the logs—into the canal and down to the mill pond. This was something to watch, and the banks of the canal were lined throughout the day with spectators.

Folsom had a beautiful, natural picnic ground, beautiful, large oak trees of several varieties. It was under these trees that you spread your picnic lunch. May Day school picnic was the big one of the year. Nearly everyone had a tree and had a banquet going on at its feet come noontime. Fried chicken, baked ham, hard-cooked eggs—always—potato salad, and an ice cream freezer with that good, home-made ice cream.

Dancing followed the school program, which consisted, of course, of the May Pole dance, beautifully done. We had practiced for weeks, every day, on the school yard. You would think everybody would be ready for bed by nightfall, but no, the big dance held in

the Folsom Opera House, held forth up until the wee hours of the next morning.

Folsom's main street was only about four blocks long, and there were more saloons than stores. Livery stables also on the main street. Like all towns, Folsom had its "nob hill." Here lived the Burnhams, Levys, Cohns, Hymans, Millers, and Clumps. They were all business people, bankers, druggists, dry goods, groceries, saloonkeepers, and the undertaker. A ravine divided the town, and the working people lived mostly on my side of the town.

In these early days, the cattle from the surrounding ranches were driven to the mountains for summer feeding. This was another sight to watch, to see these large herds go through town on their way to Hobart Mills, Lake Tahoe, Echo Lake and other grazing places.

No story on Folsom could be told without relating the activities of the largest Chinatown outside San Francisco. Here were lotteries, opium dens, stores, and fantastic celebrations. Their New Year's was attended by almost as many white people as Chinese. Their church, joss house, and theater were all worth visiting. As a little girl, I was unafraid when Mother would send me to buy coffee, tea, sugar, and so forth from the merchants for whom my father did trucking. I can still see Chinese men lying on wooden bunks with the opium pots resting on the floor, and the long stems leading up to their mouths.

There was a large Chinese cemetery with an incinerator for burning personal belongings. If the smoke went straight up, they would go to the "happy hunting lands" forthright. If it curled away, a bad omen. When the coffin bearing the body was taken from the home, it was taken out a window, and narrow strips of red paper punched full of little holes were dropped along the road to the cemetery. The devil was baffled by the coffin

going out the window, and then he would have to crawl through all the holes in the red strips, and this would give the spirit of the departed a chance to get away. Every so many years, the remains of these Chinese were taken up and put in burial jars and shipped to China, because every Chinaman wanted China as his last resting place. Funeral guests were paid, and coins were placed on the face of the dead person to pay their way to heaven. I can see those coins on their eyes and mouth yet.

In the Chinatown in Folsom there was one little-foot Chinese woman. She was the wife of Tong Hing, and he paid \$2,000 for her. And she was shipped from China to him. When he brought her to Folsom from Sacramento, he took her off the train about four miles below town where they stopped for a switch of some kind, and brought her in an enclosed, curtain-drawn cab to her new home. Of course, it's known that the Chinese were not friendly toward one another. There were many tongs, and even in the small town of Folsom there were branches of these tongs. And he was afraid that an opposing clan might do harm to her, if they could get at her. And so she was secretly brought to Folsom and spirited into her new home, and very few ever saw her. I did, and her babies. They were darling little Chinese children. Her feet were no longer than - about four inches was just about as long as they were. She walked on those tiny little pegs. An attractive little tiny woman, too, and she had her own maid who came from China with her.

After the Chinese Exclusion Act, it was difficult to bring Chinese in. And when a Chinaman from Folsom wished to go back to China to visit, he was photographed and papers drawn. I know my father was called upon, I guess probably, to witness, to say that the information was absolutely correct written on that paper. So that when it came time for

him to come back, he had this paper for re-entry at San Francisco harbor.

And also my father hauled all the freight for these Chinese. Chinese names were difficult, so they used my father's initial to ship their freight. Some would come "Diamond N," some would come "Circle N," and some would come "Square N," and some with just great big N. And he knew the identity of these symbols, and would deliver the freight, of course correctly, to each Chinese merchant.

The Chinese "good days" were something. Those were the days when they celebrated certain symbols of their Chinese calendar, and they fed the dead. They would carry roasted pigs on troughs, four men would carry them, they would be suspended on rods across the shoulders of these men, between them they would carry the troughs. And amid the cymbals and gongs, and whatever else loud noise that they could make, and firecrackers at the end of the parade, they went toward the cemetery. And then they laid this food in front of the Chinese incinerator at the cemetery. Of course, the next day when these beautifully roasted pigs were gone, they naturally thought the dead had come to eat it. But we had the proverbial bums that every town had, opium addicts, morphine addicts, and just plain old drunks that every small town in those days supported. They always waited 'till the Chinese had departed, and they devoured that lovely roast pig. But it was nice; the Chinese thought it went to feed the dead.

Now that Chinese cemetery has completely disappeared. The dredgers came into Folsom and dredged out all of that land. The Jewish cemetery was moved into another area, and that was dredged. The remains and boxes, or what little was left of them were laid into new graves. And all of that land was dredged, and they took out worlds and worlds of gold until it ran out. And my chum, who stood up

with me when we were married, her husband Richard Smith was the superintendent of the operation.

The townspeople were not alarmed at all about the tongs, because they didn't harm the white people. The only enemies that they had were members of the other tongs. Sometimes there would be no disturbances at all, and they would get along beautifully for long, long periods of time. When some one member did something to another member of another tong, then they clashed, but usually the local police, who were very much respected by the Chinese took care of such problems. Jim Donnelly was very much respected, and he was head of our local police as long as I ever knew. The Chinese liked him, and they listened to him, so he was able to quell any little things that might have erupted into a sizable uprising, as they did in San Francisco.

I can remember so clearly when Little Pete was killed in a tong war in San Francisco. I rather think that that probably was after I had moved to Goldfield. I might find that in my scrapbooks, but that was the climax of a real bad Tong war. And I would say, to my knowledge, it climaxed and was the end of the tong wars there.

Mother Blair knew a policeman whose name was Rune. Mr. Hume was called the "Terror of Chinatown", because he could do more than the Chinese and settle their differences more than any other individuals. He was a giant of a man, and he worked in Chinatown and among the Chinese.

The vegetable peddlers in Folsom carried two baskets on the proverbial stick across their shoulders. When strawberries were in season they were carried in crates across the top of the basket, and in the baskets were carrots and turnips and beets, radishes, lettuce and green onions, necessary vegetables needed in the kitchen. And they made daily

trips, went a certain round every day to the homes, and sold their vegetables and strawberries, and so forth.

The strawberries were magnificent. You never saw such strawberries, but I hate to tell you how they were fertilized. I learned later how they were fertilized, but the strawberries were so good it didn't really spoil my appetite. They had no excavations underneath their little privies. A can sat under there, and that human fertilizer was used to fertilize the gardens. And the vegetables sure did grow good. Strawberries were never over five cents a basket, and it was not a little basket like we get today; it was a tall basket made of fiber, about five inches high and five inches across. They didn't just put them level. They heaped the berries in the baskets. You got full measure. And they were wonderful, wonderful products.

There was a large colony of Portuguese people in Folsom. Quite a few of the Portuguese raised gardens also. Their vegetables were always in demand. I guess anything that we ate was grown in Folsom—even to watermelons which I couldn't eat, because if I ate two bites of a watermelon I would shake with malaria chills and fever the next day. (I could hardly look at watermelon for some reason or other. It affected me that way. And we used to have to take calomel to fight the fever in the malaria. Then that was followed with what we called rochelle salts, horrible to take, just horrible to take.)

I was a skinny little guy. They called me "Broomstick" and "Lark Legs." And I was a dreadful tomboy. There wasn't a tree I couldn't climb.

We had every kind of fruit in our yard in Folsom. Down one side of the yard, there was a peach tree, then there was a sour lemon tree (I say sour because we also had another kind of lemon), then another lemon tree, then a

greengage plum tree, a lime tree, four huge cherry trees—two of them Mother would let us eat, the other two were reserved for canning—then orange trees—we had a blood orange, navel oranges, Mediterranean sweets—and apricots. That included several orange trees. And I guess we didn't have an apple tree. That's the only fruit, I think, we didn't have. This other lemon that I speak of was a sweet lemon tree, and we were the only ones in town that had a sweet lemon tree. And how it bore! There were ripe lemons coming all year 'round. It was just like the sour lemon tree. There was lemons ripening and growing all year 'round. It was a continuous production.

So when I took a sweet lemon to school— it was shaped like an orange but it had the nipple of the lemon—and set it on my inkwell, the notes began to fly, and the barter was on. And do you know what I traded for—a pomegranate, because I had no pomegranate in my yard. So when a pomegranate was offered, that I took. But many times I got a pencil box with a pen and pencil in it, an eraser. You can't imagine the things that the children would offer me for that sweet lemon. They loved them so. It sounds fantastic.

We got our winter apples from a colored man by the name of Grant Monroe who had an apple orchard near Placerville, in Coloma, where they grew wonderful mountain apples. Come fall, we would listen in the evening time for the tinkle of the bells across the lead horses of Mr. Monroe's apple wagon as he came to take his load to Sacramento to sell it. And he always stopped at our house, slept in our barn, and fed his horses there. And for this privilege he gave my mother two boxes of beautiful red apples. As long as we had no apples, we treated them carefully, and they lasted us quite a long time. Of course, by that time in the winter we had countless oranges and my mother put up every kind of fruit.

In our cellar was a crock of pickled grapes—that was on the bunch. You could pick that bunch up and eat these pickled grapes, just delightful. A crock of pickled peaches, a whole barrel of mixed pickles, a layer of cucumbers, these little silver onions, string beans, wax peppers that were not very hot—just a little bit hot—-which flavored the whole barrel with just enough pepper taste to make it very appetizing. And along with that, there were pans of milk with lovely cream across the top, always a dishpan, in the swinging safe to keep from the ants, big sugar cookies—she never let them run out—and the shelves were full of every variety of fruit that could be canned, beside lots of tomatoes canned. So our larder was always well-stocked. Then, of course, when Grandfather was alive, we had a barrel of beer in the cellar. We also had a demijohn of port wine, one of sherry, one of whiskey, and one of brandy. All of this liquor was in our cellar. My mother, who wasn't very well, drank what they called at that time porter, so there was a barrel of porter, or a heavy ale it was, in the cellar for her. And with all of this liquor in the cellar, my four brothers never were known to drink to excess.

The Cleveland depression also happened in the 1890's. We felt the pinch, because we were a family of seven, plus Mother and Dad. My brothers were good hunters who brought home rabbits, and yes, mudhens, as coots were called. My mother was a splendid cook, and they tasted like a banquet when she served them. We had our own cows, so plenty of milk, and Mother made the best bread.

Then came sorrow. Mother, with a neighbor, and both of their two young sons went out for mushrooms. It was after a rain in December. Mother took cold, which turned into pneumonia, and in three days, she was dead. I can look back now and see how unskilled the doctors were. The sickroom

was darkened, all windows and doors closed, they practically smothered her. She was dearly loved by the townspeople; the schools were closed the day of her funeral. An older sister, Lena, came home to take care of the home and family.

Shortly after this, the country was shocked with the assassination of President McKinley. My oldest brother, William, Jr., enlisted in the Marines at the close of the war with Spain and was on the gunboat Yorktown in the South Pacific. In 1900, he was transferred to the gunboat Newark to rescue missionary people who were being murdered by the Boxers in China. A sniper from a housetop fired and killed my brother. A year later, his body was returned to Folsom for burial in the family plot. This brother upon graduation from Granite school at sixteen was given a certificate to teach first grade. He was real smart. My sister Maude married a young man from Placerville, Shelly Inch, Jr., and she was living there.

Before telling of my departure from Folsom, I'd like to tell about the three churches there, Methodist, Episcopal, and Catholic. I attended both of the former. There were times when the Episcopal Church would have no resident minister, and then we went to the Methodist Church. My mother was always careful of our attendance at Sunday school. My chum, Pearl, of whom I've spoken was a Catholic, and I often went to church with her.

When I spoke of "nob hill," I should have said our side of town, the south side of the ravine had some prominent people living among us. Next door to my home, was a very successful grocer-merchant, J. P. Cox, with a beautiful landscaped home. Across the street, was the butcher and cattleman, Mr. Chris Ecklund and his two sons, their homes on either side of their father. Also across the street named Figueroa, lived the

owner and editor, Thaddeaus MacFarland, of the Folsom Telegraph, a weekly paper which is still being published. MacFarland's son Ray succeeded him after his death, and I do not know who has the paper now. Next door to the MacFarlands lived our town doctor.

My chum's mother, Mrs. Kate Foster, owned and operated the Enterprise Hotel. Zimmersmans owned and ran the Western Hotel. James Donnelly, deputy sheriff, Mrs. Foster's son, ran the largest livery stable. Dr. Bates, the only dentist in the town, also lived near. The Whites, Fergusons, Doriens, Hustons, Deeleys, Sullivans, all such fine people and wonderful neighbors, and one very loved person, Auntie Thomas, lived on the street back of us, or actually just across the alley. She, it was, who up until the late nineties had helped the doctors—and I think sometimes without the doctors—bring just about every baby born in Folsom into the world. We were eight, and she was the nurse for all of us. I'd like to say also that every youngster in Folsom loved my father very much and called him Uncle Billy.

Not too long after this, 1902, my father decided to marry again. I didn't feel that the woman of his choice measured up to the ideals with which I surrounded my mother's memory, so I, too, went to Placerville to live. I regretted leaving my school chum of many years, Pearl Foster, of whom I was very fond. I often returned for short visits and I checked on my father's welfare and health. My sister, Maude Inch from Placerville, Lena Bolton, who was still living in Folsom, and myself witnessed my father's second marriage, and that same day I was on my way to Placerville to make my home with my sister Maude. The Inches, her mother and father-in-law, lived in one of the finest homes there, and Maude and her husband lived in the same home. It was there I, too, lived.

Mr. Inch was postmaster and also had about the most important store in town. Here was domiciled the telephone office, long distance and local, privately owned, paying toll to the then Sunset Telephone Company. Capital Telephone also had a system in Placerville. Later on, this was taken over by Sunset. The store was a distribution point for the Sacramento newspapers, Bee and Union and the San Francisco papers, Examiner, Call, Chronicle, and Bulletin. Every sort of notion, stationery, and books, candy, tobacco of all kinds, cigarettes and cigars. If they didn't have it, they would try to get it.

I had turned sixteen and there was no high school there at the time but plans to have a county school were forming. I learned all of the different types of employment that the store offered, also the post office. I could fill in for anyone, and I loved it. On the first day of each month, the merchants of Placerville sent one of their employees to collect the bills owed. I was always so proud to do this. I had a purse with twenty dollars in change to start with, and my territory covered Main Street from the post office to what was called "Upper Town," a distance of over a mile. It meant a stop in every store, lawyer's offices, and courthouse, hotels, and so forth. You expected that most everyone would pay their bill. However, there were some that had notices on their door, "Out of town," and these were the people that necessitated several calls before the bill was collected. It always seemed so strange, for in most cases they were the ones most able to pay.

The telephone switchboard was fascinating. It was called a magneto system. When a party called, a little metal square was dropped, exposing the line calling. Then you picked up a plug on a cord and put it in a socket with the same number and asked, "Number?" The plugs were in pairs, so when

given the number, you would use the opposite plug and insert it in the number being called, ring the number, and the conversation began. At that time, 1902, a long distance call to Los Angeles or Seattle, even to Reno, were something to talk about with the tolls running from two to three dollars for three minutes. Transmission often not too good, with considerable humming on the line.

When the high school opened, I registered as a part-time student taking English, Spanish, and shorthand. However, it was not too long before I was needed as a fulltime employee at the post office, so again I was no longer a student. The hours in the post office were long. We went to work at eight in the morning and we closed the windows at 8 p.m., an hour off for lunch, also an hour for dinner. Our home was a mile from the post office and our transportation on foot. Lunch, we carried with us, but would walk home for dinner. That meant four miles a day back and forth. What a difference today; how few people walk!

The Placerville post office was a distribution point for the surrounding towns, north, east, and west. In this way, you became familiar with the names of people living in most parts of the county. Stages, some daily, some every other day carried the mail beyond. In the summertime, a daily stage went to Lake Tahoe and resorts along what is now Highway 50.

Placerville had many pioneer families and some very fine homes. Perhaps the most prominent were the many Blairs, who were the first lumber manufacturers. They had mills in the mountains, and lumber yards and a planning mill in Placerville. Cedar Ravine had three beautiful Blair houses. Another Blair was James, on Clay Street; his beautiful home, a wedding gift from his parents.

The Combellack home was on this same street, Cedar Ravine. The Inch home was

built on a hill near the Southern Pacific depot. Mr. Inch owned quite an acreage of land called the Inch Addition. Coloma Street had some fine residences. Here were the Simons, Zwislers, Maginesses, Culbertsons, Richards, to name just a few. At the end of Coloma lived the Koletzke family, my aunt and uncle - Uncle Gus, a native of Germany, my Aunt Louisa from Pennsylvania. Across Hangtown Creek from the depot lived another aunt and uncle, Uncle Fred and Aunt Caroline Tagtmeier. The Koletzkes owned a large tract of land and raised fruit and vegetables. Uncle Fred was a musician and a very good one. He, too, was German. He led a fine band; his instrument was the cornet and in his orchestra he played the violin and he really made it sing.

Arthur Koletzke, as a young man, became county clerk of El Dorado County and remained the county clerk for twenty-seven years. He was injured in an auto accident, which necessitated his retirement.

The social life during my six years in Placerville was delightful. I was a good bridge player, also five hundred, and was included in my own age group and often a substitute player for the older groups. I loved to dance, and never lacked an escort to what we called the nicer balls of the year. I was not allowed to go to the so-called Saturday night dances. The Native Sons of the Golden West always gave the New Years Ball; then followed St. Patrick's; following Lent, the Episcopal Ball, the May Day dance, Fourth of July, Labor Day, and Thanksgiving. All of these dances started at nine in the evening and they lasted until 3:30 or 4:00 a.m. when the musicians played "Home Sweet Home."

We had no conveyances and in the wintertime, your escort if the weather was bad, would bring an umbrella and the two of you would huddle under the protective

cover. The girls usually carried their dancing slippers in a fancy bag made for the purpose. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served, really a banquet. This was always included in the price of the ticket.

Summertime brought hayrides, watermelon parties, and many picnics. There was rollerskating, too, and I could skate very well. So you can see our life was not too dull, when you think of what the young people of today have for entertainment.

It is difficult to remember all of the fine people who lived in Placerville, just to name some that I haven't mentioned, there were, and I have a long list of them—O'Donnells, Sigwarts, Crockers, Zeisses, Fourneys, Tracys, Phillips, Aldersons, Bennetts, Cohns, Carpenters, Inghams, Goodrichs, Witmers, Pratts, Andersons, Carrs, Giebenheims, Hungers, O'Keefes, Beaches, Rosses, Foxes, Stewarts, Kyburzes, Connelllys, Youngs, Celios, McKees, Aldens, Tobys, Irwins, Hardys, Pierces, Chichesters, Robertses, Mierons, Jewells, Turners, Baums, Moreys, Bosquits, Atwoods, Richardsons, Martins, Zimmersmans, and Lowerys. All of these families were still represented by all or some members when I went to Placerville to live.

There were two Alderson families, not related. When speaking of them, they were identified as the white-headed Aldersons or the black-headed Aldersons; one family definitely blond, the other all dark-haired. Really, you couldn't speak of the Aldersons unless you said black or white-headed Aldersons. Mrs. Agnes Alderson was Grandpa Blair's sister.

The best known hotels were the Ohio House run by the McKees, and the Gary House, the early owner I do not know the name of. At the time I was there, the name was changed to Raffles Hotel and run by the Raffetto family, who also owned the Ivy Hotel.

Then in upper Placerville was the Zeiss Hotel. All of these were very old.

The Ivy Hotel was originally the Academy, a privately owned school for boarders and day pupils. Many of the wealthy Nevada farm families living what is now the Minden area sent their children over the hill to the Academy.

In 1905, the Sacramento Union had a contest to send a group of young women to the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland. It was called a popularity contest, and you really worked to prove you popularity. Subscriptions by the months, year, or years gave you so many votes. I covered the county pretty thoroughly with horse and buggy and won the contest in El Dorado County. There were eleven girls who won, and a chaperone appointed by the newspaper. We had a delightful trip to the exposition, which also included a trip up the Columbia River through the locks to The Dalles. It was worth the effort to win.

For a time I was El Dorado correspondent for the Sacramento Bee. They featured a page called Superior California News and I was paid by the inch for material sent in.

A group of girls, eleven besides myself, formed a nice social and reading club. It was called the Sans Souci Club and we met once a week, on Saturdays. We reviewed and read books. One member each week read while the other girls brought needlework and at the end of the meeting held a discussion on what had been read. The club was still active when I was married and the girls gave a farewell party for me and presented me with a chafing dish.

I had a number of serious suitors and proposals during my six years in Placerville, but always, Ernest Blair kept coming back into my life. Ernest worked for the Wells Fargo, and was express messenger on the Placerville passenger train. When I first saw him, when I lived in Folsom, my sister Lena and I were

walking toward her home, which was near the railroad track, and the young man standing in the express cargo car door as the train was leaving Folsom, waved at us. I waved back and my sister asked me to whom I was waving. I told her I didn't know. She asked, "And why did you wave?" I replied, "Well, he doesn't know me either." Later I made it imperative to talk to my father while he was unloading the express packages and the baggage from the train on his dray. I looked the young man over and was impressed. Much later on, when living in Placerville and we had become close friends, he confided that he had asked the Folsom express agent about me, and that Jeff Davis had told him I was one of Folsom's finest young ladies.

Ernest's employment with Wells Fargo took him to many places. First, after leaving the railroad, he was in the superintendent's office in San Francisco. Then he became a relief agent, relieving agents in offices in California, Nevada, and Utah. We corresponded, but I had several correspondents, and he, too, had many young ladies in the many places he was living. Each time he came home to Placerville, our romance grew a bit more intense. Finally, he left Wells Fargo's employ in Goldfield, Nevada, and went to work for the John S. Cook bank. This was in 1905.

Another sorrow came into my life in 1906. My sister Maude, after fighting bravely for her life through several operations, succumbed after a three hour operation at a hospital in San Francisco. I had become part of the Inch family, so they insisted I still remain with them, likewise my brother Clarence.

After Clarence finished high school a few years later, he went to Sacramento to work on the railroad for Southern Pacific. My brother, Charles, was also working for Southern Pacific in Sacramento; and my brother, Bert, was with the Shaw-Batcher in Sacramento. My sister

Lena also was a resident there, so the rest of my family was now in the same city with the exception of my father, who was still living in Folsom.

As I search back through the years, I may not be telling things as they happened, and may have to go back into some of the years. This is the time right now and I must tell about the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

This was about five in the morning of April 18, 1906. I was dressing to go to the post office to put up the mail for the early train. I heard a sort of rumble and felt sort of dizzy and noticed in the mirror that the electric light was swinging. The El Dorado Lumber Company had a side-geared engine to haul lumber from Camino to Placerville, and it was not only noisy, but it caused vibrations. I attributed it all to the train on the tracks below me at the depot. I went to the post office, sent the mail on its way, went back home for breakfast, and was not aware of the terrible disaster until eight o'clock that morning when going back to open the post office.

It was hard to describe the people's feelings; San Francisco, our beloved city, in flames. From Sacramento Hill, named because on a clear day, Sacramento was visible, crowds of people in the evening viewed the glare in the sky for several evenings as the city burned.

During the earlier years that I lived in Placerville there was a jail break at the Folsom prison. Thirteen convicts, after much planning, succeeded in making the break. They took some of the prison officials as hostages and terrorized the countryside for miles around. They scattered in small groups and it was some time before they were captured. Placerville was the news center and the reporters of the large daily newspapers were on hand, namely the San Francisco Examiner, Chronicle, Call, Bulletin, Associated Press, and United Press. An

amusing incident happened which makes one doubtful of the authenticity of news. The convicts had been reported of as stopping at a prospector's cabin near Grizzly Flats, so one of the wise reporters found a shed and an old man in Placerville that answered the description. Next evening when the papers arrived in bundles at Inch's store, I happened to be the person opening the bundle with a picture on the front page, and there was my Uncle Fred sitting in a chair on his wood shed porch! The reporter had a special engine take the photoplate to Sacramento, where it was met and made the front page the next morning. So can you believe what you see or read? That was the funniest thing you could ever experience. The bundles were large, probably seventy-five papers in a bundle. And I had a knife and I cut the string, tore off the wrapper and here were the papers. And here I was looking right down at my Uncle Fred! And that poor reporter's life wasn't worth living. He left town. In fact, he threatened to shoot Ernest and his gang of boys because they tormented him so.

I'd like to go back to talk about Mr. and Mrs. Shelly Inch, with whom I made my home for six years. Mr. Inch, beside owning the store and telephone office of which I have spoken, was, as I said, also postmaster. He was known by all of Placerville as Uncle Shel, a kindly man and much loved by people you could never expect. Likewise Aunt Cad, as Mrs. Inch was known; she often was spoken of as "Placerville's Lady Bountiful." Her charity knew no bounds, and fortunately, she was blessed with what it took to help others so much. So many times, I was messenger to carry an envelope with money enclosed to a needy person or some clothes or material if the person could sew. Never a name or card attached, "Just leave it," I was told.

And I didn't tell of the Placerville bell tower. It was in the center of Main Street by the post office, where Main Street widened. It too, was the bell that awakened the volunteer firemen at night, and of course, rang the alarm in daytime, too. In a town such as Placerville, built as mining camps usually are, the bell would strike terror in your heart when it rang. A fire on Main Street was seldom confined to one store, and only brave firemen saved the town from disaster.

I'd also like to say, that, in these later years (since I have lived in Nevada) there have been movements every so often to remove this bell tower as a street obstruction, but it's always battered down, because it is so typical of the town of Placerville that the old-timers' sons and daughters now believe it should stay.

I worked in the post office and you weren't allowed to talk politics but I wore a button always, and was a dyed in the wool Republican, as was the Inch family, and the Blair family, and all those that I was most intimately associated with.

I never lost my interest in politics. It began even earlier when as a little girl, the candidates in Sacramento County would come through the towns and make their speeches. My father, who was a very, very black Republican, tended the bonfires. They made these great, big bonfires. Then they had an anvil in the middle of the fire that they put the powder on. Then they would take a long rod, and put it in the fire and heat that to a red-hot point and then touch it to the powder and the powder would make an explosion about the size of a cannon. That went on all during the political speeches. They had to keep just everything fired up.

As a little girl, I was always in the front row. I watched one man by the name of Butler, who was a very prominent Republican around Folsom, stand up there and say - the little

table had a water pitcher and a bouquet of flowers on it, and he stood up

"If my son Drury (bang, bang, bang, bang, bang—on the table) even dares to vote (bang, bang, bang, bang, bang,) for anything but a Republican (bang, bang, bang, bang,), I will disown him!" The flowers jumped, and the water pitcher jumped, and our eyes—down in the front row where the children sat- -just bulged. We really hoped it would fall off. So all my life, I have been close to the Republican party and politics.

Of course, I might say also that during this time in Folsom, my sister had married a Democrat, and my brother Charlie was a Republican. My brother Will, who was just coming into politics, was listening to a schoolteacher who was feeding him what they called then the Populist party, which afterwards became the Socialist party with Eugene Debs at the head of it. And so we had real, real, real arguments and discussions at our supper table every night, with my mother trying to shush them so the neighbors wouldn't think we were quarreling.

There were two men, the Democrat and the Republican, who were running for Governor at about the turn of the century. They always had a torchlight parade after the election celebrating the victory. In this torchlight procession, my brother-in-law had a pointed beard, which the newly elected Governor Gage, also had. So he rode a white horse very pompously, and he represented Governor Gage, while along side of him walked a man with an axe over his shoulder with the blade of it all chipped, representing the defeated Democrat.

Hiram Johnson was in politics about that time. He was a very young man, but father Grove L. Johnson was a very, very prominent Republican.

Sheriff A. S. Bosquit was sheriff of El Dorado County (Placerville) for a number of years. He was a magnificent man and revered and loved by everyone. His death stopped him from being sheriff again. He used to call me up on Sunday at the telephone office and we had one of Edison's phonographs that played the large rolls, the large cylinders; so did Mr. Bosquit. The Inches and Mr. Bosquit were the only two in town who had phonographs that played those large cylinder records, and they bought very lovely records. Mr. Bosquit would call up on Sunday afternoon and say, "Well, all right, hang on little girl, I'm going to give you a concert." And you would leave his line, mind you, open on the switchboard, nobody could get in, because the line was open. And he would play records and records to me on Sunday afternoon while I sat there and listened, still being able to answer the little numbers as they fell.

Then there was Judge Nathaniel Arnot. He came from Markleeville to be our judge, and brought his family; wonderful family. It became very much a part of the Placerville people. That was a long, long friendship with the Arnot family. The son Percy was a mining engineer and the evening that he left for South Africa, he talked to me probably close to two hours on the telephone begging me to wait 'till he came home so that we might be married. But Ernest Blair was in the way.

I knew John Sexton very well in Placerville. I never did know just exactly what he did there, but I knew that he had these railroad interests in Nevada and I knew that somewhere, somehow, he had a little something or other that he wanted from the Southern Pacific railroad company. There was something—it was generally known. He and a friend by the name of Sol Briggs, decided they'd pull a joke on a bartender; about the revenue stamp on a

box of cigars that hadn't been scratched. And so they decided that they would scare him a little bit about it. It was meant to be only a practical joke, and they called in this police officer to arrest him for not canceling by scratching this revenue stamp. But the tables turned around and accused them of trying to extort money from him, not to arrest him, so that he wouldn't have to go to jail for the offense. And then they tried to say that it was all a joke, and there was nothing to it.

But it became quite serious, and the people of Placerville were very much upset about it. Sol Briggs had a family, so John Sexton very loyally took all the blame and said it was his idea entirely, and that Mr. Briggs just "came alone with me" and he had nothing absolutely to do with the plot. So Sexton took the blame and he was sentenced to a couple of years in Folsom state prison. And while there he edited a little paper called Hornet. And the people that he didn't like in Placerville were stung very much through Hornet!

I will tell about this aunt of my husband's who lived over in Antelope Valley, California. She was murdered there. Thomas B. Rickey, who owned the banks--the Nye and Ormsby County banks--was also a big landowner, and he very much wanted her land, but she wouldn't sell to him. So one night, she was murdered by two or three men. I've heard different versions of it. The clipping I have said that she was stabbed, I think, to death, and the knife laid on the table. But Cameron Batjer, whose mother was remotely related in some way or other--her kin or some of the Schooley kin, or just connected with some of the Schooley kin--said his mother told him that she'd been smothered with a bucket of hot water clamped over her head; that they took this bucket of hot water and put it down over her head to kill her. Now which was right, I don't know.

But I know Mother Blair tried for years and years to connect Rickey with that murder as being an accessory or one who provoked it.

She had a lawyer named Thomas in Dixon, California, that tried, tried, and tried to get some evidence to connect Rickey with it, but it was impossible. The Blair kids used to run around the yard singing, "Rickey is tricky, Rickey is tricky," because they heard it talked about so much, their mother saying, "Rickey is sure tricky." Of course, his banks failed in Nevada, that was before I came, and he died a rather bad death from cancer.

County superintendent of schools was, I guess, William Bland. He first was a teacher, and then later was county superintendent of schools. He was married to a cousin of the Blairs. About a third of Placerville were Blair kin, practically. There were so many of them. And he was a very fine man. Of course, not at tending school in Placerville, the names of the teachers and people connected with schools didn't just mean so much to me. I remember Mr. Bland buying a money order one night for \$40.00. And I was writing the money order and when I handed it to him, I spelled forty, f-o-u-r-t-y. And he said, "Now Minnie, you know better than that." I said, "I do, but I certainly spelled it wrongly." I can see him at that window yet, looking at me. He had very heavy glasses. He later lost his eyesight and became entirely blind. His wife had a beautiful voice, and her name was Alderson, Adele Alderson. She had a beautiful soprano voice and sang in churches and choirs. They had a choral society, and she was the leading soprano in the choral society.

That was another quite social event in Placerville. A music teacher from Sacramento by the name of Homer Henley would come to Placerville once a week and teach this group of people to sing. Of course, I didn't have too much voice, but I sang a little and joined the

group and was singing along with the best of them. And then of course, always at the end of the season a program of some kind was put on and it was very lovely. We sang opera selections and old songs. It was not just put on as just one opera or operetta; it was put on with a variety of different kinds of singing.

The famous Hangtown Creek, after a heavy rain above Placerville or just in the town would flood, as they called it. When the creek receded to its normal flow, you would see men all along the creek bed with pans; panning gold was taken from the little creek just that way. El Dorado County had a wealth of gold in it.

I will speak of the mines. There was the Ida Mitchell Mine- -that was right in town. And then there was another down on the mountain side of the American River, but the name has left me; and another was the Pacific mine. The one by the river was run by Thomas Clark and Associates. The Ida Mitchell had been a mine in the earlier days and then revived by Colonel Jackson. (By the way, he was the father of Mrs. Kate Atkinson of Reno.) He brought his prospective investors by a special car from Pennsylvania, and they were all Quakers; quite a quaint sight to see the bonnetted, flat-hatted ladies and gentlemen walking up the street. The mine didn't prove itself, though, on the second venture, and after a few years it closed down again.

The Pacific Mine was right in Placerville, too. It had been a very good producer, but was only mined by a few leasers, or some such type mining while I lived in Placerville. These operations were while I lived in Placerville.

One miner I would like to speak about was Fred O'Niel. In a mine blast, he lost the sight of both eyes. And unbelievable as it may seem, he became the night policeman- -a night watchman as they called him- -and walked the streets of Placerville every night

watching that the stores were all right. Now you wouldn't think that a blind man could do that, but he grew so used to footsteps that he could tell the owners of the store, if they were walking in or around the store or by the voice. He walked, feeling his way with a cane. And when sometimes I had to relieve the night operator at the telephone office, he always tapped on the door of the store to let me know he was standing there and waited for me to say, "Okay," that I was all right. He was a wonderful man, and revered by everybody.

Placerville was a peculiarly laid out city. It was started in a gulch, and the main street was very narrow; still is, although they've narrowed the sidewalks and made a little more street, but still it's a very narrow street most of the way. The houses are built on the hillside, commanding views. People loved them, and the higher you were the better they liked it. Sacramento Hill had some commanding residences up on the top of it. Mr. Charles Marsh, who was county clerk lived up there. And Ted Atwood, his deputy, followed him as county clerk when he died. Then my cousin came into the picture, and was county clerk for twenty-seven years.

The Giebenhiems, of whom I spoke as being residents of Placerville, ran the brewery, although they were not the original owners of the brewery. And they manufactured some very fine beer. They had a mountain spring there at the brewery from which they obtained the water from which the beer was made, and it was conceded to be as pure and as fine a beer as was being made in the state of California at that time. They were German people, and fine local residents. They were looked up to as good business people

The lawyers in town when I lived there were Abe Darlington and F. W. Whitmer, George Thompson, Fred Irwin. Of these,

Abe Darlington and George Thompson were elected judges of the court there.

There were other foreign groups in the town, if you want to call Cornish people foreign. Mr. Inch was foreign, was Cornish, born in Cornwall. Many of the miners that worked in the mines were from Cornwall and Wales. In fact, I think you might say that that nationality, Cornish and Welsh were the prevalent miners.

They had choirs and sang. The ones in Grass Valley were noted for their singing, but there were a great group of them in Grass Valley, large groups of Cornish people were in Grass Valley, Cornish and Welsh. The name of Thomas was common and there were several Thomases.

I wouldn't say there was a large group of Italians. There were some. The De Berardi family were prominent Italians. Esther De Berardi was a very close friend in my group of young people. Above Placerville was Smith's Flat. There were several Italians who lived up there. Nick Fossatti, who owned the hotel and saloon and store, was probably the most prominent Italian in that locality.

How did the people of the town feel about these various foreign groups? They were just all one family. There was no discrimination, no feeling of leaving them out of anything. They were always part of any civic thing that might be being planned at all. They were all included in committees and all that sort of thing.

Mr. Fred Barrs owned the jewelry store. And every Sunday morning Mr. Barrs combed his whiskers. They were so long they reached his feet when he was standing and he only wore them as a beard. They were tucked under his shirt and down his garments, folded into the garments when he appeared. But every Sunday very often you could see Mr. Barrs in front of his jewelry store sitting on a chair

combing his whiskers. Just quite a sight to see those white whiskers down!

The Sigwarts ran the opera house. When road shows came, of course, that was quite an exciting event in the town. They'd come and stay a week and play "Sappho" and "Trilby" and "Camille" and, of course, the play "Ten Nights in a Barroom." None of them very elevating, but always very sad. You always sat and cried. Some, of course, your parents didn't let you go to until you were pretty well along. They didn't think they were plays for children to see.

The Georgia Minstrels always made a tour through the mining towns with the wonderful band all in uniform, and they did put on a fine demonstration of singing and buck-and-wing dancing and cakewalking. They usually came once a year.

And in my earliest childhood, Folsom got a circus every year, but later on the circus just came only to Sacramento, and you had to go to Sacramento to see them. One started to make the trip to Placerville in railroad cars. The one with the elephant was too big to go through the tunnel, so they had to unload the elephant and lead him up over the mountainside and load him up on the other side of the tunnel.

A big lumber company that had its lumber yards in Camino operated its mills at Pino Grande and they had a cable to cross the American River Canyon from one mountainside to the other. The lumber was hauled on cars, on small cars loaded onto this cable and then by rail the rest of the way, by rail to this mountain, and then across the American River Canyon. The cable was 1,250 feet—at the sag of the cable. It was 1,250 feet above the river. I crossed that cable sitting on the rim, hanging onto it, to go and visit some friends in Pino Grande, where the lumber mills were. And I'll tell you, it was quite a thrill. When you dropped down from

the structure, you went s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t, like that, and you were very soon to the center. It was a half a mile across. They seldom ever let people ride on the car, because of the fact that car might break loose or something of the kind, and roll off the cable. It hauled the lumber across the canyon. It was quite an engineering feat, that cable, and it still is there. Now whether it's used by the lumber companies any more or not, I couldn't tell you. I know the lumber companies are operating still, under a different name, however. They were the El Dorado Lumber Company, when I knew it. And the owners and bigwigs in the company were domiciled in San Francisco. Then the other large lumber company in El Dorado County was in Grizzly Flats, and they hauled their lumber to Diamond Springs, three miles below Placerville.

We traveled around the area there quite a lot, with a horse and buggy. Those were Sunday excursions, or if your beau had plenty of money to rent a team with two horses, or a buggy, why then you were really fixed, because you could go quite a ways.

Picnics to Coloma, where Marshall's monument stood, were very frequent. Then a longer trip was one to Pacific House and Riverton. Pacific House was run by a family by the name of Zimmerman. And their Sunday dinner that they set for people was something to remember.

Georgetown, of course, was a quaint old town, but it didn't have any special attraction that I could name. We went by the way of Garden Valley to Georgetown.

At the town of Kelsey, seven miles from Placerville, which was just across the American River, was a large slate quarry, where they quarried out slate for shipment all over the world. It was used for roofs at that time. The slate yards were in Placerville, and they brought that slate by skip, I guess you'd

call it, elevated skips, hauled these baskets of slate. They would come just regularly all day long and were loaded in the yards in Placerville. There was a man sitting there with a machine that drilled two holes in them; the holes were drilled in them where they would be nailed onto the roof. After I had my first teeth filled, I could hardly stand to go by the slate yard because I knew he was drilling my teeth. The motion, and the sound, z-z-z-z, and you had your teeth drilled every time you went by.

The two flour mills had warehouses in Placerville. Phoenix flour company and the Sperry flour company. From these warehouses, the flour was shipped all over the county. They also bought and carried large stocks of grain for distribution to whoever needed it. That was one thing that the Blair men did when they started their lumber mill. They sold the lumber to the farmers to make boxes for their fruit and to build the necessary buildings on their farms, and took in pay grain, which they fed to the horses that were domiciled overnight at Sportsman's Hall. That way it was just trade back and forth. Not so much money was exchanged, but in the end the hostelry made money, because they collected it from the people they sold the grain to feed the horses.

Originally, on what is now Highway 50, were installed from Placerville to Lake Tahoe "mile markers." They looked like tombstones, and each mile was marked, and you knew just how far you'd gone. The Blairs, when they had these, were hauling lumber over this, and by ox train to Placerville. When they were hauling it to Placerville the roads were so bad and the dust so deep, and when it rained so soupy, that it was very difficult of passage. So the Blair's Lumber Company themselves cut trees and corderoyed many miles of road between the Fourteenmile House and

Placerville, so as to make the road passable for their teams of ox-driven lumber wagons. Quite a sight to see those oxen pulling those lumber wagons.

In the wintertime—the Blairs owned a large tract of land near Galt in Sacramento County—the oxen, oh, I guess sixty head of them anyway, were taken into the pastures at Galt and kept there for the winter, and then brought back in the springtime. They hauled the logs also, from where the logs fell to the log chutes. These chutes were logs that were made into a “v”, and these chutes were greased heavily, and the logs were slid down these chutes into the mill ponds. That was a sight to see—those logs dropped into those mill ponds, and the water splashed way up in the air. Also, the logs came down the hill so fast that the chute smoked; the friction caused the chutes to smoke. All those things are past. Automation has taken away the spectacular work and things that children of today are no longer privileged to see. Everything now is automated.

Now a word about the Blair family. Like my grandparents, Ernest's people, too, were California pioneers. Before wagon training to the West, the Blair young men, John and James and Matthew, had come from Paisley, Scotland, where their father was a weaver of the famous Paisley shawl. They located in Indiana and Ohio, and worked as coopers and in the plumbing and pipe business.

When the gold rush to California started, John and James pooled their resources and formed a partnership to share and share alike that lasted through their lifetime. John was delegated to make the trip to the gold country, as they had funds only to purchase a half interest in a wagon train making the trip.

In the eighteen months that followed, James heard only once from John, but had saved enough money to pay his trip by

the New Orleans-Nicaragua route to San Francisco. James proceeded at once to El Dorado County, where brother John was running a tavern known as Sportsman Hall. Here stopped the travelers from California to the Nevada mines. Four stages daily changed their horses there, and often five hundred or more animals were fed there overnight.

An opportunity to invest as partners in a lumber mill came, and as the brothers owned much timberland, they took it. Later, they bought the other party out and built more mills. James retired from the hotel business to run the mills, and John went to Placerville to run the lumberyards there. This is 1875, when Placerville was made the county seat. In 1876, the railroad was being built and other roads over the mountains opened up, and they withdrew from the hotel business.

They prospered in the lumber business, and in 1883, entered in a partnership with Knight and Company, dealers in hides, pelts, tallow, and so forth. Later on, they went into the soap business and due to the mismanagement on the part of Mr. Knight, a loss of more than \$100,000 was sustained. Mr. Knight disappeared and was not located for more than a year, apparently a victim of amnesia, of which some were doubtful. Both of these Blairs died in the early 1900's.

Dissolution of the partnership took place, and Ernest's brother, James, became manager of what was then called J. B. Blair Lumber Company, which was owned solely by the James Blair family. Years later, this company was sold to the Diamond Match Company, which firm still runs the business in Placerville. Ernest Blair was the only member who came to Nevada to live. He joined the forces of the John S. Cook bank.

In June, 1908, Ernest Blair, who had now been in Goldfield three years, returned for a two weeks vacation and then was when he

proposed to me. It went like this. "I'd like to take some house plants back to Goldfield with me." I asked, "What would grow there?" And Ernest replied, "I think you would grow there beautifully."

So my birthday September 9, 1908, I received an express package valued at \$175. It was a beautiful diamond solitaire. Then came wedding plans and the date was set for December 26. An announcement dinner given by Ernest's sister, Mrs. Warren Larkin, was followed by a round of parties and showers. I was a very happy girl; a wedding dress, going away dresses, and a number of other pretty costumes, and hats, so necessary in those days, lovely lingerie. Mrs. Inch was so very wonderful to one not kin to her.

Christmastime in a post office is always busy, so I worked right up to Christmas. The passenger train left Placerville at 6:45 in the morning. This meant an early morning wedding, 4:30 to be exact. Only a few intimate friends and family members were present. The ceremony, performed by Reverend C. E. Maiman, an Episcopal minister, was followed by a wedding breakfast. Ernest and I had to change clothes and finish packing, so breakfast was lost on us. We had only to go down the hill to the depot. Someone trundled the baggage in a wheelbarrow. Of course, the traditional rice, and I threw my bouquet from the train platform as the train pulled out. My chum, Anda Irwin who had stood up with me, caught it.

At just about every station when the train stopped between Placerville and Folsom, there were friends at the depot to wave and chat with us under the car window. At Folsom, many old friends with greetings and gifts. The train stopped long enough there for us to step off and I had a short visit with my father. At Sacramento we had to board another train for San Francisco, and here, too, had come

friends and relations to wish us joy. Arriving at the Ferry Building in San Francisco, we took a cab to the Stewart Hotel where a suite of rooms had been reserved for us.

When we had stepped off the train in Folsom, we saw a banner that had been tacked under the window where we had been sitting with the proverbial "just married" on it. Ernest removed it but when we arrived at our hotel and were directed to our room, there was our trunk and baggage tagged with a number of placards. Such a surprise were all the flowers; gorgeous 'mums, carnations, and dozens of red roses. These were from the Goldfield bank, the Crocker National Bank in San Francisco, and the hotel management.

Then followed two weeks of happy honeymoon days, dinners, theaters—we saw "Ben Hur"—and a never to be forgotten New Year's Eve in San Francisco. Ernest's best man, Al Simon, from Placerville, and Bessie Boyd, the daughter of Reverend Thomas Boyd, who had been an Episcopal minister in Placerville, but now in Berkeley, were our dinner guests in the famous old Hof Brau restaurant. It was really a wild night, including a trip to world famous San Francisco Chinatown.

Next day, New Year's, 1909, the Crocker bank sent a limousine and chauffeur to be at our pleasure for the day. It was a beautiful, sunny day and I think we saw everything there was to be seen. Back at the hotel, the chauffeur waited while we changed to go to a dinner party in Berkeley. More happy days, and then on January eighth we made ready to go to my new home, Goldfield, Nevada. It was a long ride, and we arrived next day about seven o'clock.

GOLDFIELD, NEVADA, 1909-1918

The Tonopah and Goldfield passenger depot was just one mile from the town of Goldfield. The district was known as Columbia, and was located at the foot of Columbia Mountain where the discovery of gold took place in 1903. So upon arrival there, we took a cab to our home on Sixth Street, on the west side of Goldfield. There were no motor-driven cabs, so ours was horse-drawn.

Arriving at what was to be my home for the next nine years, I was like a little girl with her first playhouse. I eagerly rushed to the window for my first peek within. Ernest was unlocking the door, and here was the first concealed prank, a bag of rice nailed to the door casing with the open end across the top of the door, so that it would empty as the door was opened. Because of my woman's curiosity peeking in the window. Ernest got the full impact of the falling rice.

It was just about noon and the next door neighbor had a beautifully arranged and very tasty lunch on the dining room table for us. She, however, was nowhere in sight, not wishing to disturb our last bit of honeymoon.

That evening the same neighbor, May and Alfred Gough, sister and brother, formerly from Syracuse, New York, had arranged a nice dinner party for us. The guests were all the neighbors namely, Mr. Jack Crooks and his mother, Franklin Rough and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Speer Riddell, Dorothy and Henry Sutter, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cook. Jack Crooks, Frank Rough, Speer Riddell and Henry Sutter, along with my husband Ernest, all worked in the John S. Cook Bank. So our end of the street was called "Bankers Row." Alfred Gough was a building contractor, and Mr. Cook was with the water company. These people were from the states of California, New York, Michigan, and Missouri.

We had not quite finished dining when the first battalion of "tin cans" arrived. These were the youngsters. May, the hostess, tried to tell them we were not there. Mr. Blair had stepped into a bedroom, I didn't think anyone knew me so I remained seated. A little boy said, "Oh yes they are here, for there is Minnie Nichols." He was a former resident of Placerville, so Ernest paid off. A very short

time later a second tin can concert was playing outside. These were the Western Union boys, so it was pay off again. Quite some time later, a third group arrived. This was a sort of rough crowd and they presented their demand for a dollar per person. However, it was a sizeable crowd and a pocket cash was getting low, and they were persuaded to settle for fifty cents on the dollar.

We had a nice get-together evening and at a rather late hour, went home. Here were more pranks, such as alarms ringing outside about every hour, a clever contraption on the roof balanced so the air current would swing it and a rock would hit a can. So you see, it was a rather wakeful night. Next morning when I put water in the tea kettle, I had an effervescent tea kettle. A bottle of Bromo Seltzer had been emptied into the kettle. I forgot to say that the bottom sheet on our bed had been made with two sheets with rice in between them so we had to remake our bed. Oh, they sure fixed us

The next few days were busy ones, getting unpacked and tucked away. Goldfield was quite flat, a few sloping streets; the west side was a wide open sweep. The north and east mountain ranges were not too high, for we were already a mile high elevation. The south boundary was the Malapai, a long flat table mountain. I was told that Malapai meant "no good" in the Indian language.

I had come prepared to like my new home. I was very much in love, so nothing else seemed important. Everything was very different. Our house was not modern, sewage and water had not been piped to our west side of town. We bought our water by the gallon, and the water wagon came about three times a week. The bakery wagon came daily and a clerk from the stores where you were a customer called daily to get your grocery

orders. As I didn't have a phone, Mr. Blair would bring home the meat.

I had not been in Goldfield long before the ladies who knew of or about me came to call, at first quite formally for short visits, always leaving cards as they left.

I didn't mention that while we were honeymooning in San Francisco, Dr. John W. Ducey and Maurice Sullivan had been married there, and were also spending honeymoons in the Bay City. Maurice Sullivan was married to Lula Gridley, a native of California. I can't remember Jane Ducey's maiden name, but she, too, was from California. These two young men, along with my husband, belonged to what was called an Unmarried Dancing Club. The club voted to keep them as members for the present season. These dances were very nice social affairs, and they made the first one the married couples attended a very festive one.

In 1909, the dancing club held its final dance of the year out at the Goldfield park. An open-air dance platform was there and they had a good orchestra. Out at this park was Rabbit Springs and this was excellent water for the brewery that was there. It was this evening that the members of the married dancing club crashed the gate and thought it was great sport in having come uninvited. They were persuaded to leave.

There were several mills for either crushing or reducing the ore in the mines. The Florence mine had one. The Combination mill fell into a glory hole. And there was a mill in Diamondfield, the Jumbo. And the American mill for custom ore was at the north end of Sixth Street; Mr. Frank Bragg was in charge there. Then there was the Nevada-Goldfield reduction plant. These beside, of course, the Goldfield Consolidated one hundred stamp mill.

There were close to 14,000 people in Goldfield at this time, 1909. There were no paved streets in Goldfield at this time, and the sidewalks were cement and board. There were some very substantial buildings; the tallest were the First National Bank, of quarried stone, and the Goldfield Hotel, of brick. Another word about the Goldfield Hotel—the bricks used to build this four-story structure were brought into Goldfield by a parcel post. Because of an error in parcel post rates, they could be shipped cheaper this way than by freight. Each of these buildings were four stories high. There were a number of quarried stone buildings. These gave the town a very substantial appearance. Most of the school buildings, courthouse, and fire station were also built of the same material. These building stones were quarried close by and made for cheaper construction.

There was a very active stock exchange and curb market, and, of course, many brokerage firms to take care of the buyers and sellers. Being just a housewife, this type of operation was not too exciting to me. Mr. Blair occasionally, on a so-called "good tip," bought some small amounts of stock, but mostly the tips were not so good and our profits meager, if there was profit. I cannot recall the date when the stock exchange in Goldfield closed, but it wasn't too long after I made Goldfield my home. With the closing of the exchange, a great many of the brokers moved to San Francisco to continue their operation.

The Palm Grill was Goldfield's finest restaurant. Here was good food with music and entertainment. However, the opening of the dining room at the Goldfield Hotel cut deeply into the patronage of the Palm Grill. The Goldfield Hotel opened for business in 1908. It certainly was the finest hotel in Nevada at the time, four stories high with

an elevator. Each floor had what was called a parlor, where hotel guests could meet their friends.

The Casey Hotel was built just prior to this time, but ran as a hotel just a short time after the Goldfield opened. The lower floor was later used by the T&G railroad for offices. Employed by the T&G railroad were W. P. Forrester, vice-president and traffic manager; R. W. Cattermole, chief engineer; M. B. Cutter, president, but with offices in Tonopah, at the Tonopah Mining Company. This company owned a large interest in the T&G railroad. The rooms above rented for business offices, or by the month to roomers. The stores, any and all, were of good quality. If you wished to give a dinner party or any kind of party, everything you would want was available. San Francisco could not have proved better.

Some of the most prominent stores were the Wood-Sullivan Hardware Company, Nesbitt's Grocery Store, Walter Lord jewelry, the Hunt Dry Goods, Harry Coffey men's exclusive wear, T&G Meat Market, Peterson Brothers fresh fruit and vegetables, two photograph galleries, Tighe and Wheeler furniture, Valentine Grocery—here we bought the Kingan hams and bacon and Jones' little sausages—two livery stables, Rickett's Stationery, a large grocery store and butcher shop called the Fifth Avenue Store, Felix's Candy Shop and Ice Cream Parlor (and they made excellent candies), a real millinery shop, Miss Bevins's where your hat could be made to order. Freeman's had a dry goods store in the old bank building. Verdi Lumber Company had a large lumber yard, Mr. Frank Walker in charge, and they, too, lived on Sixth Street. There were two banks in 1909; there had been three or four. And, of course, a great number of saloons. The most prominent of these were the Northern, Palace, Hermitage, and

Mohawk. I think earlier the Mohawk might have been called the Monte Carlo. These were called the four corners. The Northern, run by Rickard and Elliott was the most prominent. In the back room was a board listing the races daily, with a direct wire to the tracks. The Hermitage was famous for its good beer. Tex Rickard left Goldfield before I came, but Ole Elliott was still there. Later Billy Murray, who had been cashier of the Northern in the earlier days, bought the Northern. I knew Billy Murray very well, and he told me stories of the early days. He said when he was cashier at the Northern, they had a bucket under the bar for small change, nothing under 25 cents rung up on the register. The small change was there to give to down-and-outers for a meal or coffee, and the Salvation Army.

He also told me because of water shortage, Mr. Elliott decided to dig a well and he hired hard rock miners to dig it. Every morning Mr. Elliott would go out to see how the well was coming along. One morning he asked, "How 'bout it, boys?" They replied, "We have water, but it's green." To which Ole Elliott replied, "Stop digging boys, we've struck crème de menthe." When the Goldfield days were so-called over, Mr. Murray moved to Tonopah and later to Virginia City where he was referred to as the mayor of Virginia City. Ole Elliott moved to Ely, and he had a hotel and club there. It mentioned that Tex Rickard had left Goldfield before my arrival there, but his attractive home built of brick, I think the only brick home there, still stands in Goldfield on Crook Street which is also Highway 95 and has a sign on it for tourists to see, to remind them that the builder of Madison Square Garden in New York once lived there. The life of the famous four corners saloons was not too long after gambling was illegal. I think the Northern closed its doors in 1914, and this

was another gala night at the Northern. Mr. E. S. or so-called "Kid" Highley, who was part owner of the Northern with Ole Elliott, lived just a short distance from where I lived. I only knew Mr. Highley to speak to, but I visited occasionally with Mrs. Highley. To my knowledge Mrs. Highley did not mingle with the Goldfield various social groups. They had one daughter, Blanche, as I remember. Mr. Highley had amassed a fortune by 1910, and sold out, as did also Ole Elliott. This was when they sold out to Billy Murray and associates. Just about all of these men associated with the Northern had been bartenders originally, and some came to Goldfield from Alaska. Mr. Murray was cashier at the Northern, as I may have said before, when Rickard first opened it. He perhaps handled more money without bond than any other man in history. It wasn't too long ago that a relative of mine in Sacramento, who knew the Highleys, spoke of Blanche Highley still living there.

The story of Kid Highley. They say that that nickname "Kid" came from Rex Beach's story The Spoilers, and it may have been Mrs. Highley's reluctance to associate with the social life in Goldfield because she was supposedly the madam in the story. Now that's just hearsay. That I don't know. It could be true, very true, and it could be untrue.

I keep remembering stores that I should have mentioned, three drugstores in particular. Cannan's Drug, Olds Drug and Tucker's Drug. Cannan's went to Reno from Goldfield, Tucker to Tonopah, and Olds Drug went to Fallon. Lord's Jewelry Store was later Shemansky's.

One morning, Mr. Blair was hurrying to work. We had overslept as the alarm clock didn't ring, and as he rushed past Shemansky's, Mr. Shemansky was sweeping off the sidewalk. Mr. Blair asked him, "Do you guarantee Big Bens, Mr. Shemansky?"

Mr. Shemansky quickly replied, "Have you got one, or do you want to buy one?" Pretty sharp, I'd say, for so early in the morning.

Sim Cannan had an excellent bakery, all the goodies you could want. There was also a good dairy in Goldfield, delivery made to homes daily. You bought tickets for milk, water, and bread. And if you left a ticket in a certain place and you were not at home, you would find the things you wanted had been left, but no ticket, no delivery.

I think Mrs. Charles Sprague was conceded Goldfield's social leader. There were so many lovely women and so many different groups. Some intensive card players, some occasional players, who gave parties now and then, mostly to cancel obligations, sewing clubs and different church groups and lodge groups. Our so-called "bank crowd" had dinner parties with penny-ante games following dinner, in which you could gain or lose maybe as much as 35 or 40 cents an evening, but we played as intently as if there were many dollars at stake. They were fun.

Mrs. Charles Sprague's mother, Mrs. Seaman, lived with her. She was always on hand to help Mrs. Sprague host her parties and feasts. She was quite old in years, but delightfully young in action. On the other hand, daughter Sally was more grown-up than her teen-age years. A characteristic pattern of dress ran through the generation, ruffles, lace, ribbons, and flowers, no matter what dress styles were in vogue.

Mrs. John C. Martin was also a social—may I say—dictator. Her husband was associated with Mr. Sprague in the Goldfield Tribune, and looked and dressed like Mark Twain. The Martins later moved to Tonopah and Mr. John C. Martin did some newspaper work there. Besides Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Martin, other socially prominent ladies were the Mesdames C. G. Patrick, L. I. Patrick, E.

T. Patrick, R. W. Tucker, C. F. Redman, R. W. Cattermole, Frank Favier, W. D. Forrester, W. F. Johnson, Jake Humphrey, N. F. Hill, J. O. Walther, J. W. Ducey, Frank Hunt, and many more.

Dances were given in the Ross-Holley building on Main Street, the Elks Club and in the lobby of the Goldfield Hotel. A large grocery store was started by the mine operators in the Ross-Holley building, and was called the Miners Co-op. The Elks Club was originally the Montezuma Club and it was built by the club in 1905. It served as the social place for business and mining men, and many visiting dignitaries and business tycoons of the nation were entertained. The Elks lodge bought the building when Goldfield started on its way down

I've almost forgotten to mention the Hippodrome Theater. It was erected in twenty-eight days to accommodate Edna Goodrich and Nat Goodwin. I never heard of other actors or actresses or plays that might have been there. While I lived in Goldfield, local talent was developed and plays and light operas were given as benefit performances. Also at election time candidates orated there.

One, I remember in particular. Maurice Sullivan was a candidate for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket, Emmet Boyle for governor. We were proud of our local candidate and we turned out heartily for him. Let me say right here that no more handsome pair of men were ever elected to the governor's office of Carson City than they. They were handsome.

It was in 1909 when Maurice Sullivan announced that he would give a silver dollar to every baby born that year in Goldfield. He continued this for three years, then gave babies born after that a child's feeding plate from the Wood-Sullivan Hardware Store, which was his store.

Goldfield was always more or less Democratic in politics. There were more Democrats there at that time in Esmeralda County, I think, than Republicans. But still I can't remember the politics of all the candidates. Perhaps if I'd have been voting, it would be more clearly stamped upon my mind, but when you don't vote for anybody, when you just read the returns the next day, it doesn't have the impact as if you had been part of it.

I think that statewide and nationally, politically, Mr. Wingfield was quite a factor, but there was a funny thing. Very often, Mr. Wingfield, probably he didn't say so, but you knew that he wanted you to vote for the political party that he was not a party of, some one that he would like to have elected. For instance, Key Pittman was a Democrat and Mr. Wingfield was always a staunch supporter of Key Pittman. Of course, Mr. Oddie was a Republican, but these two men opposed one another. I knew Mrs. Key Pittman and I knew Key Pittman very well. And Daisy Oddie and her husband, Tasker, we knew them quite well.

In speaking of local business, I want to tell of the Burly and Woodard bottling works. It was located near the LV&T depot along the railroad track. I'm not sure of the beverages they bottled, but it was a thriving business. They had heavy wagons for delivery hauled by those beautiful Clydesdale horses. Adjacent was a large corral for the animals to rest and feed in.

And this brings to mind the story of the Bryan mule. When William Jennings Bryan ran for President in 1908, he said that to precinct that gave him the greatest majority of votes, he would give a Missouri mule. Well, Goldfield did just this, in that election. Out of a clear sky one day in 1909, came by railroad car, the promised Missouri mule. He was

domiciled in a livery stable on Main Street. Here he proceeded to kick down the stalls and raise havoc in general. The town looked for a likely place to put him. Burly and Woodard's corral was decided on. We lived about a half a block up the hill and many night we were awakened by the sound of crashing boards, and the mule was on a real kicking spree. I cannot recall what they did with him. He was a great, big, beautiful animal.

My uncle, Charles Wagner, was the county commissioner of Esmeralda County, which at this time, 1909, still included Hawthorne. He came to Goldfield for these meetings and we always had a visit with him. Because of the distance between Goldfield, which had become the county seat, and Hawthorne, the county was divided into two counties. That took place in 1911, and Mineral County was born with Hawthorne a county seat again.

While my uncle was county commissioner, it was customary for the commissioner to go out with the repair crew. This was with pick and shovel repair. Working on Lucky Boy summit road one day, they chipped out what looked like pay rock. There were three of them at work. They took the rock to an assayer and it ran a high value. Not one of the three were able to finance starting the operation of a mine and they sold their location claims to Adams and Miller for \$5,000. Adams and Miller owned a mercantile business in Hawthorne and they began mining operations, which produced for them around a million dollars before they ran out of ore.

It was all Esmeralda County at first, and when the division came, the mines over toward Aurora, all those places back in there, were all part of Esmeralda County, too. And those people who were commissioners before Goldfield boomed were still commissioners, and they had to travel by horse and buggy to Goldfield. It took a couple of days to get there,

a couple or three days, because Hawthorne itself was a hundred miles from Goldfield. And, of course, later on, when I lived there, when my uncle was visiting me, he was coming on the train. But anyway, it took them, by horse and buggy, two or three days to attend a meeting.

So the Hawthorne people began to complain a little bit, and petitioned to separate the county and make two counties. It was too big a county, and the travel was too far for the people to get together. And they couldn't get together as often as they would like or to settle things that had to be settled because of the distances. So it was in 1911, and I don't know how long before 1911 that they talked of it, but by 1911 they had separated and made Mineral County.

I don't recall much local discussion of having the northern part of the county taken away. I don't think probably that they cared too much because at that time, the mining and all of that sort of thing were not too intense there. There were small mines and small claims. The Lucky Boy had been discovered up there, but it hadn't been worked to any great extent yet. They were developing it. I don't think that they thought that Hawthorne had taxes and wealth enough to make any difference to Goldfield. So I don't think there was any great objection. Goldfield had so many mines and such heavy producers that their taxes from those sources were probably so great that they didn't figure that they'd miss this little.

I do not recall the date of the Jumbo-Ex excitement. Mr. Charles Sprague was, I think, the promoter. It was quite exciting for some time. One broker I knew was evidently caught short—I think that was what it was called—and he committed suicide in his office. The boom did not last too long and the mining shares slid back from the skyrocket prices.

The state law to close gambling was passed in 1909, but the operators were given eighteen months to cease entirely. I remember the last night so well. I thought it would be exciting experience to be present at the hour of closing. Mr. Blair was quite shocked to think I had even thought of such a thing. When he came home from watching the last bets made, he told me he was sorry he had not taken me with him, and he began to name over just about all my lady friends in town who were there. Suffice to say, the atmosphere was very chilly at our house the next day. The next day, Sunday, my neighbor across the street, who was a devout Methodist called to me on her way to church, asked me why I had not been there. With great humility I told her because my husband said it wouldn't be any place for a lady.

Going back to the closing down of gambling, various measures were sought during these years to legalize some forms of play. In 1915, the legislature decided so-called social games could be played, where only drinks or cigars were the objective, or for prizes of value not to exceed two dollars, or a nickel in the slot machines, for the sale of drinks or cigars. Card games also, in which the deal changed after each hand, were authorized. And operators of these games were required to get a state license. This remained in force for many years, but during this time the law was either completely ignored or so feebly enforced that it was absolutely useless. Those who wished to gamble saw little attraction in these mild games, legally allowed. And gradually, the game operators ceased to paying licenses and gambling was driven behind closed doors and hidden spots. Still, it was many years before legalized gaming was again passed by the legislature.

Three trains arrived daily in Goldfield, all carrying Pullman accommodations. Because

of the nighttime layover, the end of the line, there was quite a settlement of Negroes who served as porters living in Goldfield. The wives of these men worked as housemaids, so house help was easily available.

The only people of foreign extraction living in Goldfield were Finnish people. They lived in what was called the Gulch, down below me. Some of them had a few chickens and a few cows, and would deliver milk to you if you wanted, and sold you fresh eggs. And the Finnish women went out and worked, too. But if they had any celebrations or anything of that kind, we didn't know anything about it.

Two of the Pullman trains, namely the Tonopah and Tidewater and the Las Vegas and Tonopah originated in Los Angeles. Actually the LV&T connected with the Salt Lake, Los Angeles, and San Pedro line at Las Vegas, and Tonopah and Tidewater with the Santa Fe at Barstow. The third one, the Tonopah and Goldfield made connections with the Southern Pacific at Mina, which came from San Francisco.

When the Gans-Nelson fight was fought in Goldfield in 1906, the Pullman cars were used as rooms for the people who had come to see the fight, as Goldfield did not have accommodations for so many people. The fight took place, of course, before my arrival there, and was won by Joe Gans. It was scheduled a fight to the finish, and they were stringing lights in the arena as the fight ended. I believe it went forty rounds.

There were four large school buildings. The high school constructed of brick and stone, the other three, Crook Street School, Sundog School, and the Mary A. McLaughlin School were of local quarried stone. The Mary A. McLaughlin School was the first one, and named for the first teacher. She later became the wife of William O. Hatton, prominent

lawyer and also prominent in the Knights of Pythias lodge.

Speaking of lawyers, there were quite a number in Goldfield. Some names I recall, but not nearly all of them. Peter Somers, Pat McCarran, Milton fletch, W. U. Hatton, Jack Thompson and I. S. Thompson, Key Pittman, Adams F. Brown, Judge Benjamin J. Henley, Sr., Emmet Walsh, Charles Richards, Roger Foley, M. A. Diskin, and Louis Koontz, to name a few. J. H. McKenzie, Mr. A. H. Lawery, Frank Horton, Jim McLaughlin, Zeb Kendall, and A. I. D'Arcy were some of the mining engineers.

Thomas Lockhart was superintendent of the Goldfield Florence. This was the mine that produced the so-called jewelry rock, the richest high-grade, probably, produced there. It was a hard black rock formation with veins of gold running through, and when polished, made very beautiful settings for rings, brooches, and stickpins.

The Mohawk mine also produced fabulous ore and in much greater quantities. Because of the rich value per pound of the Mohawk and Combination ore, the miners high-graded thousands, perhaps millions of dollars worth, carrying it out of mines in concealed pockets in their underwear and clothes. Many miners would only work where there was a rich highgrade possibilities.

The mines had been bought from original locators and owned by Wingfield and Nixon, who were financed by the millionaire Bernard Baruch. These mines were the Goldfield Consolidated Mine Company, and produced some \$80,000,000 in gold. Included in the merger were the Combination group, two Mohawk claims, the Red Top, Jumbo, Laguana, and Goldfield mining groups. And later the Vinegaroon, Jumbo, and Bulldog fractions.

The discovery of pay ore in the Goldfield district was on the Combination. Of course,

the first discovery of gold in the district was made by Harry Stimler and William Marsh some three miles north of these mines on the side of Columbia Mountain.

Just about the time I went to Goldfield, the large one hundred stamp mill, a cyanide mill, was being built on the side of Columbia Mountain, and soon afterwards it was in operation. Prior to my going to Goldfield to live, Wingfield and Nixon installed "change rooms" in the mines in order to stop the high-grading. This infuriated the miners and led by the IWW's, they struck. The situation was bad and the United States troops under Colonel Alfred Reynolds from San Francisco were called, but as I said, I was not there at that time; Mr. Blair was.

Sometime after the strike a lady depositor of the Cook Bank had a twelve-dollar check returned to her marked "No funds." She told people that the bank could not pay the check, and the IWW's, because of hatred toward Wingfield and Nixon, quickly circulated the rumor that the bank was unsound. Bank officials heard of the possible run that night that might take place the next day. Although they had enormous assets, money was shipped by express from Reno and Tonopah and paid to all who wished to withdraw their funds. While withdrawals were being made, subspatial deposits were also being made by merchants and others. Everything was normal again in just a few days. This occurred before I was a resident of Goldfield.

In August, 1909, Patrick Columbus "Peg Leg" Casey ran amuck. He killed Mrs. Lucy Heslip and shot Mrs. Alice Mann who were sitting on the porch of Mrs. Mann's house, across the street from T. F. Dunn's undertaking parlors on 5th Avenue. Mrs. Mann was seriously injured. Casey wasn't aiming at anyone, just shooting wildly and he was drunk. Casey was jailed and the next

morning Mr. Thomas Heslip, through grief, took cyanide. This really upset Goldfield, and a lynching party was organized. They had a telephone pole and used it as a battering ram to knock the jail door down. In the meantime, the sheriff had spirited Casey out the back door and by car to Tonopah. He then opened the door and the jail was empty and the lynching party dispersed.

I was real ill at the time and I tried to locate Dr. W. S. Liggett. Not being able to locate him, Mr. Blair brought Dr. E. A. Wheeler. He said I would have to have surgery, and went to find my doctor and a nurse. My doctor had been on the hillside watching the mob attack the jail. The surgery was minor and I was fine in a few weeks. Besides Wheeler and Liggett, there were other doctors, namely Drs. D. A. Turner, and James L. McCarthy, and Oliver B. Dunham, and one or two others.

The next two years were uneventful as far as I was concerned. Our bank crowd had nice parties, and I joined the Goldfield Women's Club, and card parties were many. I had an afternoon sewing party one day, and there were twenty-six ladies present and twenty-three states represented. So you see, people came from everywhere to a mining camp boom town. During the high-grading days in Goldfield, there were many assay offices there and they bought the ore stolen from the miners at perhaps half of its value. Of all the assay offices there were probably less than half a dozen who operated legally. Donner brothers, Roger and Malcolm, were honest assayers. I knew these two men well and they were still in Goldfield in the late 1920's.

Mr. John S. Cook ran the Cook Bank in 1909, and later Mr. W. E. Johnson was vice-president. Malvin Hill was cashier. The Cooks moved to Arizona not long after I went to Goldfield. Mr. Johnson later left Goldfield and was with the Merchant's National Bank in San

Francisco. Mr. J. O. Walther succeeded Mr. M. E. Hill, who took a leave because of illness. It was while Mr. Walther was cashier that Mr. Blair was sent to Tonopah to take charge of the Tonopah Banking Corporation, but all of this was spread over several years, as we did not go to Tonopah until 1918.

There were fifteen to eighteen working in the Goldfield Bank, and a fine group of people. Mr. Wingfield, full owner now of the bank, was highly respected by his employees. His visits from Reno were not too-frequent, but there wasn't a grubstaker for miles around who didn't come to town when he was there with a pocket full of ore and enthusiasm, seeking help to further develop their claims. The Patrick brothers L. L. and E. J., were in charge of the First National Bank. They, too, were of fine character and early comers to Goldfield. There were no runs on the banks and no panics during the years I lived there. Some scrip was issued in 1908.

Dr. B. J. Baker, Dr. John A. Ducey, Dr. Jess T. Pennington, and Dr. Gordon M. Jonasen were the town dentists.

Walter Lord's jewelry store was a beautiful store with an extensive line of jewels, silver, china, and cut glass. When he decided to leave Goldfield, he put on a terrific auction. It was interesting to watch the auctioneer and the buyers. Mrs. George Wingfield was there one afternoon when I was watching.

One customer bought a pair of diamond earrings of beautiful matched stones, gave a check in payment. When she reached home she was afraid to tell her family what she had done, so they were having cream style corn for dinner and she threw the earrings in the corn. At dinner one of the family bit on something hard and he discovered an earring. Stirring the dish of corn uncovered the other one and the news spread fast, then was in the newspaper next morning. Then the lady

knew that her check would be in the bank also the next morning. She broke down and confessed to her husband, who rather than make a scandal about it, raised the money to cover the check. I knew the family well. Mrs. Ray Robinson loved her earrings. Later on the family moved to Tonopah, Mr. Ray Robinson died, and circumstances forced the sale of the earrings. Diamonds had increased in value and Mrs. Robinson sold the lovely stones for \$600, but they were well worth a \$1,000. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Robinson was later sent to the State Hospital from Tonopah, and she is still there.

The year 1910 slowed my social and other activities. Mr. Stork would visit us. When I wasn't very well, Dr. Liggett pronounced me pregnant and thought my baby would come in September. He made quite a mistake. I had my sister who was a practical nurse come in September to be with me. She stayed six weeks, and no baby. Meantime Dr. Liggett left Goldfield, so we called Dr. Wheeler to care for me. On December 14, 1910, about midnight we called the doctor and in four hours, not Jimmy, but Helen was born. We were very happy with our little girl, and our happiness in her has never ceased. I told Dr. Wheeler he could bring Jimmy in just two years.

Perhaps the biggest social event in 1911 was Milton Detch's Valentine party. It was in the Montezuma Club room and seemed like all the world was there.

There was also a florist's conservatory there, where you could buy flowers, and plants were grown and could be bought. The location was at the foot of the Malapai, just out of the townsite limits.

I haven't mentioned Jake's Dance Hall which was in the "red light district." The district was at the extreme lower south end of the Main Street. From where I could look, it was a flourishing community. So-called

"slumming" parties often went to Jake's Dance Hall, and he had a bevy of pretty dance hall girls and a bar. Of course, just men were the slummers. Jake Goodfriend, the owner, was a respected citizen and when the stock exchange closed, he opened the building as a second silent movie theater. The other was the Lyric Theater, owned by someone else. Beth Hill was the pianist, and an excellent one. She could improvise for every little thing that came on the screen, and she played the most appropriate music, just right, you didn't need words, her music told you what was going on.

Of course, we didn't get into the places of prostitution. We could see them from the corners of Main Street, if you would go down far enough on Main Street. It covered quite an area, I imagine. There were a lot of houses of prostitution there and they had what they called the cribs. And the girls with attractive dressing gowns would, as the evening came on, sit in their window-ways. They had a curtain draped and they would sit inside that window and the men would go along, and pick the girl that they wanted to go in and spend an evening or an hour with. There were rumors that two or three of the brokers' wives that were in Goldfield had been madams. They, the men, had been brokers for years and had traveled from mining camp to mining camp.

The newspapers of Goldfield were the Tribune and the Chronicle. Mr. Charles Sprague was editor of the Tribune, and I do not remember who ran the Chronicle; it eventually was taken over by the Tribune. The Polin brothers, Louie and Harry, had fine newspaper stands. They had newspapers from all over the world. People came to Goldfield from the four corners of the earth, and the Polin brothers tried to have a hometown paper for them. On Sunday, Louie covered the town streets calling out, "Papers for sale."

He had a bellowing voice, and could be heard from all parts of town.

When Goldfield started its last days and the population grew less, the Polins went to Tonopah and operated a news magazine and notion store there. Another move later took them to Reno, and they were located on Commercial Row across from the Southern Pacific depot.

There was a feud between the two newspapers. The Chronicle was the... well, the IWW apparently liked the news in the Chronicle the best, and they favored the Chronicle because they called the other paper a Wingfield paper. And suddenly, the so-called Wingfield paper bought the Chronicle. Of course, this was before I came.

In 1910, the World Mining Congress held its meeting in Goldfield. Mining engineers and mine owners from all parts of the world were there. Exhibits of every type of ore or metal mined were shown. One interesting exhibit was called the "badger nugget." It was a large flat piece of gold found in the bottom of a badger's hole, upon which the badger had built its nest. A few small nuggets brought to the surface by the badger when he dug his hole had led the finder to dig the hole. This was in the Round Mountain area.

The Elks' charity ball each year was the biggest social event and was always well patronized. The money raised was used for food and necessities for needy families. The three floors of the club were used for the event. Dancing on the top floor, gambling on the second floor, and the bar and dancing on the main floor. The gambling was all sorts of games. You bought house money and your winnings, if you took them, were boxes of very nice candies. The ball lasted just about all night. It was a real dressy affair with beautiful evening gowns made for the occasion and men in tuxes and tails. This was, as I said, an

every year event, and usually caused a little ruckus in the Blair house. E. W. didn't care too much about didn't care too much about dancing and he cared less for the tuxes and tails. So for a couple of weeks before, it was "Do we have to go?" And a week after, a tired hangover and a lost evening. I loved it, for I loved to dance.

Like every other town, Goldfield had visits from what might be called characters. Death Valley Scotty made periodic trips to Goldfield from his mythical mine, spend money lavishly, but always refused to tell the location of his gold mine. He began building a castle on the desert in Rosebush Canyon leading into Death Valley. It was many years in building and the interior of the castle was, and still is, something to see. The carved woodwork, the draperies, the pipe organ, inlaid floors, were truly works of art. It finally became known where his gold mine was located. An eccentric millionaire by the name of Johnson who lived in Chicago. Mrs. Johnson was a religious fanatic and she paid Indian women to come to her private chapel in the castle to pray with her.

"Happy Days" was another periodic visitor at Goldfield. She lived between Lida and Deep Springs in the hills at the head of Rosebush Canyon, near Pigeon Springs. She had a mining operation. I wish I could remember her real name. The Goldfield papers always gave her a write-up with the headline, "'Happy Days' in Goldfield."

To my knowledge Frances Williams was the only lady mining promoter. She lived at the Grimshaw Hotel, and I saw her there on several social occasions.

I had told Dr. E. A. Wheeler that he could bring my Jimmy just two years after Helen was born, and that is just what happened. Two years to the very day I called the doctor to come, but it was two hours past Helen's

birthday when Seward James was born, December 16, 1912. Buddy, as Helen called her brother, was an exceptionally good baby. This good disposition has continued and he still believes, I think, in letting the other fellow worry.

One of the ladies of the "bank crowd," Mrs. Speer Riddell, had a baby born a few months before our boy. He was a delicate baby and they had real trouble finding a food for him. One evening about the first week of January, 1913, Mr. Riddell came to our house and said he was seeking a great favor. He wanted to know if I would nurse Howard, as they were afraid they were going to lose him, maybe that night. I said "Surely," and I started at once to fill up on hot chocolate, milk and other liquids that would increase my milk flow. They brought the little fellow right over to our house and after I nursed him, he fell asleep, retained all he had nursed and slept for four hours without waking. His mother was fearful that the sleep was too deep and wanted to awaken him. Being a bottle-fed baby, I had to allow him to nurse the free flow from both breasts and as a consequence, my Buddy had to work hard for what milk was left. I nursed each one on the alternate hour. Mrs. Riddell stayed into the second day and then said that Howard had been given a life start and that my good baby was getting pretty cross, so she would go home. Soon after, she went to San Francisco where specialists solved the trouble. And now I can look back and think I possibly saved the life of now fifty year-old resident of California, Howard Riddell. He calls me his second mother.

In 1913, was the year of the disastrous Goldfield flood. It happened that three of the bank group had birthdays in September, Mr. Blair, the fifteenth; Mrs. Walther, the twelfth; and mine on September ninth. We always picked a Saturday close to these days and

the dinner was always at the Blair house. We had decorated our dining room in a festive fashion. Festoons criss-crossed the ceiling and we had strung our Christmas tree lights among the decorations, making a colorful effect. I was freezing ice cream on the closed-in back porch when the storm hit.

The street sloped to our front door, and in less time than it takes to tell, my porch was full of water and it was coming in under the door. I was in a panic. I was trying to sweep the water around the house, and seeing my neighbors across the street, called loudly for them to telephone the bank and have Mr. Blair come home. He called a cab, picked up some of the bank wives, and came home through the storm.

It had started to hail in the meantime. It came off a valley in the roof in such quantity that it formed an ice barrier, and turned the water around the house. The street, Miner, that the cab came on to our side of town, broke through with a rush of water, and the cab did not get back to Main Street until after ten that night. He had to go a long way toward Columbia before he could find a place to cross.

From my efforts to stop the water from coming in the house, I was wet to the skin and very cold. The ladies took me in tow, and Mr. B. grabbed a camera with one exposure left in it, and another roll of six and went down to the LV&T tracks to take some pictures. The most famous was the DeGarmo house going down the flood river. Mrs. Mary DeGarmo had gone back into the house to get her purse, and never could get back out. Her body was found seven miles north of Goldfield in the flat where the water spread out. One other was drowned in the flood.

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good. We printed and sold \$200 worth of pictures of the flood, and with \$ 140, we bought a fine Graflex speed camera.

Needless to say, the dinner was a hectic mess. Everyone did not get there, as the bank also suffered damage. The window lights of the basement of the bank broke as the wells filled with water. And the boys from upstairs stripped to underwear to rescue record books and desks afloat. The Texas saloon was across the street, and because of the chill they all suffered, they brought whiskey over to the rescue. Those who did get to dinner were feeling pretty gay and some landed in the Hammond baths for treatment. We had no lights, just candles and one lamp, so it was pretty dreary, and as it grew dark, a second storm started. No one went home, and we had blankets and pillows all over the floors. It was a never to be forgotten storm. The damage ran as high as from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

1914 was a first. The Blairs bought their first car on September 13, 1914, a 1915 model Ford and it cost \$609. It was quite an epic in our household. I found a complete accounting of the tires, gas, and oil used for the Ford from then until January 15, 1916, and it was as follows: gallons of gas, 604—604 gallons cost \$145.38; oil was \$24.46; and \$126.35 for tires. There were many things we bought of course, besides the tires, oil, and gas. Our first lights were carbide, and we didn't do much night driving, you may be sure. Then we changed to acetylene and next to electricity. We sold the car for \$300 in the third year, and the man that bought it said he thought he had the best car in Nevada.

We made a trip to Yosemite, and one to San Francisco to take in the Panama Pacific Exposition. Our trip into Yosemite was something one would never forget. The grades were steep and our low clutch bands wore out. On some of the hills we turned the Ford around and backed up. I walked ahead beckoning wildly for Mr. Blair to go right or left and we made it into the park, and had

repairs made there. I think the year we went there was the first year Tioga Pass was open. It was not a road for anyone with a weak heart; sort of a narrow, winding, unpaved roadway, away above Leevining Creek in the canyon below. And that's the road we went to Yosemite on, and it is much the same road today, 1966.

No one had started service stations while we owned the Ford. The Standard Oil had an office in Columbia and a barrel of gas on the front porch of the building. They drew the gas from the barrel into a long-nose spout can, and with the aid of a funnel, your gas tank was filled. Later, as cars became more plentiful and repairs had to be made, some garages were started and they sold gas from pumps.

While we owned the Ford, Mr. Blair bought every gadget that was advertised for Fords, such as braces to stop the rattles or to steady the fenders. I landed the job of tire changer, and if you have never changed a clincher tire, you'd never understand what a chore it was. The rim was attached to the wheel, and to remove the tire, you had to pry it off, then take out the inner tube, and with a midget vulcanizing outfit, you patched the tube. Then to get it back on without pinching the inner tube, more shoving and prying.

Then at last the tire was seated, and then you had a hand pump to fill it with air. Such was the joy of the early day Ford, yet I think perhaps we enjoyed that first little car more than any of its followers.

Goldfield was losing a lot of its population by now, 1914. War was raging in Europe and Japan was fighting Russia in the Pacific. The Texas Saloon across from the Cook Bank burned. The fire department deserved much praise in containing the fire. From the Texas Saloon south were all frame buildings, and it was their efforts that saved a whole block from burning.

Speaking of the fire department, the engine was horse drawn by two beautiful animals. It was one of the places we took our children. The firemen would show them how they came down the pipe slide, and let the children feed the horses sugar cubes.

It was a pretty general custom for the wives and children to spend the greater part of the summer away from Goldfield. My first summer away was the year after Helen was born, and of course, it was sort of an exhibition trip to show her off. We planned part of the trip to be by boat, so I went by train to Los Angeles, via Las Vegas.

It was a hot June day, and the Pullman cars in those days did not have air conditioning, and the red velvet seats were hot. Looking out the window at Las Vegas, there was quite a crowd to watch the trains come in, a pastime in those days. The girls and ladies were all dressed in pretty summer dresses and they carried parasols. They looked so cool, and I was so hot. Las Vegas was just a very small town then.

I took a boat at San Pedro for San Francisco. Something was wrong, and we were delayed a couple of hours in starting. It was time for dinner when we got underway. We encountered rough seas that night and I had no yen for breakfast the next morning. Also another delay in the bay, something to do with a tugboat. I wasn't just ready for another boat trip right away. On our return some weeks later, though, when Mr. Blair had joined us, we had a nice uneventful trip and I enjoyed it very much.

No summer trip in 1912, as our second baby was on the way. In 1913, Mrs. Walther and her two boys joined with me in a trip to Santa Cruz. That was a nice summer. I stayed longer in California and just returned to Goldfield about a week before the 1913 flood. The film with one exposure left in the

camera enabled Mr. Blair to get the picture of the DeGarmo house going down the flood stream.

Away again in 1914, and I was in Sacramento when Mr. Blair phoned me of the tragic automobile accident that took the lives of four prominent Goldfielders. Our Dr. E. A. Wheeler was one of them. He had taken four in his car with him to a Knight's of Pythias meeting in Tonopah. About seventy Goldfield members of McKinley Lodge No. 26, K. of P. were also in the attendance. Dr. Wheeler's car was in the lead on the return trip shortly after midnight. Riding with him were Herman Krieger, Silas Rice, Daniel Falvey and Louis Bannister. Dr. Wheeler and Daniel Falvey were instantly killed. Silas Rice died about four hours later, and Herman Krieger lived about eight hours. Louis Bannister was only slightly injured. The cause of the accident was that a car owned by Ernest Wiley, Goldfield photographer, had become disabled and the two men riding in it were unable to remove it completely from the road. Dr. Wheeler had a high-powered car, and drove quite fast considering the roads of those days. And when he became aware of the car obstructing the road, he tried to pull his car up onto the roadside embankment, but too late, and the collision causing all of these deaths resulted.

The community of Goldfield was thrown into mourning and flags flown at half-mast until after the joint funeral services were held, and a complete shutdown of all business houses on the day of the funeral. And we of Goldfield lost very good friends.

I haven't as yet told of special day celebrations. Fourth of July and Labor Day were nearly always observed. Parades, contests, always a rock drilling contest, and street dances. I remember one July Fourth, I danced with a fur coat on and snowflakes were falling that evening.

1915, the year of the Panama Pacific Fair in San Francisco, Nevada had a building representing our state. Our one-time next-door neighbor, who was then a resident of San Francisco was the contractor for building it. His name was Alfred Gough. In June, we cranked up the Ford and headed for the Fair. David Henley, son of Judge Benjamin J. Henley, Senior, was invited to go with us. He was what we now call a teen-ager, and had never been out of Nevada. He also could drive the Ford. He taught me to drive, and could relieve Mr. Blair with some of the driving. We went via Big Pine and over Walker Pass to Bakersfield. I thought you could only get seasick on water, but when I arrived at Bakersfield, I knew I had not been seasick before.

When we left Coyote Holes that morning -we stayed there the night before- -we were told that Greenhorn was a better road if you could make the first grade after crossing the river, Kern River Bridge. Well, after several runs at that grade, we decided we couldn't make it, so we took the alternate route, Walker Pass. The Pass was high above the Kern River, and I counted the turns to the mile. There were thirty to the mile in forty miles of twisting, curving road. I was too ill to eat when we reached Bakersfield, and it was about the hottest night I had ever experienced. Air conditioning had not been thought of then.

We stayed about ten days in San Francisco visiting the fair every day, and returned to Goldfield via Placerville, Lake Tahoe, Carson, and points south.

It was in 1915 that a submarine sank the Lusitania off the coast of Ireland, with over a thousand lives lost and over a hundred of them were Americans. It did seem as if President Wilson was not doing too much about the situation. He continually advocated peaceful measures, but not getting anywhere

with Germany. Most Americans were shocked when a German sub was allowed to dock at Norfolk in July of 1916, and a second trip and docking in New London, Connecticut, in November, just prior to election day. Wilson was re-elected on his "kept us out of war" and peace talks.

In 1917, things began to really happen. The Germans began ruthless submarine attacks, and the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, and by executive order armed its merchant marine ships. It was not long after President Wilson was inaugurated for his second term when a state of war was declared with Germany. Of course, the opposition parties just shook their heads and said, "We told you so."

Volunteers did not enlist too fast and in May, a conscription bill was passed with registration days set for ages twenty-one to thirty for June 5. I don't know just what sentiment might have prompted or was the motive, but I decided to have a party on that day. Might have been I just wanted something to definitely keep the date in mind. I took pictures of the ladies in attendance to further commemorate the day.

We became actively committed to war efforts. Knitting classes formed, and sewing in the newly-opened Red Cross room. I learned to knit and then taught others. Scarves, sleeveless sweaters, and socks were knitted. Little girls were busy with small scissors cutting clean rags into so-called lint to stuff into the pneumonia jackets. My Helen, just seven years old, put in many hours snipping the rags.

Money, of course, was a big issue, and as I loved to cook, I decided to give an Italian luncheon. I made ravioli as a main dish and had a tossed green salad and French bread. The greens for the salad, I solicited from what we called then, the greengrocers, and

the French bread from the bakery. I found everyone really cooperative. In making my ravioli, I used only the egg yolks for the noodle paste, and the egg whites I used to make a very nice cake called white mountain cake, sort of a white pound cake. I was able to make several of these cakes, which were sold for \$1.50 each—great big cakes. We only charged \$.35 a plate for the lunch. At that price, we took in \$35.00, and if we had not run out of ravioli, could have sold much more.

I do not remember just how often conscripts were sent to be inducted in the army, but I do remember that they were all given a rousing send-off at the train when they left town. Usually a drum or a part of a band accompanied the boys, and men, to the depot, where a large assemblage would be waiting. A leader was always appointed for each group, and his hat would be taken and passed among the people and given back to him as they boarded the train. The money collected then would be equally divided among them. These departures were usually tearful. War is such a dreadful thing, and always was the thought, would these men come back to us.

Because of threatened strikes on the railroads of the nation, the government took over operation of the lines in order to keep war supplies and troops moving orderly. I cannot remember just when the roads were handed back to the companies to operate again, but I do remember that the rolling equipment was in a sort of sorry mess. You could hear the wheels with flattened rims bumping as the train rolled by. My brothers, who were both railroad men at this time, said the entire equipment was in just such a sorry state.

We were living in an uneasy world. Women were clamoring for the vote and the passage of women suffrage. Anne Martin, a leading suffragette from Reno, was covering

the state enlisting help from women to hold meetings and make known our demands. It was not until August 26, 1920 that Congress signed into law the privilege for women to vote.

We didn't get out and have speeches and rave for it, you know. We just simply, quietly, among ourselves, impressed upon our menfolks and the people that were leaders of the community that it was a thing that should be done, and that some of the states had already passed it statewide, they could vote in state elections. Some states that had already passed it were doing very well with it, and it was a very good thing giving women a voice in the government of the country, and a chance to vote for people that should be elected. We'd meet, and it was not just Republicans or just Democrats; it was groups of Republicans and Democrats and people who didn't even know what they wanted to be, but they did think that suffrage should be passed, and they would just generally get together. And they were all fond of Anne Martin because she was such a fine person, and so easy to talk to, and so impressive. You just wanted to do what she wanted you to do. You knew it was a good thing because she said it was. She could have convinced you to do most anything because she was so likeable.

It was in 1917 that Goldfield had quite a disastrous fire. It started in the Jensen's second hand store and spread quickly through the frame buildings in the block. The Ross-Holley stone building south of the fire served as a fire wall and stopped the blaze in that direction, but it burned all north to the end of the block and the Kibbey livery stables in the back. I think as many as six horses were destroyed in the fire. The horses panicked when being led to safety and ran back into the flames.

Carl Feutsch's saloon was on the northern corner of the block. Mr. Feutsch, a fine citizen

of Goldfield and also a fine gentleman, felt keenly his German name. Now that we were at war with Germany, to show his patriotism, he had a flagpole installed at the corner of the saloon and flew a beautiful American flag from it. I watched the fire burn the rope at the bottom of the pole, releasing the flag to fly loose above the burning building. The flag did not burn, which seemed a miracle. The Feutsch family moved to Tonopah after this fire. I knew this fine family well, and have only praise for them. Reno people will corroborate my opinion also, for this family has been prominent in Reno business circles for many years.

When Helen was in kindergarten, Ben Alexander, later of Hollywood fame, was a classmate. Ben's mother and father worked in Hunt's dry good store and left Goldfield for Hollywood before we moved to Tonopah. Ben was used as a child's part in the picture "The Birth of a Nation," I believe his first appearance before the camera. Lillian Gish was one of the leading ladies in the picture.

I haven't told of the many famous people who are responsible for the development of Goldfield, for much has been written and talked of these people. Nixon, Oddie, and McCarran, and Pittman all were United States Senators, Charles Sprague, a state senator. There just isn't anything that I could add that hasn't already been written. Naturally Mr. George Wingfield was the one I knew best of all. He was a good friend to us and Mr. Blair was in his employ for twenty-seven years. As I relate this story, Mr. Wingfield will be mentioned frequently.

My chum in Folsom, California my first little school chum, her mother owned that Enterprise Hotel. Her name was Pearl Foster. When Pearl was going to theatrical school in San Francisco, this girlfriend of Mrs. Wingfield—Maude Murdock—was attending

the same school. Pearl said, "You'll probably meet (and called her by her first name)." "She married George Wingfield, the millionaire." "She went to the same theatrical school we did." "We gave her a party just before she got married." I suppose it was in the springtime or summertime. "We were all sitting on the floor; she was opening her presents, and she said, "Well, you know, girls, I don't care that [snapping her fingers] about the man I'm going to marry, but he's sure got a heap of money." So that's the way things go.

Then of course, this other story was told by the lady I knew that was coming to Goldfield on the train. She met this woman in the dressing room getting ready to go to bed and she said that this other lady said she was going to Tonopah. And my friend said, "Oh, you're going to Tonopah." And she said, "Yes, I live in Tonopah." My friend said, "Oh, you probably know Mrs. Wingfield in Tonopah," and, "I hear she's his commonlaw wife. Did you ever know her or see her in Tonopah?" And this lady said, "No, I don't know her." And my friend said, "Well, I just wondered if you, living in Tonopah, knew her."

Then she said that the next morning, by coincidence, they were both in the dressing room at the same time again. And this lady No. 2 said to lady No. 1, "I have a confession I'd like to make to you, about our conversation of last night," and she said, "I'd like to tell you that I'm the common-law wife."

He, Mr. Wingfield, had two children by her and he never neglected her nor them. She was in a gambling place or bar or something of the kind in Tonopah. I think she grubstaked him or gave him the first little money to go to Goldfield when the gold rush came to Goldfield. She said, "Here, you take this and go on over, do what you can." So, as I say, he didn't neglect her in any way. And they had these two children and he never neglected

those children. I imagine that in his final will, if those children were still alive, they probably got something, or else he had already settled upon them enough. But of course, he became an influence in the state and he was not legally married to this woman, so there was nothing that had to be done about it. He was an influence in the state, and met the bankers from New York and San Francisco and everybody of influence, mining engineers of the top level and all, and was moving in social circles that were way up. Then he met this banker's daughter from San Jose. Well, I suppose, maybe he didn't love her any more than she loved him. As she said, "I don't care a hoot about the man, but he's got a heap of money."

He probably figured that this girl was nice and young and very presentable, and that she would make a nice wife for him. And, they were married and they had two children, George and Jean. Later on, his wife divorced him and married a sporting, racetrack man, a man also with lots of money. This man gave her the type of life that she liked better. He probably was a younger man, and she didn't like mining camps either. The one time that I saw her in Goldfield might have been the only time she was there that I knew of. She was a good-looking girl. She probably didn't like that kind of life and decided that this other man had more to offer. When she divorced Mr. Wingfield, they had practically been living apart for quite a long time. I think the children, as much as it could be that way, stayed with him. The girl, I think, stayed sometimes with the mother, but they were in school mostly. Then when they were educated, of course, they married.

It's pretty hard to pass judgment on people—why they do things and why they don't do things. And so far as Mr. Wingfield is concerned in my estimation, there wasn't a finer man in the world living than George

Wingfield. He was fair and honest, and I think as he arranged even his own personal affairs, he tried to be fair about them and do the things that were probably best to do. His wife probably wanted her freedom, and he thought that was the best thing for her, and he gave it to her. Of course, I guess he settled a lot of money on her, too. But there was one thing about Mr. Wingfield that anybody and everybody should remember always. He made his money in Nevada, and he spent it and left it in Nevada; the only millionaire that Nevada ever had who did that.

Of course, power, political power and financial power, are two hard masters to rule you. That, I think, was the only criticism that I can make of George Wingfield, he had too much power. He was the only man in Nevada worth a million. He was the only millionaire Nevada had that was truly a Nevada millionaire and stayed here, and that gave him all this political power that he could almost wield the state in any direction that he wanted, and he could get most anything he wished politically.

There were perhaps many, many other people that I should have spoken of. The Foresters; Mr. W. D. Forester was vice-president and in charge of the T&G railroad offices. The Redmans; Ed Redman, traffic manager for the LV&T railroad. The Evans; Mr. Charles Evans owned the Bank Saloon, and was a fine man. He was elected to Congress. Favers; Mr. Frank Favier was head of the Consolidated business offices. The Zobels; Mr. William Zobel was in the Consolidated office. The Ingalls; Mr. W. A. Ingalls was sheriff for a number of years. The Mercers; Billy was a cashier at the Palace Saloon, and he, too, was a sheriff. Kindly Mr. Jack Bogart of the city police, and all of our children with a threat over their head, "We'll tell Mr. Bogart if you don't behave."

Bart Knight; he, too, had some special police job. Elinor Glyn was supposed to have made him a hero in her book *Three Weeks*. Erna Lucas, the wealthy divorcee from the East, and Milton Detch, her attorney, whom she afterwards married.

There was an amusing sidelight of the Erna Lucas-Milton Detch romance in the fact that Mr. Detch's secretary Miss Mecca Murray was quite in love with him and resented Mr. Detch's attentions to Mrs. Lucas. She went to Mrs. Lucas' home and told her in no uncertain terms to discontinue seeing Mr. Detch. It ended in a fist fight and hair-pulling match.

There was Jim Ford. Mr. Ford worked for the T&G railroad, moved to Yerington later, and had an ice plant and bottling works. His sons Paul and Jim still live in Yerington.

Then there were the telephone girls. Mr. John Walters was the manager. He married the chief operator. Others in the office were Capitola Trout, Amy and Hilda Stomer. Capitola Trout married Mr. Elmer S. La Tourette and they later moved to Reno and Mr. La Tourette was employed by the state. I remember having a friend call me for a cake recipe. After I had hung up, my phone rang and it was the operator who said she was copying the recipe too, but was interrupted, and would I please supply her with the parts she missed? One big family, did you say?

Our friend George Brodigan was elected to be clerk of the supreme court in 1935. Gladys Wood, his niece, was his secretary.

Benny Rosenthal was definitely a part of Goldfield. He served in the courthouse and was postmaster and a civic leader. Our roads weren't much to call roads, so one Sunday under the leadership of Benny, Goldfield and Tonopah had a good roads day. With picks, shovels, rakes and wheelbarrow, all that could, turned out to improve the road from Goldfield to Tonopah. The womenfolk furnished the

lunch at Jack Given's place, halfway between the two towns.

It was on this event that I first heard of knew of anyone objecting to Negroes. Mr. Ben W. Fields, a Negro businessman, dry-cleaning, went to help, and some of the so-called road builders objected to his eating lunch with the assemblage and quite an argument followed.

I will tell you more about this Mr. Fields. Right next door to his cleaning establishment—and this was right across the street from the LV&T depot and railroad tracks and down the hill from where I lived—they had a dance hall that was completely Negro. There were some very handsome Negro women. Those porters had some real good-looking wives. Charlie McArthur, the janitor at the John S. Cook company bank, was an Oklahoma Negro, northern Texas or Oklahoma. His wife was very lightcomplexioned and she was a striking looking woman. She was really a beautiful woman, and quite the elite of the Negro group there. They would have their dances and those women would dress in beautiful evening dresses and the men dressed in evening clothes. They came by cab, horse cabs, to the dance hall. They had a good orchestra playing. And this cabman that I knew said—he told me this story himself—"You know Mrs. Blair, I just thought it would be interesting to watch." And he said it was late in the evening and "I didn't expect probably any more calls," so, "I just stepped inside the door and sat down on a chair that was close to the door and watched them dance. They had floor managers and they had programs and all that sort of thing. Very, very formal dances." And he said, "Pretty soon one of the floor managers came over and said, 'I'm awful sorry sir, but I guess your 11 have to leave. The ladies object to the smell of the horses.'" As if you could smell a horse in a Negro ballroomBut that's what they told

him. So of course, he knew he wasn't wanted so he got up and left.

This Mr. Fields was a very fine man. Just too bad that this road incident occurred, but it died away and no feeling was held against him.

But they never let a Chinese or a Jap get off the train. If they came, they were told to go right back. That is as quickly at the next train left, they were told to leave town. And even those who were mining engineers, they were courteously received and shown through the mines, and there would be headlines in the paper, "Eight Japanese mining engineers arrived in Goldfield and were escorted through the mines," and so forth, but they always left the next morning.

Now Tonopah had Chinese and quite a few of them. They had Chinese laundries and Chinese cooks and all that sort of thing, but Goldfield had no Orientals at all. (You know, the town of Truckee, California, didn't have an Orientals either. My brother was a conductor on the railroad and one time a Chinaman, a Chinese with a queue and a little red knob on the top of his satin hat got off the train. He had his hands behind him and was walking up and down along the car to get a little exercise while the train stopped. He looked up and saw my brother—he was the conductor—and he said, "What town this?" My brother said, "Truckee." He said, "Truckee, gee cly!" and he jumped back on the train steps and up into that car as quick as he could get there. They know where they're excluded. There's no written word and no written law, but they know where they're not wanted.

I believe that there was an incident in Goldfield where a Chinese came, but I'm not sure enough to relate. I think they treated him pretty bad. In fact, I think he was whipped and beaten pretty badly before they made it

impressive to him that he was not wanted in Goldfield.

Then there was the morning, a Monday I think, when Mr. Collins the postmaster didn't show up at the post office, neither did his secretary, and funds were missing. It was assumed they went to Mexico, but were never located.

H. C. "Smoke" Roberson was county clerk from 1914 to 1928. Upon his death, Mrs. Roberson took over and served from 1928 to '48, when she resigned because of ill health.

The Childers family had developed a well and supplied Goldfield with water by the bucket in the early days; I was a customer in 1909. Mrs. Roberson's daughter, Roberta, married Hal Childers. They are now and have been for years residents of Fallon. Hal retired, but their sons are in business in Fallon. Mrs. Childers does considerable writing and at present is researching Churchill County in 1860.

The McCloskey family came to Goldfield from Colorado at the time of the labor trouble there. But Mr. McCloskey disassociated himself with the unions when the IWW took over. He had a partnership in the Hermitage Saloon and later a bar of his own. I remember the boys selling newspapers. Jack McCloskey is presently editor of the Hawthorne newspaper. This family, too, moved to Tonopah and later to Reno. Many people, like the McCloskey's, came to Goldfield from Colorado when the miners being so-called "run out" of Colorado for trying to unionize the mine workers.

Another interesting family was the Broderick family. When I knew them, there was "Ma," Mrs. Broderick, and four daughters known as the "big four." The daughters were Mrs. William Lyons, Mrs. William Friel, Mrs. Dan Tennant, and Mrs. Matt Reddington.

Ma Broderick showed me a beautiful sterling silver tray that was given to her when

she left Colorado. She had kept boarders, and this was the gift from the men who boarded with her. They had written their names on the tray and a jeweler engraved them into the surface. It was really a handsome keepsake and souvenir. Mr. Tennant bought the picture show from Jake Goodfriend, and he ran it for some time. The whole family later moved to Tonopah, some of them are still there.

The pastor of the Episcopal Church should be mentioned. He was Reverend Samuel Mills. Services were held in a small building while the church was being built. Reverend Mills was rather an old man and dedicated himself to the building of the church, going without a salary and asking only for a subsistence and often that was too meager. The church was finally finished and it was not long after that that he was removed to another parish. So he did not get to enjoy his church very long. The church since has been torn down and was rebuilt at Gallilee at Lake Tahoe.

I almost forgot Judge Emmet Walsh. Judge Walsh's pattern in granting divorces where the couple had children always seemed the same, six months of the year with each parent. One case I remember so well. I knew all of the people concerned. The husband, Mr. Floyd Johnson, had been seeing another woman frequently and it bothered the wife so much that she had a nervous breakdown and was sent to Auburn, California, for treatment. While she was there, Mr. Johnson saw an opportunity to divorce her. He took papers to Auburn for her to sign, saying it was a property sale deal and needed her signature, too. It was divorce papers she had signed.

Sometime later, Mrs. Johnson was released as recovered and she returned to Goldfield to find her husband had married the other woman. A lawyer was hired and the divorce case was reviewed and declared fraudulent. Then Mrs. Johnson filed suit for divorce

and she received it, and here the six months custody came in. She allowed her husband the first six months and told us, her friends, when she came for Ken for her turn that they would have a hard time to get him back, for they'd have to find her first.

Ken stayed with his mother until time for advanced education, when he returned to Nevada. He has lived here since. His mother lives in southern California. Ken was state senator from Ormsby County at one time, has had bars and restaurants in Fallon and Carson.

And to all of this came another incident. After I had moved to Fallon, I received a letter from Goldfield one day. Upon opening it I found it contained a dollar bill. The letter went on to tell me that she who had been married to Johnson for all these years was sending the money because she had to pay for a pie pan she had taken from my house after I had moved to Tonopah. She said the door was unlocked and she and a friend were walking past and as no one was living in it, they went in to look around. She said she took the pie pan to give to her friend, but now Jesus had come into her heart and he had said we must pay for our sins. And she thanked me to keep the money and hoped that Jesus would bring blessings to me. I had often heard of conscience money, but I never dreamed I'd be a recipient. But what I'd like to know was how much she paid Mabel Johnson for stealing her husband.

In 1917, there was the last dinner of the bank crowd. Some who had been there in 1909 had left Nevada. It was Christmas dinner at the Blairs. We were not aware then, however, that we were soon to leave Goldfield. Of course, Goldfield was no longer the boom camp and many of the men who worked with the bank had gone to San Francisco and other places in California.

It was early in January, 1918, that Mr. Wingfield asked Mr. Blair to go to Tonopah to be the cashier at the bank there. The Tonopah Banking Corporation had found itself in trouble. Mr. Gregory, cashier, and Mr. Ed Monahan, broker, had evidently been the cause of the disturbance, if I may say it that way. Mr. Wingfield decided to come to Cal Brougher's help and bought into the bank. No depositors were disturbed or suffered any losses in the transaction, and Mr. Monahan served time in Carson. I think this was always the situation when Mr. Wingfield took over. And may I say, as to ailing banks, he personally did whatever was necessary to cure the ills.

Mr. Monahan went to jail over this affair. Mr. Gregory was the banker. And without saying authentically, Mr. Gregory apparently used some of the bank funds to invest through Mr. Monahan the broker. Between the two of them anyway, the money got away from the bank. I don't know what happened to Mr. Gregory, but Mr. Monahan went to jail.

Mrs. Monahan stayed in Tonopah. We loved her, and she was a very fine woman. We never let her feel for one little minute anytime that there was any reason in the world she shouldn't be just right with us all the time.

Mr. Blair went to Tonopah and I was left to take care of crating, boxing, and packing our household goods. It was February before I was ready to leave and follow the truck with our household goods.

TONOPAH, NEVADA: 1918-1924

After nine years in Goldfield, it was hard to think of moving and leaving our good friends of those years. Mr. Blair had to go right away, as Mr. Wingfield was taking over the Tonopah Banking Corporation with Mr. Cal Brougher. That left me to do the packing of the household goods. There were no furniture vans then, and every piece of furniture had to be wrapped or crated before a truck would move it. It was several weeks before I could join Mr. Blair. I had driven over several times and had located a house to move into, the Warren Richardson house. They had gone to Oakland to live.

We were moved by the last of February. Tonopah was very different, differently located than was Goldfield. The houses were mostly all built on the hillside and the mines were part of the town. The Belmont mine was really the only one not right in town, but scarcely a mile out.

Our Goldfield friends began to call us Blairovitch and say that we were going to live in Tonovitch. Of course, that was because there were quite a lot of Austrians and Slavonians working and living there.

My next-door neighbors were Dr. and Mrs. A. Musante, the Arthur Raycrafts, and a couple of doors beyond, the Jay Carpenters. My son Seward was the same age as Clayton Carpenter and they played together. Buddy, as everyone calls Seward, asked me one day what a "bohunk" was. I didn't hardly know what to tell him. I told him that a bohunk was a tall dark man and that he worked in the mines. And one afternoon Buddy came home and was real excited. And he asked me if I knew that Clayton Carpenter's father was a bohunk. I assured him that he was not. And then he said, "Well Mother, you said a bohunk was a tall dark man and that he worked in the mines, and Clayton Carpenter's father is tall and is dark and he just came home from working in the mines." Of course I told Jay Carpenter the story, and he later told me that at many official meetings and dinners, he told the bohunk story.

As soon as I was settled in my new location, I returned to Red Cross work, tried to spend at least three afternoons a week in the sewing and knitting rooms. We made

bed jackets and had many sewing machines busy each day. This besides the knitting and pneumonia jackets.

It was while I was working in the Red Cross rooms one afternoon that I was called to the telephone. My daughter Helen, age eight, was calling. She was asking me if she might go to a birthday party, and I just couldn't understand to whose home she wanted to go. I finally became embarrassed in asking her over and over and told her she might go.

We were having our dinner early that night as the movie "Tom Sawyer" was showing. Helen didn't come home in time for dinner, and I had no idea where she was. Usually her teacher, Miss Egan, drew a cake on the blackboard for anyone having a birthday and with an eraser would wipe off a piece of cake for each pupil. I called the teacher, but she did not know of anyone having a birthday that day. It was just about time for the picture show when we saw someone coming up the hill toward us, her hair ribbon in her hand and her curls a-flying. We really didn't recognize her until she was very close to home. As it was late I asked her if she had had anything to eat and she said no, only something to drink. I asked her what she had, and she said some "red stuff" I supposed it was punch. We hurried to the show and fortunately for me, we were seated near a side exit. We weren't there very long before Helen said, "Mother, I'm sick." I hurried her out the exit door and she relieved herself of quite a quantity of the red stuff. I had to take her on home. In going up Brougher Avenue we had to stop several times for her to throw up. Apparently, wherever she had been, she had been given wine to drink and I had a real sick little girl on my hands. We never did know where the party was.

We did not live in the Richardson house very long, for the Richardsons decided to return to Tonopah and wanted their home.

Short-wave crystals was about the only radio there was in those days, and Arthur Raycraft, who was cashier of the Tonopah First National Bank, was an amateur operator. Their house next door had a sort of a round tower, and this room was his radio room. He spent many hours sending and receiving. Raycraft's house was built of stone, and it looked like a small castle on the side of the hill.

Just below us on Brougher Avenue was a large home called "Bartlett's folly." Mr. George Bartlett was an attorney and had moved to Reno before we arrived in Tonopah. The home, when we came in 1918, was vacant. Mr. Bartlett's mother and father lived in a small house and both were old and not well. Their neighbors did their errands and looked in on them.

During these months, the war in Europe was being fought, and each victory there was celebrated with a parade of cars up and down Main Street and the mine whistles blowing.

And the "Divide boom" was on. It all started when some rich ore was found in the Brougher-Divide. There was an understanding, or deal, between Mr. Wingfield and Cal Brougher. Mr. Wingfield would come into the Tonopah Banking Corporation and for this, I believe, Mr. Brougher turned some shares of Divide mine over to Mr. Wingfield. Mr. Wingfield later bought Mr. Brougher's interest in the bank. The discovery of new values in the mines started a boom in the Divide area. Mining men from everywhere came to Tonopah. Companies were organized and sold out in the lobby of the Mizpah Hotel in a matter of hours. Excitement really ran high.

I was house-bunting again and Sam Dunham, a promoter, had built quite a large home on Belmont Avenue. (I think Mr. Dunham was connected in some way with George Graham Rice.) It was unfurnished but

we had plenty of furniture so we decided to take it. The rent was fifty dollars per month. This was early summer of 1918.

Lots of people were coming into Tonopah and available rooms were scarce. The Mizpah Hotel was filled all the time. I had two rooms I didn't need, so rented them, one to Henoré Gagin, a stenographer, and the maid's room in the rear to I. S. Thompson, an attorney. The rent for these rooms paid our house rent.

Among our early neighbors in Tonopah were Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Fitzgerald. D. J. was the owner of a barber shop and an avid politician. He was elected senator from Nye County and was very active in the state legislature, a Democrat by affiliation. Judge Mark Averill was judge of the court in Nye County while we lived in Tonopah. The Crumleys, Grant and Newt, were active in politics, as I remember. And Pat McCarran, a prominent lawyer, of whom it was said he could save a man from prison or execution by his very great eloquence. My participation in politics was very little during these years as I was busy with my little family and local charity affairs.

Speaking of social life, there was plenty of it. In places like mining camps with scarcely any other entertainment available, the home entertainment, dinners, card parties, and such were plentiful.

At first there were many foreign groups. Right here I'd like to speak of the Austrian and Slovania New Year's festivities. Their New Year's was, as I remember, about the seventh of January. We knew, very well, so many of these people. They held open house for their friends, and their festive tables fairly groaned with the tempting foods they had prepared for their guests. Wine was the usual liquor served. A favorite family of ours was the Chiatovich family. Mr. Chiatovich had a grocery store. This family, like so many others as Tonopah declined, moved to Reno and their names are

familiar there in business circles. The Beko family was another hospitable home to visit as was also the Barrovich home.

Neighbors when we lived down on Belmont Avenue were the Wardle family and the Davids and the Jules Smiths close by on Florence Avenue. Wardles now have what was the Southworth Company store when we lived there. And Leroy and Leona David have the L and L Motel and own considerable Tonopah real estate. Leroy also was in legislature a few years back.

The Clifford family were long-time residents of Nye County, had extensive cattle and ranching interests at what was called Clifford's, about fifty miles from Tonopah. Most of this family still are in Tonopah. One, Reynolds, nicknamed "Doc," a garage mechanic, lives in Fallon.

The Connelys were both Goldfield and Tonopah friends of ours. One son, Thomas, is a Catholic priest in Reno; John, a rancher in Yerington; Eddie lives in Reno, has an aragonite quarry near Tonopah, and sells his polished stones for various decorative purposes and fireplaces.

Mark Bradshaw, a mining engineer, made quite a fortune reclaiming and reprocessing the mill waste from the Goldfield Consolidated mill. L. Bajiet was an engineer of mining and shipyard construction. His family life in Tonopah was, I would say, on the notorious side.

To get back to the social side of life in Tonopah, an invitation to Mrs. Hugh Brown's Sunday evening tea really placed you in the groove. Mrs. Brown had many notable people visit her, and she would entertain and have receptions to meet these people. Guess I qualified, for I attended many of them. Mr. Hugh H. Brown was a very prominent lawyer in the state of Nevada and was a member of the National Bar Association. Other lawyers

in Tonopah beside Hugh Brown, were H. R. Cooke, H. H. Atkinson, Mark Averill, I. S. and Jack Thompson and Pat McCarran. Walter Rowson was a cow partner of Hugh Brown.

Other nice places to go to parties were Mrs. Ed Ericson's, and Mrs. Clarence Kind's. Mrs. Kind is the mother of Procter Hug, prominent educator of Nevada. Also Mrs. H. H. Atkinson, Mrs. Lois McCloud, Mrs. Warren Richardson, Mrs. Herman Albert, Mrs. Robert Tucker, Mrs. Herman Budelman, Mrs. Fred Ninnis, Mrs. Sidney Moore, Mrs. I. Tasem, and so many, many others. Beautiful parties and wonderful, wonderful dinners.

A party that we had at our house was a gambling evening. We decorated the house with barroom pictures and we printed house money, and after dinner, we set up the gambling tables. We had craps, blackjack, roulette, and bridge. Bridge proved unpopular. I was cashier, and started each guest with house money, then kept books on advances made to them. You can believe it or not, but about three in the morning, the guests reluctantly quit playing, prizes were awarded, and no one was in the clear. So the smallest loser was given the first prize, and so on to the biggest loser. The prizes were all to do with gambling, so to speak. First prize, a home roulette wheel outfit, then a set of poker chips, decks of cards, and the booby prize a miniature roulette wheel from the five and dime. Judging of the reluctance in stopping the play, I judge our guests had had a happy evening. Mrs. Brown said, "Who wants to go home?"

An interesting person who lived in the Mizpah Hotel was Madame Grimm. She was a masseuse, a huge woman, and I judge very capable of a good massage. I knew her very well. She married a restaurant man by the name of M. Kolak and they moved to Reno. She had rooms in the Riverside Hotel, where

I am told she really gave the wealthy divorcees the works. Later on, when I had moved to Fallon, Madame M. Kolak brought many of these divorcees to Fallon to order turkeys shipped to their homes in the East. Among them were Mrs. Marshall Field III, Mrs. Ethel B. Mars of Mars candy bars, her daughter Mrs. Allen B. Feeney of the "white stables" in Tennessee, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbets, and some others whose names I have forgotten.

The First National Bank of Tonopah was the so-called Tonopah Extension Bank. Mr. John 6. Kirchen of the Extension his brother Ed, Senator T. 6. Bell, H. R. Cooke, and A. 6. Raycraft were directors. Mr. Raycraft was cashier, and Lloyd Horton assistant cashier.

Tonopah Banking Corporation, the Wingfield organization, had as directors George Wingfield, H. C. Broygher, W. H. Doyle, Hugh H. Brown, Clyde A. Heller, and J. B. Humphrey. E. W. Blair was cashier, and Herman Albert the assistant cashier.

Both of these banking institutions had large increases in business, from two and one-half million in deposits to four million.

It was necessary to get tellers and experienced men from away from Tonopah to work in the banks. Tonopah welcomed Mr. Wingfield's entry into the Tonopah mining and banking interests.

The business area of Tonopah was a long sloping Main Street. You might say it was the gulch between the surrounding hills. The T&G depot was at the extreme western end of Main Street and the eastern end split into Main and Florence Avenue.

Unlike Goldfield, Tonopah allowed Orientals. There were no Japanese but several Chinese who ran laundries and were employed in restaurants. There were not as many saloons or clubs in Tonopah as there had been in Goldfield. However, Tonopah never reached the population peaks that

Goldfield did. At the time we came, the population numbered about six thousand and probably reached close to seven thousand before the Divide boom began to subside.

Speaking of the mines, the Tonopah mines operating in 1918 were, as I remember, the Belmont, Mr. L. R. Robins the superintendent; Tonopah Extension with Mr. J. G. Kirchen; Tonopah Mining with Tom Frazier; Midway, Ed Ericson; Montana with Charles Knox, and Maude McCrate the efficient secretary; and West End with Herman Budelman. Mr. Fred Ninnis was also connected with the West End. The Jim Butler, I cannot recall the operators. It is interesting to note here though that in 1964 or '65, the Jim Butler dump was leveled off on the top and a motel was built on it. I haven't seen it, but have been told that it is quite picturesque built on the dump and commanding a nice view.

Most all of these Tonopah mines were owned and controlled by Eastern financiers. At the Divide, the district was originally called Gold Mountain. Mr. Brougher and Mr. Wingfield came into possession of the main groups of claims because of foreclosures of loans the Tonopah Banking Corporation had made. Mr. Brougher and Mr. Wingfield bought the properties from the bank later on, and Mr. Wingfield sold his shares to Mr. Brougher. Mr. A. I. D'Arcy, Mr. Wingfield's engineer, advised him to do so. The gold showing was small, and the silver was but fifty cents per ounce. This was about in 1916. And in spite of difficulty in financing at that time, Mr. Brougher went ahead with plans for developing the mine and sinking operations were begun in April, 1917.

In November, ore was struck that showed good assays, and Mr. Brougher came from his home in Oakland to see for himself. He was so elated over the showing that he offered Mr. Wingfield the privilege of buying back

in. Mr. D'Arcy again made an inspection and took samples. He took them to Goldfield for assaying and could not believe the returns, and returned to the mine the next day for more samples, which assayed even better. When Mr. Wingfield received D'Arcy's report, he bought back the stock he had sold. This started the "Divide boom" in 1918, and in a short time Gold Mountain was spotted with many new companies, among them were the High Divide, Thompson, Revert, and many, many more.

In the fall of 1918, the influenza epidemic started and it was something I shall never forget. The Elks hall was turned into an emergency hospital. Nurses were short, also doctors, and the victims often died in twenty-four hours. One nurse at the Elks hall died. The women who contracted the epidemic usually recovered. The board of health ordered masks to be worn by anyone who left their homes. These were several thicknesses of gauze across the nose and mouth and tied behind the head or ears. Very uncomfortable. This was another duty for the Red Cross. We made hundreds of the masks every day, sold them for ten cents each. They were never worn over one day and were either discarded or laundered or were thrown away. The plague, as many called it, took many people. Scarcely a day but someone we knew passed away.

The Red Cross instituted its first Christmas roll call in 1918. I was asked to be chairman of the drive. Every day seemed to bring posters and advertising materials, even books with plans for pageants. I received much material that was never used, materials that would have been almost too much for some cities. These were all sent unsolicited and it seemed such a waste of money. Our Tonopah drive was very successful. We sold more memberships and took in more money than Reno that year.

When the Red Cross board met following the holidays, Mrs. James McQuillan and myself decided to see if we couldn't have some of the money we had collected spent in Tonopah. There didn't seem to be much chance at first, but when we asked that playground equipment to be bought and installed on the school grounds, we made some headway. It was decided if we installed a metal plaque telling of the Red Cross donation to the playground, we could have \$1,500. Mrs. McQuillan and I had a charity fund that we distributed where it was needed and the money we lacked to level the ground, and buy and install the equipment and build a stone fence, we furnished from our charity fund. We had tag days and food sales to keep the charity fund operative. And along with Mrs. Clarence Bradner, who kept the books and countersigned the checks drawn with Mrs. McQuillan and myself, we helped many, many people during my years in Tonopah.

Some of the business firms of Goldfield moved to Tonopah because of the Divide excitement. Polin brothers stationery and Hunts Dry Good, I. S. Thompson and Jack Thompson lawyers, Dr. Jess T. Pennington the dentist, Drs. P. A. Turner and R. R. Craig, and more that I have forgotten.

In relating the Divide excitement, I almost forgot the war. The summer of 1918 brought victory after victory in Europe and on November 11, the armistice was signed in Marshal Foch's railroad coach. It was surely a great day, mine whistles blew, people paraded, and the excitement was really high. I had a brother Clarence in France and we were indeed joyous. He wasn't returned home until the next summer, or in 1919. And because of the rain and damp conditions where he was stationed, he was convalesced home with rheumatism and arthritis, a condition he has had to live with since. I believe he receives a small pension.

The Eighteenth Amendment was passed by Congress in January of 1919 and it went into effect nationally in 1920. This, of course, was the prohibition amendment.

I guess the average citizen of the United States just doesn't like to be told what he can and cannot do. This was certainly demonstrated in the enforcement of prohibition. Bootlegging started immediately and hidden stills were just about everywhere. Behind closed doors were speakeasies where liquor of questionable quality could be found. These places usually had card games of a sort in the front part of the building and a door with a peephole led to the backroom or bar. Usually information in some way could get to these places when prohibition enforcement people were in town and very few arrests were ever made. The prosperous owners of bars had barrels of bonded whiskey in warehouses in Kentucky. These were so-called impounded and could only be released by special order, and this was for sale for medical purposes only. One could get a prescription from a doctor for a small flask of whiskey. This, too, was a gimmick, for your doctor would usually, with no charge, give you a prescription to be filled at a drugstore. I guess some doctors made charges for doing this, and as I remember, there was a limit on the number of prescriptions one could have.

I knew one person, Joe White of the Mizpah Hotel in Tonopah, who had a number of barrels of whiskey in a bonded warehouse in Kentucky, and when the prohibition fiasco was over he could have the whiskey. His barrels contained only water, so you see it was a situation that seemed uncontrollable.

My personal observation was that instead of protecting the youth of the country, it gave them something to try to do. And the people who were bootlegging the illicit liquor had no scruples in selling the so-called "belly-rot" to

the under-aged youth. And I must say that the adults were not really setting examples, either.

I remember an incident in which the Blairs were involved. It was not unusual that a group of people would meet in the Mizpah Hotel bar and they drank for refreshment, milkshakes. Usually there was a bottle of bootleg around to flavor the milkshake. This particular evening was following a political speaking at which Key Pittman was the main speaker. After the meeting there was quite a gathering in the Mizpah, but there didn't seem to be any flavor for the milkshakes. Mr. Blair came home for a bottle we had of supposedly good stuff. It was a cold night and Mr. Blair was wearing an overcoat. After partaking of the milkshake, the group stood in the lobby of the Mizpah Hotel discussing politics and Mr. Blair had taken off his coat and had the bottle folded in the coat. Suddenly he felt the bottle slipping, and with a crash it fell to the floor. Bill Booth, editor of the Tonopah Bonanza, was one of the group and he imbibed quite lair quickly stepped aside and poor old Bill was suspected of having had the bottle. The janitor came in quickly with a mop and soon there was bidding for the mop.

Speaking of the Bonanza reminds me there were two daily newspapers at this time in Tonopah. The other paper the Tonopah Times; Mr. Frank Garsides was the editor. This paper was Democratic paper in politics, and William Booth's paper, Republican.

I had not sold any government war bonds during the war, but sold victory bonds when it was over. I remember Mr. Blair telling of having his shoes shined in a barber shop one morning and there were two Negro boys who were the boot blacks. They were discussing the latest bond drive. One said, "Ah hear the government is floating a new bond drive and for four billion dollars." The other one said, "When ah went to school, we never got

further than a million." And today, billions is peanuts.

As in Goldfield, those of us who could, would go out for the summer. And in 1919, I think it was, Mr. Blair took us to Placerville. The Divide stocks were still active on the stock market. Mr. Blair had bought some Brougher-Divide and it was close to ten dollars per share, as I remember, the evening we left for California. We arrived in Placerville at night and slept late. Mr. Blair went to town about noon and wired a broker in San Francisco for quotations. The answer came back, "The market closed. Account of miner's strike in Tonopah."

A Chandler car was the best we got out of our Divide Stock. It was a seven passenger car and had lots of room and proved very fine for the many camping trips and fishing and hunting trips that we enjoyed. These trips during the year we lived in Tonopah included trips annually to Pahranagat Valley for hunting, and just about every creek on the east side of the Sierras, and weekend trips for fabulous fishing in the many Nevada creeks. On the weekend trips, Louis Trabert, who worked in the Tonopah Banking Corporation, usually went with us. Helen and Seward had fishing outfits and learned to fish on these small creeks. I'd like to mention here that Louis Trabert later was deputy state bank examiner for the state of Nevada. Mrs. Trabert, a retired schoolteacher lives in Reno.

In 1919, the year of the strike in the Tonopah regions, it was an 119W engineered strike. I remember Governor Emmet Boyle came to Tonopah to talk to the miners. A meeting was called for the miners to meet at the ball park, and the governor would talk with them. He talked from an automobile with the top down, standing on the rear seat. He put forth the conditions that often followed strikes in mining camps. Mrs. Boyle

and Dr. and Mrs. Musante had dinner at our house, and while the governor was meeting with the mine workers, after dinner we, too, drove to the ball park to hear the governor talk. After he had talked quite some time, he asked, "Now fellows, you've heard me. Let's not make a Rhyolite out of Tonopah, and have only burros living here. What shall we do about it?" And a loud voice from the rear called back, "We're going to stand pat right here at the ball park." I'm sorry, but I cannot remember just how long the strike lasted nor the terms of settlement.

I recall a carpenter, Mr. Williams, who worked at the Tonopah Extension, and who went to work every day amid jeers from the strikers. Finally, he was egged and stoned and went down the street with his face bleeding from cuts. When he arrived at the mine he was taken to the hospital for treatment.

About this time we were moving again. Our rent had been raised to a hundred dollars per month. This next house had been cut in two pieces in Goldfield and moved to Tonopah. It was a large house, and had belonged to Ben Rosenthal. As soon as it was ready to be lived in, we moved. This home was on Bryan Avenue, just below the school in Tonopah.

On August 10, 1919, we were returning from a vacation in California, a fishing trip. Coming through Bishop, Mr. Blair dropped into the bank there to visit a minute with friends. They asked if he knew his bank in Tonopah had a run on it the day before. Of course we didn't, and as we were away from civilization fishing, we quickly left for home and found everything back to normal when we reached there. Some unfounded rumor on Sunday had been the cause for the run. Mr. Albert, the assistant cashier, heard of the rumors and had everything set up to take care of the run when the bank opened Monday

morning. He very capably handled the affair in Mr. Blair's absence. The Rena National Bank stood ready to fly a million dollars in if necessary.

Mr. Grant Crumley pushed his way through the line of people making withdrawals, and with arms full of currency, deposited ten thousand dollars. Tonopah Mining also deposited ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Albert, secretary of the Montana Tonopah another ten thousand. The Tonopah-Belmont Development Company deposited a draft for forty thousand, which could have been turned into currency by telegraph, if necessary. Due to the fact that the bank always carried an extra reserve of currency for paydays, the tenth and the twenty-fifth of the month, it was really ready for the withdrawals.

The Tonopah Banking Corporation had always ranked as one of the most substantial banks of Nevada and had the proud record of being the only bank during the panic of 1907 which continued paying out gold and silver when all other banks went on scrip basis.

Confused depositors stood on the sidewalks with their money, the currency withdrawn in their hands, really not knowing what to do, afraid if they took it home someone might come and steal it. Some crossed over to the other bank and deposited their money there. But in a short time, most of them returned their money to the bank they had just withdrawn it from.

The churches in Tonopah were Catholic, Presbyterian, Christian Science, and Episcopalian. If there had been a ladies-club, I did not know of it. There were a great many bridge clubs and many, many bridge parties. I found that I could not attend them all, so I declined invitations the last two years I was there, but offered to substitute if I was needed.

I liked to give dinner parties and accepted invitations to them. That way, Mr. Blair and I

could go out together. We did not go to many dances as Mr. Blair really didn't care about dancing, but we did always attend the Elks charity balls given annually in Tonopah and Goldfield. They were real gala events.

I would like to mention the businesses in Tonopah. There were three butcher shops, one of them in a cooperative store by the mine owners. This was a very nice store to trade in. Several small grocery stores besides the large one. Three dry goods stores, one later became a Penney store. Oline Stewart was agent for the Hercules Powder Company and did some real estate business. Mrs. Stewart was the Republican National Committeewoman of the Nevada Republican party for many years. She was a very fine person.

Sidney Moore ran a real estate and insurance agency. The Moore family was about the closest family friends of ours in Tonopah. We were deeply grieved when Esther Moore passed away in 1922.

Perhaps the most popular store in Tonopah was Southworth's. They had all sorts of notions, stationery supplies, magazines, and newspapers, cigarettes, cigars, candy, tobacco, cut flowers and plants, toys, games—just about everything.

One theater, run by Jules Smith. One furniture and home furnishings store. An ice cream parlor and candy store. Three or four restaurants beside the Mizpah dining room. The Mizpah Hotel dining room was run by two brothers, Hynie and Gene Hinckel. And they were excellent cooks and could serve a very fine meal. Of course, a number of saloons and clubs, as they were called.

Mr. Abe Cohn had a gent's clothing store. Mrs. Cohn did not live in Tonopah. She owned the famous Da-so-la-lee Indian basket collection and she traveled extensively with the collection exhibiting it. Their daughter, Felice, was a lawyer in Reno.

Two jewelry stores, one owned by I. Tasem. Two drugstores. Quite a large pipe, tin, and iron business, or should I say a foundry, and this was run by Kelly and Campbell. A gas plant when we first moved to Tonopah, but it was discontinued a short time later.

The usual number of fraternal organizations, namely Elks, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Eagles, and Knights of Columbus, Rebekahs, Eastern Stars, and Pythian Sisters. There might have been others, but I do not recall.

In 1922 was another epic year for the Blairs. Our son E. W., Jr., was born and I lost my father in California that year also. Prior to 1922, we still lived on Belmont Avenue. While we still lived on Belmont Avenue, the Big Ship, as it was called, on Florence Avenue, burned. This was a large two-story building, and it was run as a boarding and rooming house for bachelor miners. The owner was a woman and quite a character, kindly, but firm in her business dealings—Mrs. Harrington—they called her Ma Harrington.

Another fire worthy of note was when the Casino burned. This was part of the restricted district that faced on lower Main Street. It was a spectacular fire as it was a two-story building. Many women of the tenderloin had had rooms on the second floor. Some had to be rescued from the burning building, others making their way to safety unassisted. Quite a sight to onlookers as they emerged in very beautiful, lacy boudoir attire. For a time it was feared that the fire would cross the street. The Del Pappas store directly across was scorched and on fire several times. This was a daytime fire, about ten in the morning.

And while I am on the subject of fires, in 1923 Goldfield was almost wiped out. A fire starting in the garage directly across the street from the famed Goldfield Hotel burned the entire blocks between Columbia and Main

Street, and the area between Main and the street west of Main almost all the way to Columbia, the northern end of Goldfield. So many of the buildings were built of that local quarried sulphur block, and they burned like tinder right to the foundations. The First National Bank, four stories high, and the John S. Cook bank, three stories high, and the old stock exchange, and many other two-story buildings of the same material burned like crackerboxes. The east side of Columbia Street did not ignite at all as southwest wind was blowing and carried the flames west and north.

As soon as we heard of the fire we filled our car with bread and groceries and drove to Goldfield. The smoke from the fires hung over the road into town so heavy that we drove very slowly and it was necessary to turn on the car lights for protection from any approaching traffic. We were saddened indeed at the terrific destruction of the town we had lived in and loved. Later fires further reduced the business part of Goldfield and of course, none of it was rebuilt. And when passing through Goldfield en route south, it was hard to keep back the tears as memories rushed to mind.

In 1923, I forget just what the parade was celebrating, no doubt it was July fourth, Mr. Blair and I decided to burlesque a circus that had come to Tonopah, one of those one elephant, one lion, and few acrobats, circus. We used Bud's wagon for the bed of a cage and we went around the neighborhood and collected old brooms. We painted these broomsticks black to make the bars of the cage. Mr. Blair really built a fine circus cage. Then we recruited from Helen's and Bud's friends a hula girl, an ice cream vendor, three clowns, a balloon salesman, an acrobat, and Helen was the bareback rider riding a burro. Inside the cage, we put our Airedale dog and our tiger cat. There wasn't any prize for such

an entry, but the judges thought the entry was so clever that they gave us a special prize of twenty-five dollars which we divided among the children participating. I have a picture of that.

Some of the teachers in the school that I thought were outstanding were Jennie Curieux, Miss Bradley, and Helene Slavin. That's just a few that I could remember. Many of the girls that I knew were high school teachers. We left before Helen and Bud were ready for high school, so I didn't know those teachers, only from a personal side.

I've probably not told of many important events that occurred that have slipped my memory. I think our six years in Tonopah were a bit more exciting than the nine that we spent in Goldfield.

I'd like to tell now of some of the sightseeing trips we took while we lived in Tonopah, one of them to Death Valley. Sidney and Esther Moore, their daughter, Helen, and Mr. Blair, our Helen, Bud and myself started for Death Valley in two cars to camp in Death Valley. It was in November, over Armistice Day, as I remember. A beautiful day and we traveled right along—no such highways as are available today. After leaving Goldfield, the Moore car had a flat tire. We carried a small hand vulcanizing outfit and I seemed to be the only one who knew how to work it. Well, I patched that puncture and twelve more like it between there and Death Valley before we discovered that the inner liner which we put into tires in those days had a sharp corner that wore and cut into the tube. After we discovered the sharp corner, no more flat tires, fortunately for me. I only patched the tube, the men had to pump up the tires.

From Beatty, we took a side road and went to Chloride Cliffs to spend our first night. At one time, there was a large mining operation there. Some nice homes were still there, and

we selected the best-looking one and moved in for the night. A large fireplace was in the living room, and we found fuel outside to have a fire.

Mr. Blair had shot a fine mallard duck on a pool of water just north of Beatty. I picked and dressed it, and we put it on a spit over the fire. It perhaps was the best duck we ever ate. Our purpose in going to Chloride Cliffs to spend the night was to be there the next morning as the sun came up over the floor of the valley, and to see Mt. Whitney in the distant Sierras. It was a beautiful clear morning, and it all presented a never to be forgotten vista. We then backtracked to Daylight Canyon and Hell's Gate to enter the valley.

We picked a camping spot under palm and fig trees on Furnace Creek. The creek is a small stream of water, warm water, and the children loved it and waded and bathed in it. The Furnace Creek home of Borax Smith was just a short distance from us.

We drove in just about every direction, all but to Stovepipe Wells. This was because our time limit was slipping away. We took some very fine pictures of points of interest. Some of the canyons we explored sounded like ovens cooling off, which they truly were, from the summer heat. Pieces of rock breaking off as it cooled, and it sounded like metal as it fell with a ring to the ground.

Perhaps the nicest thing about a camping trip with rough edges is the congeniality of the group. Nothing could have been finer than the smoothness of this trip. Here again, Mr. Blair got out the shotgun and, believe it or not, at the lowest spot in the United States, he shot two mallard ducks.

Of course, I should mention the blackthorn and desert holly that grows in this deserted part of the world. Mr. Blair was in the canyon leading to the valley floor one spring, and said the wild flowers were absolutely amazing in

their variety and profusion. Of course, this could only follow a wet winter and spring.

We had another nice trip one spring to this locality. L. Baliet invited us to visit the Perkins brothers who were working a marble quarry at Carrara. We were overnight guests of the Perkins, and we toured the quarry and polishing plant next day. The pipeline bringing water to Carrara had sprung a leak or broken, and water had to be brought from Beatty, but it didn't interfere with the enjoyment of the trip.

The menfolks had to inspect a mine at the head of the Death Valley and when they left, the day was beautiful. But while they were in Death Valley, a veritable tornado of wind came up and tore the soft top of the car completely off. No hard-topped cars in those days. They were lucky not to have been turned over.

The Perkins' tried very hard to market this marble. It was beautifully grained and marked, but too soft to withstand the exposure to air and the elements, and proved useless for the facings and so forth of buildings. I have a piece framed that looks like an etching of a scene in Death Valley.

As I said, this trip was in the spring. After we left Goldfield going south, there were acres and acres of desert geranium blooming just as if you had poured rust-covered paint over the area. Then as we wound down through the Amargosa River canyon, the desert was a mass of bloom, and the air filled with perfume from the blossoms. I couldn't begin to name the vanities of wild flowers, but it was a spectacle I shall never forget.

At this time, so many of our roads were just the dry washes in the canyons of the desert, and this particular road followed the Amargosa Wash. This river flowed mostly underground at this point north of Beatty, and occasionally it came to the surface for

short distances at low points in the channel. An interesting spectacle.

Another exciting trip from Tonopah was to the Lehman Caves. This time Mr. C. C. Boak, a mining engineer and geologist, knew we were picture hounds, and he was anxious that the geographic department at Washington, D. C., become aware of these beautiful caves and that a national park or monument be made of the area. I believe the fine pictures that we took and sent to Washington sparked the first move to set this area aside for a park.

We were equipped with two hundred candle-power, Coleman lanterns and a fine flashlight outfit. We would put the cameras on tripods as we entered each new chamber and open the camera lenses in the dark and move each to different angles. Then using the flash flare, in this way, we got fine pictures showing the width and depth of the chambers. We were there almost three days. The last day we enjoyed some trout fishing on two near-by streams. Our pictures turned our real successes and Mr. Boak soon had them on their way to Washington.

And right here I'd like to say two finer people you couldn't ever find. Mr. Boak was afflicted with a bad stutter when speaking, but could sing beautifully with never a stutter. Mrs. Boak had been a concert pianist, and was very talented. Mr. Boak had perhaps the finest mineral and ore specimen collection to be found anywhere. I think the heirs to his estate either gave it to the state of Nevada or Nevada bought it.

I wanted to tell of Mr. Boak's connection with the badger nugget. This badger nugget, as I said before, was found out by Round Mountain. Men noticed as they passed by this badger hole, some little tiny nuggets. They decided to dig down into the badger hole to see where the nuggets came from, and as they

came to the bottom of the hole there was a flat disc of gold, very thin, but probably almost as large as a dinner plate, maybe not quite, and the badger had made her nest on the top of this piece of gold. And so it was called the badger nugget.

Mr. Boak kept it in his collection. He displayed it in, oh, a great many mining congresses. He'd take it as an exhibit. When a fire in Tonopah burned the dance hall, the Bonanza, the West End mining offices, and Mr. Boak's office, the nugget was burned. It was in a cabinet and the fire so intense that the nugget burned and melted into just a small piece of gold, which was too bad.

Our trips to Pahranagat Valley were annual affairs. Here was a hunter's paradise. Such flights of ducks you would scarcely believe, as I describe them. We would shoot high powered rifles out across bodies of water that were in the valley in those years and it seemed as if the surfaces of the lakes and reservoirs rose up to meet the sky. Thousands and thousands of ducks of every variety. No birds not in flight were ever shot at by us.

On these trips we sometimes went with the Sidney Moores or the H. D. Budelmans. We always camped out and a favorite spot was Ash Meadows. Here were hot springs with water deep enough to bathe and swim. Pahranagat Lake was at the extreme south end of the valley and Hiko, a very early mining district, at the northern entrance, Alamo about the middle. Most of the inhabitants of the valley were Mormons. A great many cattle were raised in this valley, and quail and game of every sort very plentiful, so it was a hunter's paradise.

This brings our years in Tonopah to just about an end. In December, 1923, we were told, but not for publication, that Mr. Blair was to be transferred to Fallon, Nevada, to be cashier at the Churchill County bank. The

exact date was not set, but was to be early spring. Mr. Wingfield was negotiating to purchase the Fallon banks. He did not wish to enter into Fallon banking unless he could purchase both banks then operating.

We began to do some packing such as electric trains and toys of the children that could be packed in advance, also many things such as pictures and dishes, not necessary to our everyday living. Finally the date to arrive in Fallon was set for April 14. We were allowed to speak of it then. A number of parties, mostly dinners, were planned for us, and again we were feeling regrets at leaving our friends.

We decided that it would be best to get a railroad car, as again it would have to be truck as there were no vans. And again everything had to be crated. Really quite a chore to move in those days. And we had a family heirloom, a large, square grand piano that would be making its fourth long distance trip. It had been in three different houses in Tonopah. It was a Mathewscheck, and my father had bought it for a thousand dollars in the late eighties. The wood was cherry and in excellent shape. I remember an ad in a magazine a few years back from now (1966), of a small spinet piano manufactured under the same name.

Finally came Friday, April 11, and the last load had left the house. We had a real smart Airedale dog and the movers left the gate open and Sandy got out. We were spending the night and having dinner at the Musante's home. While we were at dinner, a telephone call told us that some dogs had been poisoned and were lying close to one another on Main Street, and our caller said he thought one was Sandy. It was true, and we were very sad. Next morning we learned that thirteen dogs had been poisoned that evening, one beside ours a registered dog. We felt very sad, losing our Sandy.

We left Tonopah about noon on Sunday, April 13. Of course, the bank was the last place to leave as Mr. Blair turned over his keys, and so forth. It seemed as if half of Tonopah was there in front of the Mizpah to say good-bye. And so many parting gifts, and many, many tears were shed.

We stayed that night with our former Goldfield friends and neighbors, the Jim Fords in Yerington. Sixty miles, and our next epic would begin. We just could not have picked a worse day to arrive. A violent wind and dust storm was in progress. As I looked from the car at Lahontan Valley I could easily have kept on going. My beloved mountains seemed too far away. They had always been so close in Goldfield and Tonopah.

Mr. Wingfield invited us to stay at his Bailey ranch house until we could get located and settled.

4

ATLASTA RANCH, 1924-1948

As I told you when I concluded our years in Tonopah, we arrived in Fallon in a high wind and dust storm. We practically blew in. The Lahontan Valley was a strip of land between mountains, about thirty by forty miles long and wide. This valley was to be our home for many years.

Now I would like to say how the valley was divided up in districts and some of the ranches that were in those certain districts. The districts were Hazen, Soda Lake, Swingle Bench, Scheckler, St. Clair, Island, Beech, Union, Harmon, Stillwater, Northam, Old River, Lone Tree, Grimes, and there might have been one or two more. Now there are less districts, because they have consolidated a great many of these into one district.

In the Island district there was Douglass's large ranch. Originally that had belonged to Bob Douglass's uncle. It was willed to him, and it was of vast acreage. Mr. Bob Douglass cut it up into many ranches. Down there then along with the Douglass ranch was the Noble ranch, the Crew ranch, the Pinger, and the

Johnson, Jones, Jewel, the Wingfield, and the Gardners were a few of them.

Then in the Union district there was Becksteds, Testolin, Rafetto, Rogers, Gerderman, Biggs, Albertsons, Bullocks, and Drumm, to name a few.

Stillwater was Weishaupt, Swope, Staup, Charles Kent, Lawrence, Martin, Vierra, the Soars, Osgoods, DeBraggas, Nygrens, DeArmonds, Thompsons. Stillwater Indian Reservation was in this area also.

In the Lone Tree there were several families of Millers, some related, some not. And the Wightmans, Easons, Corkhills, Shanes, and Sorensons.

In the Beach district there was the Downs, Yarbrough, Ernst, Cushman, Weaver, Shaefer, and Norton ranches. In the Harmon district there was Dolfs, Harmon, Moore, Danielson, Kirns, Evans, Baumann, and some of the Freemans. In the Old River district was the Sagouspe, Vencill, Ghetto, Mussi, Peraldas, Moodys, and several families of Lohses.

In the Swingle Bench there was Fulkersons, Johnson, Mall, and Swingles, Hallecks, and Jane Southerland who took up some raw land. She was a divorcee who had come from the East and thought she wanted to farm. So she came out and took up some raw land and borrowed a lot of money from Reno National Bank. And after a while there was a big two-story house up there and the land for sale, because she didn't succeed. She had quite a dairy and married her hired man. The people up there said she married him because she didn't want to pay him wages.

And in Northam was the Harrimans and the Morgans, the Moris, Mattuccis, and the Detches. And over in Hazen there was the Gambles, Harts, Masons, who grew the finest peaches that were ever tasted in Nevada, and the Weeks, and Petersons, and Gaasrudes. And in the Scheckler district were the Candees, Capuccis, several families of Mills, Alcorn, Holt, Orr, Thuesen, Thrift, Strasdin, Toll, and Lattin.

In the Soda Lake district were Davenport, Harpers, who raised a lot of chickens, Palludan, Lucas, and Knoblock. In the St. Clair district were the Johnsons, several of the Allens, and Ito and Kito, the original Thoma ranch- -later Bass and Hardys—and Bulbs, Wightmans and Shanes. (I think I put Shanes in two different districts but that's all right.)

And that covers the major ranch owners, but there were just numerous and numerous and numerous others that I haven't mentioned, probably some big ones. The Fergusons, the Baileys, the Williams, and the Cates ranches bordered Fallon. They sort of went around Fallon.

Mr. Wingfield invited us to stay at this Bailey ranch so we could locate a place to live. Next day Mr. Wingfield asked E. W. to ride with him and look at an eighty acre ranch he owned only a mile from the center

of town. Living on the property was a family by the name of Chamberlain. They had been on the property for two years. Mr. W. C. Chamberlain was dubbed the "cantaloupe king." He and his sons planted the seeds all right, but they had planted every available acre and that called for a lot of cultivation, weeding, and irrigating. And Mr. C. was a boastful talker but not a good worker, with the result that the melons that did mature were not marketed but allowed to ripen for seed. This was in 1923—our arrival was the following spring.

When I came to look the place over, the upstairs bedroom floors were covered with canvas and cantaloupe seeds. Mr. C. had planned to sell these Heart of Gold seeds, but as I looked the situation over, mice seemed to have been the best customers. As Mr. C. had not paid any rent, water charges or taxes, Mr. Wingfield was anxious to get him off the property, so Mr. Chamberlain was told that we were buying the place and he was given notice to vacate.

It took them about three weeks to move, and then the painters, plumbers, and electricians took over. I didn't like the way the house was wired, and so had the leads into the house changed and the new wiring installed with switches and wall outlets, of which at first there were none. Also a new pipeline from the pump house to the residence. This, of course, took several weeks, but we moved in before it was all completed.

This started a new life for me entirely. I had always wished to live on a ranch, so I named our new home Atlasta Ranch, for I had at last found a ranch.

Of course, the first thing I did the next day after our arrival- -this was Tuesday, April 15- -Was to get the children in school. Helen was finishing eighth grade in June and Bud would go into the eighth grade. There were

buses from districts in the valley that did not have schools operating. The Old River bus came by the Bailey ranch and a nice young girl took Helen, the new girl, in tow. She was Ethel Hall. Bud had a pretty bad time because of the clothes he was wearing. Down in Tonopah and Goldfield, the boys wore knickers and shirts, but not so in Fallon. The pupils on the playground taunted him and called him the "Tonopah kid." When he came home that afternoon, he announced that he would have to have some overalls like the other boys. These were bib overalls. Of course I objected, but he said he wouldn't go to school the next day if I didn't buy him some, so I walked almost a mile to town in the rain to get the overalls. And that was the end of the knickers for school. When he went to high school it was "cords," and the dirtier they got the better they liked them. They were practically worn out before you were allowed to launder them.

Mr. Blair was really busy at the bank, for here was a different kind of banking. He retained some of the key men in the bank to help him get acquainted with the farmers and the new type of business, and the directors of the bank were also his advisors. They were Tom Dolf, Fred Wightman, George Ernst, and Robert Douglass, known better as Bob.

One of Mr. Wingfield's men from the Bailey ranch was loaned to me to get the farming started. His name was Bob McPartland. Everything had to be plowed and leveled. In these days of horses and plows and tailboards, all man-driven, work took much longer. However, by the first of June the available pieces of ground were sown to barley and a little wheat, and two of the small pieces were also seeded to alfalfa, the grain serving as a nurse crop.

Then we began to look for some livestock. The Brothersons had some of their ranch in the Scheckler district and had some horses for

sale. It was all or nothing, two work horses, a saddle horse, a gelding, a small pony. We bought it all, with a harness thrown in, for two hundred dollars. The pony with the saddle for the children to ride. Then we must have a cow. We found one with a young heifer calf and a young heifer about to have her first calf. These were purchased for two hundred dollars also. Bob stayed with us until the fall. Machinery for doing the farming was loaned us from the Wingfield ranch.

Then came a real chore, finding a man to hire. Mr. Thomas Dolf had a young man he didn't need, so we hired him. There was a small cottage a short distance from the big house which we equipped as the bunkhouse. At this time you could get a man for a hundred dollars per month with room and board, and this was where my work was laid out for me.

Running the ranch and keeping hired men was a real problem, and I solved it by leasing the ranch. I had accumulated forty sheep and the first leasers, two brothers, would take care of the cows, but they didn't want sheep. This was lucky for me, for I sold for the sheep for a good price just prior to the depression, they, one of the brothers became ill and the remaining one decided to give up the lease. This was when I gave up the cows. It was easier to lease the acreage on a year basis, and that relieved me of hired men. Then I had an opportunity to lease it on a five-year lease and this proved better. That is what the situation is today, a five-year lease hens on chicken eggs for future breeders and fryers for the family table.

The Blairs' living on a ranch was an incentive for plenty of Sunday visitors, and it took plenty of chickens to fry for those Sunday dinners. Then having our own milk and cream and eggs, a freezer of ice cream with homemade cake was the usual dessert.

When the Tonopah schools closed for the summer vacation, Atlasta ranch opened. We

always had four to six or eight young people visiting our children. One young man spent all his vacation time with us. He was Bud's friend Arvin Southworth. I think his summers in Fallon were the best things that ever happened to him. He put on needed weight and he returned to Tonopah when school opened with a real tan and a healthy look. Arvin, or "Soapy," as his Reno friends nicknamed him, is now one of Reno's leading businessmen and citizens. I think the reason they called him Soapy was because his mother kept him so clean and he always smelled as though he just came out of a bathtub with soap on him.

Aside from growing poultry and running a small ranch, I found myself involved in political activities. An ardent Republican, I was asked to be chairman of the Churchill County Republican women. I was also elected as a member of the Republican central committee. Most of the political activity was, of course, in election years. I was involved in these political activities until the late thirties. By that time, I had learned the secret of successful turkey raising and devoted my time exclusively to it. I had joined the Artesia Club soon after moving to Fallon, but this, too, I resigned from.

A word from about the Artesia Club. It was a club formed in the early days of Fallon and was exclusively for farm women. A small building was rented close to Maine Street in Fallon, and this was for the use of farm women when they came to town shopping. It was a place to take their babies and small children to nurse them and change them when necessary. This, of course, was in the horse and buggy days.

Each year I increased my turkey raising and was real proud at marketing time. I would have approximately three hundred to sell. And raising turkeys in this manner you couldn't expect to raise but fifty percent of the number you hatched. Raising the poult with

chicken hens for brooders was always a risk. Chickens could get just about every poultry ailment and live, and turkey poultry just laid down and died.

In 1932, a very tragic event happened that brought many changes to the way of Blair living. The Wingfield banks over the state of Nevada were closed. We were spending more on improving our ranch than the income from it, and now it was a different situation. We must make the ranch income take care of us. After telling of our poultry adventure, I shall come back to this.

The years following 1930 brought changes in the way of operating Atlasta ranch. My poultry raising still was on a small scale, but when the Wingfield banks closed it was necessary, as I have already said, to try and produce a living on our acreage. Helen had married and was living in San Francisco, but Bud needed to go back to college. He helped at home and found other work, but it was some time before we could again send him back to the University of California.

Mr. Robert Douglass was a member of the Fish and Game Commission and he suggested that I raise some game birds for release in Nevada. I was given permission to trap some pheasants on our ranch for breeding, and we proceeded to build pens that would hold the breeding birds. Then the Fish and Game Commission decided to stock the state with chukkar partridges. The Game Commission offered to advance me the money to start such an adventure, and I was to pay the money back when the birds raised were sold to the state.

I trapped enough pheasants for four pens and I put four hens and one cock pheasant in each pen. I sent to Minnesota for the chukkar partridges for stock and I purchased four pairs. These were ten dollars per pair. As these were hand-raised, it called for a small breed of chicken to set the eggs under. I had quite

a number of bantams of various breeds and I raised a great number of them each season. I saved the little hens for brood mothers and we dressed the little roosters when large enough for individual roast chickens for ourselves and guests. They compared quite favorably to the Cornish hens developed for individual servings and so popular today (1967).

My turkey raising at this time, also chickens, was a small scale operation and I really found myself going round in circles when hatching time came. In addition to the birds I was raising for the state, I acquired a number of fancy pheasants namely golden, silver, Mutant, Reeves, and Amhurst. The pheasants for the state were Chinese ring-neck and Mongolian. One pair of fancy birds were the blue-eared Manchurians and they cost me a hundred dollars for the pair. That made eight varieties of pheasants and in addition, I also raised peacocks and geese and wild ducks. These ducks, originally wild mallards, became domesticated and did not fly away. Our yard became quite a showplace, and Fallon people brought their guests to see the Blair game farm.

The chukkar partridges that I raised were the first released in the state of Nevada. The following year, Hammie Kent also raised chukkars and Harold Peer was raising them after I quit. He incubated and brooder-raised his stock of his birds. I do not remember just how long Kent and Peer raised chukkars after I stopped. Raising these small birds by hand, so to speak, was a great deal of work. The boxes or coops had to be built so the birds could not get out as the little fellows would stray away if they did get out.

I nearly forgot to mention the quail I also raised. Raising these little fellows was like running a flea circus. The state paid well for the birds you raised, but I decided after three years that I would rather increase the turkey

flocks to a number that would be worthwhile. The state at that time paid four dollars apiece for pheasants and five dollars for the chukkars.

Finally, and this was in the thirties, I thought of breeding turkeys artificially. I had read in some farm magazine of a feather brooder. Sounded as near to a mother hen as could be, so I sent to the middle west for a half a dozen. Each one was capable of covering about fifty birds. I ordered three hundred day-old poult from California. It looked like an ideal setup, but one morning I noticed the little poult sort of staggering as they walked and I called Mr. L. E. Cline, the extension agent. He came right out. He thought it might be a lack of nutrition or sunshine, and suggested cod liver oil in the mash. However, I discovered a day or so later what the trouble was. The feather brooders were simply overrun with red mites, and these horrible insects sucked the very lives from the little poult at night. They hid in the cracks in the wood during the day. Well, this called for a lot of fumigating and washing the brooders in gasoline. I really had my hands full trying to save the poult from dying. Oil or tobacco sulfate fumes is about the only way to exterminate the pests. The poult were too young for the tobacco sulfate treatment, so the gasoline bath and oil spray in the building was my only resource. My loss was heartbreaking, but I was not discouraged.

I had heard of a hatchery in Willows, California, that was hatching a new variety of poult, so I sent there and bought fifty for a trial. These were younger, and I had to brood them separately until they were ready for roosting. It was not difficult to pick these birds from the others as they matured, and I sold just about every one of them for breeders that fall. Two of the hens brought me forty dollars.

At this time, Anna Johnson, who was called the "turkey queen," and Bodie Graham,

the Nobles, and the Crews were still hatching their birds from brood flocks, and there were just numbers of people who kept a few hens and toms to grow however they could. These were the people to whom I sold these fifty special turkeys.

I suggested to Anna Johnson that we have Mr. Blair drive us over to Willows before the next spring and that we arrange to buy our poult from the McCracken Hatchery. I also asked Mrs. McCracken for the agency to sell her poult in Fallon. The sample of the birds I had grown was the best advertising and just what I needed to sell them. I received more orders than the hatchery could fill. The McCrackens were really not scientifically set up as a hatchery. And they did not hatch the percentage of birds that they should have.

I learned that these fine turkeys were being bred and hatched in Oregon and Washington, and I wrote to the one hatchery in Oregon as it was the closest and least shipping time for the poult to travel. One of the owners came to Fallon to see me and he offered me the agency to sell for them. I was also the agent for the Vantres Hatchery in Marysville, and I sold both heavy breed chickens and leghorns for them. I placed thousands of chickens and poult on the ranches in the Lahontan Valley.

Later on, the Oregon hatchery moved to Sacramento, which was ideal for the shipping to Fallon. However, before this move, the Vantres hatchery hatched turkeys for the Weidemeir and Feddymint farms. They did this with an agreement that a certain time for hatching was for the two growers and those hatched at times the growers did not want the poult, the hatchery could sell all of them. The times the hatchery could sell them was the ideal time to receive the poult here, the last of March through to about the middle of May. These poult were of the new broad-breasted variety, and the poult I sold were in demand.

When the Vantres hatchery turned their hatchery into incubating only the Vantres special breed of heavy chickens, I returned to what was the Oregon hatchery, but now the Sunshine hatchery in Sacramento. For my leghorn chicks, I sent my orders to the Perry hatchery in Hayward. I still ordered my frying breed chicks from Vantres. Their Vantres special was a Cornish Hampshire cross developed exclusively by the Vantres brothers. It was this breed of frying chicken that won the national award, and a postage stamp was minted to commemorate the achievement. By now I was supplying Lahontan Valley with its poultry.

Then Kent Company saw an opportunity to cut into my nice business. They wrote to my—as I called them—hatcheries to try to get poultry from them to supply their customers. The hatcheries I represented replied to them that I was their exclusive agent in Nevada, and they would have to order through me. That was fine, but Kent Company extended extensive credit, so, of course, some of my customers did leave me, and ordered through Kent Company.

However, Kent Company never was able to furnish the quality of poultry that I was selling. My shipments would arrive a hundred percent alive. One chicken customer asked me one time why it was that his only loss was the overcount, which was two to the hundred.

I increased my turkey raising several times, adding more brooder equipment until I was finally raising 2,500 birds, the most any one individual had raised in this area. I can remember when Anna Johnson raised six hundred birds. I thought she was a real magician, and I looked to her for real advice. I was also agent for the Hudson Manufacturing Company, from whom I bought my brooders.

The depression of the thirties drove many people out of business as the ratio of

selling prices and cost of feeds was decidedly unequal. I sold one year as low as nineteen cents per pound, and wheat and grain then was from twenty-five dollars per ton and up, as I recall. One had to be very careful to keep production costs down in order to come out on the right side of the ledger and use as little extra labor as possible. During the war years, prices picked up as also did the grain costs. The highest price I ever sold any turkey for was eighty cents per pound, and just of few of these extra fancy birds sold at that price, you may be sure. The regular price that year was seventy-five cents per pound and what do you think wheat was selling at—eighty dollars per ton and up. The baby poult were one dollar each, day-old.

During the second World War, President Roosevelt asked that the people raise all the poultry meat possible. Everybody was so willing to cooperate, but he also tied our hands, so as to speak, for the firms manufacturing brooders and brooder parts were all committed to war production. Only when several hundred or a thousand of these parts were needed were they allowed to stop war work to make the parts. Here we were, ready to grow the most quickly produced meat, but could not get the necessary equipment.

One day, when the mail brought me a letter saying some parts ordered could not be supplied and no date as to when they would be available, I was really angry. I wondered where I could write to moan and complain. Mr. Earl Godwin was the radio commentator for the Ford Company, and had a thirty-minute program on the air every Sunday evening. As we planned never to miss his commentary, I picked him to write my grievance to, told him of our willingness to help but a lack of brooders and brooder parts had us handicapped. Then I promptly forgot my peeve, and planned to do the best we could.

You can imagine my surprise when a couple of Sundays later, we tuned in on our radio to listen and I heard my name being tossed about on the air. Mr. Godwin had taken the major part of his half hour telling the United States of my predicament.

I received many letters from people telling me they had heard, and were in sympathy with my situation. One man in Missouri wrote Mr. Godwin and sent him some plans for some homemade electric brooders that might help. So the following Sunday I was on Mr. Godwin's program again, and he forwarded the material to me. I wrote the gentleman to thank him and to explain that Nevada had lots of wind, and in the spring these winds were cold; that is why we used oil brooders that warmed the entire area of the brooder house. The electrics only heated the immediate area under the lights, and the little poult didn't move about nor eat nor drink as much as they should, unless a stove or an electric heater was used to heat the building. Some of my customers of necessity did make and use some of these homemade brooders, especially for baby chicks, which did not chill as easily as turks.

This covered my turkey raising from the late twenties to the early forties. During this same period of time, I raised each year 800 laying leghorns and about 200 frying chickens. Of course, I did not do this alone. A great deal of help was required. However, I took complete care of the eight brooders at two brooder houses and the 2,500 poult until the birds were ready for outside roosting. In the spring, I slept in what was the open picking shed located between the two brooder houses, so I stayed with them day and night. I had a woman in the house to do the cooking and housework, and as the turkeys grew, the feeding and watering also changed. I used from start to finish about four sizes of feed

troughs, storing them away as they were outgrown. And when the babies came out in the yard we had water running fresh for them always, a sump underneath to catch any overflow. The guards over the water troughs were changed as the turkeys grew, as also was the size of the water troughs. Our feed troughs had covers also to keep the feed clean.

Now a word about caring for a flock such as this. You see, these turkeys were so-called yard raised. We planted, in two small acreages adjoining the brooder lots, corn and sunflowers. This was all the running space the turkeys had. Most of the corn the turkeys harvested themselves, and the huge sunflowers furnished nice shade. Later, we knocked them down and the turkeys ate the seeds.

From the beginning, sanitation was the key word, followed by ventilation and nutrition. I tried to select the best brands of turkey feed. I was the first user of Albers feeds in Fallon. I also used Purina chow. One thing that I think made good turkeys was the quantity of alfalfa—coarse ground meal—that I bought by the tons from Kent Company. The birds we grew early in turkey raising were allowed to pick their own greens from the fresh growing alfalfa fields. I found that they tired of picking the growing leaves, and blamed some of the early crooked breasts and deformities on the lack of the green feed. After I turned to alfalfa meal, these deformities were no longer found in my dressed birds. I think it's one of the reasons for the fine feathering.

When I first grew enough turkeys to sell them wholesale, it was interesting to see the number of marketing companies who came to Fallon to bid for our birds. A meeting was usually held in the Chamber of Commerce room, I think it was, and these sharp representatives of the San Francisco wholesale markets would tell us how great a

number of turkeys would be marketed and not to expect the prices to be too good. And after all the discouraging words, the meeting would close and the men would high-pressure some of the growers to sell to their firms. Those of us who did not submit to the pressure were sure to get telephone calls, sometimes even after bedtime, offering a few cents more.

Following these procedures, a year or so later, the turkey growers were pressured to form an organization to market the turkeys in carload lots. Fallon turkeys had gained such a reputation that they just about commanded their marketing. They were in real demand. Southern Pacific featured Fallon milk-fed turkeys on their menus, as did also the restaurants and hotels in San Francisco. California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Utah were very anxious for Fallon, and Nevada, to join the newly organized Norbest Turkey Growers Association.

This, to my mind, was the downfall of the Fallon turkey's reputation. After we joined this Norbest Association, Fallon turkeys lost their treasured reputation for their extra goodness, as the turkeys were all shipped under the same label and the Fallon identity was lost.

This is where I started to find individual markets for my birds. Our birds went over, sort of like patent medicine. Our customers did our advertising, and this person-to-person recommendation carried our turkeys into thirty-eight states, Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, and Mexico. This was after World War II started.

Having a navy base in Fallon, labor to ship these birds was available. As so many of them were individual shipments, it called for lots of labor covering just a few days. We shipped those going to the greatest distances first. Mr. Blair had once been a Wells Fargo employee, so we weighed the shipments and prepared our own weigh bills for the birds.

We shipped them all prepaid and in order to have more time, delivered them direct to the train as that stopped in Hazen in the evening. The express left Fallon in the early afternoon.

I was lucky to be able to get good turkey pickers; when I first started turkey raising, the hens were picked for ten cents each and the toms, fifteen cents. Gradually the price for picking advanced until the last three or four years I was growing turkeys, the price was fifty cents each. The pickers would pick alternately a hen and a tom. In addition to the price paid for picking, the pickers were fed a noon meal - and this was not just a lunch but a real big meal, such as a baked ham or roast beef or roast turkey with all the usual trimmings, a salad and dessert. Sometimes there were as many as twenty-four to feed. They were not all pickers; there had to be persons to wash the feet and clean the heads and throats of the blood. The birds were weighed and tagged and hung according to weights from the ceiling beams of the brooder houses. I head-wrapped all the birds and personally selected them forte orders.

When the broad-breasted turkeys came into being, it was very difficult to find small ten or twelve-pound hens. In acknowledging my orders, I always told the customer that the turkeys sent would be larger. They never complained, and when sending their payments always spoke of the excellent quality, not the price.

When the second World War was over and the Navy abandoned their Fallon base, help in getting birds shipped was almost impossible to find, and the feed prices had advanced to prices that made profits grow smaller. I decided it was time to stop, and in the summer of 1947, I wrote my customers that they would have to locate another source to buy their holiday birds. I leased my equipment and yards to another grower, Mr.

W. U. Howard. He did not take the care of the flocks that I did, nor did he keep the feed troughs always filled with feed. This I could not take, so that was the end of turkeys on Atlasta.

Reviewing some of what I have said, I noticed that I overlooked to mention other turkey growers in the valley. A great many turkeys were raised, but I seemed to have grown the most birds each year after I really got started. Notable among the growers were the Crews, the Nobles, and Anna Johnson, whom I have mentioned, Weishaupts, Peers, Fred Kim, Diamonds, Wimsetts, Bode Graham, Austins (three families), Albert Hicks, and many, many people who raised flocks of anywhere from fifty to three hundred. Now in 1966, it is impossible to find a ranch-grown turkey at holiday time.

I'm afraid I may have left the impression that there were no risks raising a flock of 2,500 turkeys. I briefly mentioned the overcount that the hatcheries sent with the poult, usually two for each one hundred. This gave us fifty to lose before counting our loss. My loss never exceeded five percent. It was hard to make people believe this.

One of the greatest hazards in raising a flock of turkeys is the way they pile up in a corner when frightened. If you are nearby you can avoid casualties by getting them disentangled when they stampede. The nighttime stampedes caused by a stray cat, a nighthawk, or an owl, or just an unusual noise makes the flock leave the roost with a sound like a small thunderstorm. They land everywhere, as you also do on your feet, as you jump out of bed and grab a flashlight to begin picking them up from the road.

One night a car hit a bird and they came back to pick it up. But I was there first, and I dressed the bird out the next morning. A broken wing or leg did not damage the bird for

food. Moonlight nights were always the worst time because they could see all the disturbing objects. We lighted the yards with electric lights to keep the coyotes from coming in.

Another thing that seemed rather silly—the turkeys expected to see me always dressed the same and always wearing the same hat. If I had gone to town to shop and went to the turkey lots to check conditions before changing my “go to town” clothes, the turkeys made much noise and yapped until I went back to the house, returning dressed in my slacks and hat. Then they were all calm again.

I didn’t tell you that as soon as we could distinguish the totes from the hens, they were separated for the rest of the season. Keeping the toms with the hens caused fighting among toms, and casualties. Also, attempts at breeding would injure the hens.

That I could see the handwriting on the wall, also was a reason for my retiring. By this I mean the wholesale feed companies, in order to sell their products, would finance the growers, from buying the poult, brooding expenses, and the feed, to maturity. Then they would pick the mature birds up in trucks, and take them to a picking and processing plant. The growers were given, when the birds were sold, the difference between what they were sold for and the money advanced for the operation. If one grew flocks numbering many thousands, there was a nice profit, but a small grower like I was could not operate under such a program.

For a year we were so-called retired, but that just didn’t work. I needed activity and in 1948, we went to Salt Lake City to look up a franchise deal being offered by a company there. More of this adventure later after I go back to catch up on some activities in these same years.

FALLON, NEVADA: 1924-1948

From 1924 to 1930, I was quite busy trying to grow poultry, vegetables, and produce a hay or grain crop on my Atlasta ranch, taking time out always in the election year to do my part in helping my party to elect the candidates running for election.

These were the years following World War I, and many people in Lahontan Valley had borrowed money from California banks. The banks, then, had surpluses of money to loan and came into Nevada to loan money to the ranchers in Fallon. Then came the reaction, and the ranchers found themselves unable to meet their obligations to the banks for the money loaned them. I remember one bank, the People's Bank of Sacramento, which had loaned extensively in the valley. They opened an office in the Churchill County Bank to try to liquidate the loans they had held in Fallon.

The prosperity that immediately followed the World War I was so glamorous that the farmers really overextended themselves buying luxury cars and even clothes and furnishings beyond their means. Of course, the results were sad. I don't remember just

when, but these mortgages were turned over to The Churchill County Bank, and what the deal was, I do not remember. I do know that many ranches changed hands and that Mr. Blair had to have some of them with caretakers to watch the properties until new owners took over.

About this time the sugar beet factory was preparing to run again. Prior to when we came, the sugar beet factory had been built and manufactured sugar for a short period of time. I believe the reason it closed was because of the blight that attacked the growing beets. Mr. Berney, Tom Dolf, Bob Douglass, and I. H. Kent, and George Wingfield were some of the stockholders the second time it opened. I think it was not a success because of finance, coupled with the lack of cooperation from the farmers to plant and grow sugar beets. The factory ran the year of 1927, but the next year enough acreage was not planted and closure resulted.

The next incident at the sugar beet factory that I knew of was when Robert L. Douglass was appointed internal revenue collector,

and his field men discovered a very large still being operated in the building. They were using some of the machinery for their still—some of the sugar machinery for their still equipment. The next epoch about the factory was when Japan bought it and removed all the equipment. The metal was broken and crushed into scrap, shrapnel pieces, and used in World War II. I believe Rudolph Stock and a Mr. Heinze were the advisers to the operation of the sugar beet plant, and Mr. H. J. Small the superintendent.

During these years Fallon was hotel-minded. There were only small rooming houses substituting for hotels at this time, namely, the Allen House and Sanford Hotel.

Jimmy Orchard came to Fallon and he started a brick yard on Taylor Road just outside the city limits. The fraternal hall was built of these bricks, and I believe, one residence. It was decided the quality of the bricks was not as good as should be; that may have been the reason that the hotel plans never matured.

During these years Bud and Helen were advancing through school and by 1930, both had graduated from high school. Helen entered University of Nevada, but I felt Bud was too young to send to California to school, so I had him take some postgraduate courses. He wished to take up architectural engineering, and Nevada did not have some of the courses he needed. Next year I sent him to junior college in Sacramento, but that proved to be a mistake, for the credits he received there, were not acceptable to UC, so he started all over again. Helen went to Corvallis her second year, but had completed only a half a year when she was married.

By this time, we were headed for a real depression and a very fine President was being down graded and blamed for a condition that was world wide. The Democratic politicians

started when Mr. Hoover was elected to find fault with his administration and as Mr. Hoover had a Democratic Congress, it was easy to do. They just about refused to pass his legislation, but his Reconstruction Finance Corporation did get through and proved itself, and is still part of the government, doing fine work. Everything that was bad in the country during this time was prefixed with the word Hoover. There were banking and business failures all through the nation, and great unemployment.

The Fallon area seemed to be doing fairly well. We were farmers growing and producing food, and until 1932 seemed to be getting by. This was the year of the closing of the Wingfield chain of banks. Some of the areas were drought areas and feed for the cattle raised was short. Good securities were shifted from some of the banks to those needing to borrow money for livestock loans. Usually in the Elko area three million dollars worth of livestock was sold annually, but this year only \$300,000 was marketed. This was as I saw it; others may have had a different story. When the Elko bank could not meet its obligations, it, of course, involved all of the Wingfield banks with the result that on October 30, the state bank examiner closed the banks. Some of the banks were national banks and some were state banks.

The first steps taken were to secure the waivers from the depositors to freeze their deposits and allowing only a small percentage of withdrawals until a stable condition could exist. Here came another situation. Mr. Wingfield was Nevada's only millionaire, and the politics of Nevada were so-called bottled up in his offices. Mr. Wingfield was national committeeman of the Republican party and George Thatcher, whose law firm had offices in the same building, was Mr. Wingfield's legal advisor and was national committeeman

of the Democratic party. Because of this, there were many opposing factors. Some of this opposition came from the very people whose banks were in such bad shape that Mr. Wingfield took them over, absorbing the bad loans and so forth and saving the depositors of these banks from any loss. His political enemies saw an opportunity to "make hay while the sun shines." These people went in every direction telling the depositors not to sign the waivers. The National Bank asked a hundred percent signers to the waivers. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Southern Pacific, and Standard Oil all offered help, but to no avail, and the banks all went into receivership.

Mr. Wingfield put his hotels and ranches up for security, and the San Francisco banks who held most of the loans sent men to operate the hotels. It was not too long before these notes were paid off and the hotels were returned to Mr. Wingfield. Mr. Wingfield's son and daughter were stockholders of these hotels also.

The liquidation proceeded, and I could point an accusing finger at some of the receivers. The Churchill County Bank had withdrawn from the rest and formed a Churchill County Mortgage Company. Here I witnessed some sales of livestock taken from the valley farmers to settle their loans that really made me sad. We had about two hundred tons of hay on our ranch, and the mortgage company bought our hay and used our barns and yards as a depot to sell the cattle. We were close to town and convenient for the buyers. A hired man fed and milked the dairy cows and separated the cream to sell to the creamery while the animals were waiting to be sold. I saw heavy producing Holsteins sold as low as forty dollars, Jerseys and others as low as twenty. Had the farmers been allowed to keep their stock only a few

months longer the price doubled, and in a year's time it tripled and quadrupled. It was a sorry time.

Of course, Mr. Blair was now out of work and we had to make the ranch produce more. It really had not been too seriously run up to this time. We increased our poultry business and had to bring Bud back home from UC and send him back to school to PG in some of the subjects pertaining to architecture, buying the books, and Mr. Chester Giblin, the science teacher, supervising his classwork.

Fallon boasted of a fine high school. At this time Mr. George McCracken was the principal. He taught math and he was a good instructor, also a very strict principal, and insisted on a high morality among the pupils. At this time some other teachers were Eunice Allen; Hattie Brown; Justus (Whitey) Lawson, who was athletic coach; Miss Mildred Forest, home ec.; Mr. Joseph Scott, history; Miss Edith Woolridge, business; Ruth Curtis, English; Mildred Klaus; Roy Shanks was the agriculture instructor, and a very, very excellent one; and Olive Culpits. I cannot remember more. I was glad Helen and Bud graduated from Fallon High, and later on, E. W., Jr.

Mr. Chester Giblin was the science teacher when all three of my children went through high school. He was their science teacher. And I guess you could have looked far and wide to have a better one. His pupils adored him. He wore a little toupee. Once in a while it would be a little crooked or something, to the great amusement of his pupils, but they loved it when it would go crooked. He was a deeply religious man; he belonged to the Baptist Church. However, he didn't put his religion forth in school at all, he was a very fine man. It was sometimes difficult for him to get out of his head into the pupils' heads just what he was trying to tell them, and

sometimes, it was a little difficult for him to impart his knowledge to the pupils, but still he was an excellent teacher. When he resigned, they went to California to live for awhile and then he moved to Las Vegas, where a daughter lived. He died there.

He was writing a story of the Bible, but he never had finished it. I guess his wife never tried to have anything done with it, but it was very close to being finished when he died. I know she used to tell me about it, and regretted that he couldn't have finished the story because it was a beautiful interpretation of the Bible. It was as he saw it, in a very beautiful way. He wrote of it, and spent hours and hours and hours after he was retired, writing.

I don't think now of any other outstanding teacher. Of course, we've had some excellent coaches for our athletic teams. At one time when I first came here, I think for seven consecutive years our Fallon girls' basketball team were champions. They called them the "Melon Pickers," and they just couldn't be defeated. They were just absolutely invincible. And of course, we had a good boys' team, too. Justus (Whitey) Lawson was the boys' coach. I remember who the girls' coach was at that time, it was Joseph Scott. And, also, the boys' athletic coach taught and coached. I don't know whether they still do that or not. I have an idea they probably have a subject or two that they teach, a class or two a day besides their athletic teaching. Fallon was very proud of that girls' basketball team. Then they, for some reason or other, decided that girls' basketball was too strenuous for the young women and they discontinued it in the schools. So it was never taken up again.

When we came to Fallon there were various school districts in all of the little districts that were allotted to the various sections. There was a school at Hazen and

one at Scheckler, one at St. Clair, one at Island, Beach, Union, Harmon, Stillwater, Northam, and Lone Tree. And from the districts that didn't have a schoolhouse operating at that time, school buses were run into the town schools.

When we came to Fallon, there was what was called an experiment farm. Here varieties of crops that could be grown were tested in small plots and records kept for information to the farmers. At this time, it was U. S. Government run. At the head of the project was Mr. F. B. Headly, assisted by Elmer Knight and Cruz Venstrom. This project now has been turned over to the state university and managed by John McCormick. Forrest W. Willhite was in charge prior to John McCormick.

Honey was another major product in Lahonton Valley. The Nortons were perhaps the largest producers of honey, and I heard one estimate of over \$30,000 the value of their bees. Later, the William Warrens and Walter Nygrens took over the lead. Mr. Cal Bigley, Frank and Perry McCart, and Elliott Lima were also in the business. Many of the ranchers had a few hives and sold their surplus to the larger producers. Mr. McCart was an old bachelor, and in applying for a loan one time at the bank, he assured Mr. Blair that he needn't worry about him at all because he never sparked the girls.

Fallon had some large road building contractors. Chiefly among them were Dodge brothers, Silver State, Tedford Company, and the Nevada Contracting. Two outstanding pieces of work done by Mr. E. S. Berney of the Nevada Contracting was a tunnel made through Cave Rock at Lake Tahoe and another in Zion Park, the longest highway tunnel in the world at that time. It was built with open spaces for viewing the grandeur of the park. This road construction at Zion at that time

cost \$600,000, and at the present time it would probably cost \$6,000,000. This was back in 1926 or '27. Nevada Contracting also built the road around Walker Lake, and this was about 1921. A great deal of it practically had to be built from barges on the lake. All of the equipment had to be barged from across the east side of the lake.

Before Cave Rock tunnel was tunneled, the road went around the rocky point on a wooden trestle-like platform anchored to the rock. The Zion Park tunnel was another outstanding job. No road went to the tunnel site, and electric wires and a tramway had to be built. To get to the tunnel one had to climb there hand by hand on a rope.

Another large job was the moving of the Denny Hill in Seattle, which covered thirty-six city blocks, and four and one-half million cubic yards of dirt was moved. To do this, Mr. Berney gave the largest order for equipment on the West Coast given up to that time. A new innovation was the use of a conveyor belt to carry the earth over the top of the city to the automatic dumping barges. There were two miles of belts, each section 125 feet long.

In 1921, the Nevada Contracting Company incorporated. The members were E. S. Berney, Sam Rosenberg, Frank Gibbs, I. H. Kent, and George Ernst. Mr. Berney was president. Later Mr. Rosenberg resigned and went to San Francisco and he was replaced by Fred Graub.

During the early ('30) depression, Silver State went through bankruptcy and the Berney Construction went out of business. I should say the Nevada Construction Company. One reason given was that President Roosevelt insisted that the construction companies hire their help from the vicinities where the road work was being done, leaving their key men at home. These inexperienced men turned over grading rigs and ruined so much machinery

that it was impossible to make any money on the contracts.

The Fallon flour mill was in operation when we came to Fallon. The business was called the Fallon Feed and Grain Company. The flour mill was financed mostly by farmers who each bought a few shares of stock. The flour was what was called a soft flour and made good bread and cakes, but the wheat grown in the valley did not seem to be what was termed as real hard wheat, and the bread made from it was not snowy-white. Because of this, it could not compete with the large commercial brands of flour. I do not remember just when the flour mill closed, or ceased operation, but it wasn't too long after we came. The Inmans, I am told, had a flour mill in the valley before this one.

The feed and grain sales and storage continued for many years. Kent Company, in connection with its lumber and wood and coal business, also stored and sold grain. They also operated an alfalfa mill. The alfalfa mill seemed quite a fire hazard and numerous times, was on fire. The Consolidated Warehouse was another lumber yard and feed sales and storage company.

In addition to the above mentioned businesses, Kent Company operated the largest grocery store in town. The ranchers of the valley were given credit from Kent Company, and Kent Company would take in return their hay and grain in the fall as they needed it for the alfalfa mill and grain sales. I believe Kent Company should be given credit, as much as anyone, for helping the farmers of the valley.

Then there was an ice plant and a creamery. The creamery was at first local-owned, but later operated by California concerns. Mr. George Likes had a wood and coal yard. Churchill County owned and operated the telephone company. Bible and Jarvis had a grocery and meat business. Fallon Slaughter

and Meat was another butcher shop, and Kent Company also had a meat department. The Fallon Standard was run by the Binghams and the Fallon ale by the Williams. The Golden Rule had a store in a on run y the Lee Johnsons. Eldridges had a dry goods store. There were two drugstores, Morrison-Loring and the Olds Drug Company. The Olds had come up from Goldfield and were our real good friends. There was a soft drink parlor, Cavegas, a popular place with the younger set. They had not yet been dubbed teen-agers. The saloons, no longer called that, had card games and pool and billiards in the front part and the peekholes, speakeasies in the rear. A Western Union office, of course, and this was managed by a young woman, Adele Born, with a delightful disposition and a remarkable memory. It was a real place to stop if you wished to locate anyone. We didn't have a government-built post office, but it was housed in a brick building with part of it being used as an express office. In 1928, Fallon had a brand new federal post office. It was a fine building, which is so obsolete now, 1966, that they don't know what to do with it.

There was the Fallon Garage which was agent for Chevrolet, and the Ford Garage. Immans and Kolstrups were also garages and sold cars. There were two blacksmith shops, for the farm work was still in the hand-plowing stage and plenty of plowshares to sharpen and repoint and equipment to repair, including the hay wagons.

Fallon had a water fountain at Williams and Maine streets. This was a place to water horses. Later when Maine Street was paved, the fountain was removed, and some of the old-timers protested and said it was a landmark. There was a lower cup on that fountain for dogs to get a drink.

When we came in 1924, the cantaloupe Hearts of Gold were being grown and very

popular. To this date I have never tasted a finer cantaloupe. Mr. Vannoy had about the biggest acreage and the finest melons. I've already told you of the Chamberlain adventure. As the demand increased for melons, more and more farmers planted them. Ready markets for them were found in nearby states. This, of course, caught the attention of the large California fruit shippers and they came into the valley and contracted with the farmers for the melons. They shipped them in carload lots to eastern terminals. But they had difficulty getting the produce people there to bid for them. This difficulty came from the fact that our Hearts of Gold melons, due to our climate in Fallon, matured late. They were usually not ready for market until late August or early September, and by this time the eastern consumers were so-called fed up with the quality of the melons that they had been buying that were shipped there early by the southern growers and in the market since June, and they just didn't buy them. As a consequence, the melons could not be sold and the ranchers actually owed the fruit company for the transportation charges. I don't believe the fruit company ever tried to collect these charges, but the ranchers were billed for them to show the actual condition. So our wonderful melon production ceased, and only enough were grown to supply close-by markets where people were really acquainted with the quality of the melons. Like the Fallon turkeys, they were featured on menus and sold in the stores as Fallon Hearts of Gold. The only shipments going to the East coast were those that were from friends to friends.

Being a good strong Republican, it really hurt when Mr. Hoover was defeated for re-election, and for the next twelve years our hard work to put Republicans in office was almost unrewarded. Even such a fine Senator

as Tasker Oddie went down to defeat to Pat McCarran. In the years following McCarran's election, and after he had broken just about every precedent that a newly elected Senator observed, Pat McCarran became a very fine Senator for Nevada and was admired by the Republican party almost as much as by our Democratic party.

Key Pittman, a Democrat, elected to the Senate in 1912, filling the seat often by Senator Nixon's death. He, too, was a well-liked man by both political parties, and because of his support of silver, the miners of the Nevada silver mines heartily supported him. He was often referred to as the Senator from Tonopah, and by the early thirties had gained prestige in Congress.

It was not very long before Senator McCarran was climbing the ladder to fame in Congress. Both of these Senators put through much legislation beneficial to Nevada. Both also died while still in Congress, and both were considered two of the most powerful and influential representatives in Congress. Senator Pittman served twenty-eight years and Senator McCarran nearly twenty-two.

With the election of Roosevelt to the presidency came many changes all over the United States. There was a powerful Democratic Congress and flash after flash came over the radio as the President presented bills to be enacted by Congress. Sometimes it seemed to be less than an hour when a bill requested would be reported on the radio as passed. It became the "era of the alphabet" and it seems to have remained so to this day. The Blairs, to indicate the rough times, bought penny postcards for Christmas greetings with the following jingle:

There weren't many letter's left
When Uncle Sam got through,
But an MMC and an HNY
From the EWB's to Y-O-U.

When I spoke of Mr. E. S. Berney, I didn't touch upon his political activities. He was in and out of Carson several times from 1914 until '29. And it was in 1927 that a bill to legalize gambling came before the legislature. The vote stood in the senate eight for and eight against and Mr. Berney cast the vote defeating the bill. A banquet was given in his honor and he was the guest speaker.

Being a good Republican and a good worker, I found a lot of political work came my way. I did enjoy it, however, and the receptions put on for candidates at election time were social as well as political. In a community as small as Fallon was, you just about knew everyone and it was always so nice to see the people of the opposite party in attendance at these receptions. I flatter myself that it was friendship and interest that brought them, and not the delicious foods that we always served.

I remember after one big political reception that Mrs. Elm Allen called me and asked me to please give her my recipe for the chicken sandwiches we had served, that she had been told that I had made them and she was chairman for the Democratic reception coming up and would like to serve them for it.

The Dodge families were good Republicans like myself, and always were a great help at election time. Mrs. Carl Dodge baked nice cakes so each year, it was at our biggest reception, we each baked a cake and sold tickets and raffled them off. One year a cake I made brought thirty-seven dollars. That was a presidential year for Eisenhower and Nixon as candidates. The next time they ran, the cake I baked brought seventy-four dollars. Several winners gave the cake back and it was offered for bids several times.

During my fifty-eight years in Nevada I have known personally many of the prominent political figures. Not too many states offer the

opportunity to personally know the men who are running for the U. S. Congress or those at the head of the state tickets. Of course, television has brought these people a little closer, but it has been a privilege that I treasure to have known many of these people personally. Tasker and Daisy Oddie were two of the finest people in Nevada politics that I knew, they were outstanding. Tasker Oddie was governor of Nevada for one term and then later served in the United States Senate.

Mr. and Mrs. Key Pittman were two more that we knew in Goldfield and Tonopah. When I moved to Tonopah, I lived in the same house the Pittmans had lived in. Mrs. Pittman had an electric range that I later bought second-hand in Tonopah and I then brought it to Fallon when we moved here. I believe it was the first home electric range in Fallon. Mrs. Pittman did not always accompany Key on his trips so I did not know her too well. The Senator, on the other hand, we knew very well. I always felt that Key outgrew Nevada after Roosevelt was elected President. However, I think of all the Senators we had in Washington, D.C., since I have been interested in politics, Key Pittman was the most outstanding. Pittman and Oddie worked excellently together and legislated very well for Nevada - a new post office for Fallon, a Marine and ammunition base for Hawthorne, and the bill passed to start construction of Boulder Dam.

When Pat McCarran ran for the Senate against Oddie in 1932, I personally couldn't see how he could possibly be elected, but he was. Pat was a typical ward politician and he covered the state thoroughly, meeting and shaking hands with the voters. To my mind, Pat was just a criminal lawyer and I couldn't see him a dignified Senator, but he was elected and immediately he made himself known. Certain ethics were observed by the Senators, one of them that a junior Senator did not

enter the Senate chamber through a certain door; that's the door that Pat came through. He was written up by all the news magazines and that was just what he wanted. There was never any friendship shown between Pittman and McCarran but both of them, as was Oddie also, were from the mining county of Nye. They worked for much legislation pertaining to mining, particularly silver, raising the price to stabilize the mining for it. One thing that I admired McCarran for, was his fight against Roosevelt's attempt to enlarge the Supreme Court. Because of his legislation for building airports, a large airport near Las Vegas was named for him.

When I had occasion to write the legislators in D.C., Pat McCarran was always the first to answer, sometimes with a lengthy day letter telegram. His letter to me always began "Dear little lady"

Another good political move for Pat was his selection of boys from Nevada for jobs in D.C. Usually the jobs were such that the boys could go to school part-time, and most of them selected law. Alan Bible and James Johnson were Fallon boys who became successful lawyers. Alan was attorney general of the state of Nevada before being elected to the Senate after the death of McCarran. Almost always, the boys that Pat selected were from staunch Republican homes. This way, families and their friends became indebted to Pat for votes in campaign. But as a good Republican, I'd like to make a confession. I was fond of that rough, hard-boiled criminal lawyer and I voted for him, too, after he defeated Oddie. I think really I wasn't voting for a Democrat, but for a better candidate.

Following Pittman's death, Molly Malone was elected to the Senate. Molly had served as state engineer from 1927 to '35, and this covered the construction of Boulder Dam and also a number of highway projects.

This made him well-acquainted in all parts of the state and particularly in Southern Nevada, which was growing by leaps and bounds. The military installations had been extensive during World War II and this area was selected for atomic sites. However, when Molly ran for third term, he was defeated by Howard Cannon of Las Vegas. I think that Ruth Malone was Molly's biggest impediment. She went everywhere on his campaign visits, and to put it frankly, was not liked by his constituents. He came to me several times and asked me how he could better his campaign. I finally told him very bluntly to leave his wife Ruth at home.

I remembered an incident that happened at a banquet in D.C., where she was in attendance. She didn't like what the guest speaker was saying and she got up and left while he was speaking. Of course the newspapers wrote up her lack of courtesy to the speaker. I loved the little editorial in the Hawthorne paper, a Republican paper. It said, "When you gotta go, you gotta go."

I was one of those who told him to be "Ruth-less" (or ruthless) because, you see, I knew her very well. Ruth and her daughter and Molly always came to the Spudnut Shop and if I wasn't over there they'd bring a Spudnut and a cup of coffee and come over here to my home, to have their cup of coffee with me. So I really probably knew Molly Malone and Ruth the closest of all of them, and probably liked them the least. Molly wasn't forceful. He was a good engineer, and he knew the highways and the byways and the mines of Nevada as probably no one else did because he was a state engineer, and you couldn't help but admire him for his knowledge. But Molly was not a speaker, he was not a talker, and he couldn't put himself forth. And Ruth was right behind him talking harder and faster than Molly, and

the people didn't like it. Of course, that was very much against him. I was surprised that he made it to his second term as well as he did, but of course, there probably was a little Republican turnover there and Eisenhower was in. That probably was the thing that helped him—the Republican year that was going at that time.

Alan Bible had been selected to take the place of Pat McCarran who passed away in 1954. Alan lived most of his young life in Fallon and graduated from the Churchill County High School. He was a debater and won many debating contests with other schools. Alan? during his term in the Senate, had been a favorite Senator with Democratic Presidents. I cannot at this minute point to any outstanding legislation that he has done, but he is a good vote-getter and he has retained his seat in the Senate. It was Alan who brought Mr. Cannon to meet me when Mr. Cannon ran for Senate the first time against Molly Malone. My kitchen was where the political pot frequently boiled and when Mr. Cannon ran for election the second time, Paul Laxalt was his opponent on the Republican ticket.

We knew Alan Bible first because his father was a prominent citizen of Fallon, and a very good Republican. Jake Bible and Joe Jarvis first had a grocery store out in Fairview, and meat market, I guess. They probably had something to do with the Fairview bank, but that I'm not too sure of. Bob Douglass did. When Fairview dropped out of sight--and it just dropped, it was erased so completely in the few years that followed that you'd never know that there was a town out there--everything was just moved away to adjoining camps and that sort of thing. The only thing that I ever saw standing there after I made trips to go fishing in the Austin area was the big bank vault. You could see it from the

highway, standing out in the middle of what was the townsite of Fairview.

So Jarvis and Bible moved into what is now the Sagebrush Club. It had been a bank, too, before; there had been a bank there and the bank had closed and they took this building over and where the bank vault was they made their refrigerators and so forth for the butcher shop. I was a customer of Jarvis and Bible, and I liked their mercantile establishment very, very much. They were fine people to trade with. Of course, Mr. Blair was in the bank and dealing with them all the time, and we grew to know both of them just ever so well.

Then they moved to a larger establishment. In fact, they took over what was Gray Reid's day goods store here at the time. They bought that and it became the Fallon Mercantile. They not only had the dry goods part, but the groceries and the butcher shop and hardware. That whole block, that whole building was the Bible store. Later on, they sold the dry goods business, I can't remember who it was, but they sold it to someone who ran it for a period of time and then it was erased and the five-anddime took over that end of the building.

But they maintained this grocery store. And I don't think probably that you could find anyone in this town of Fallon who could possibly say an ill word against Bible and Jarvis. They were so respected and so looked up to. They were both of the Masonic lodge. And I know when they wanted Mr. Blair to be a Mason, Jake was Mr. Blair's coach. (He only took the First Degree in the Masonic lodge. Of course, it was word of mouth, and when Jake would want to talk to him, Daddy had bank business that he had to attend to. So time elapsed and interest lapsed. Then the banks closed, and after the banks closed Mr. Blair could never have been elected a Mason

in this valley because there was too much antagonism toward the bank that closed. So he didn't ever try to resume his lessons in the Masonic order, and he never went any further.)

Mr. Bible was a very good Mason. Now although Mr. Jarvis was a Mason, one of his daughters married a Catholic boy and became a Catholic. That was Laureda—Laureda became a Catholic. Both of the girls, I think, graduated from the University of Nevada, both Laureda and Inabelle. And Inabelle married Dale Hansen who is associated with the oil companies here in town. As I say, Laureda married John Hannifan, became a Catholic for him and married him in the Catholic church. John was county clerk, and then became an office manager for the Truckee-Carson Irrigation District until he became too ill. He later died of tumor of the brain.

Mr. Bible had one other son, I can't remember his name, who was employed up in Elko and died in Elko. But Bible and Jarvis were two very substantial citizens in Nevada, and I was happy to look out in my backyard on Sunday to see Jake, or Mr. Jarvis, Joe, as we called him, drop in for a little Sunday visit. We always welcomed them.

Mrs. Jarvis was a very intense bridge player. Mrs. Bible was more retired. She didn't participate in too much of Fallon social life. And after the death of her youngest boy she practically went into retirement.

Even then, Alan Bible showed signs of becoming a great politician. He could debate, and very well, too. My son Bud was a debater too, and because of his being such a good debater and because of his argumentative qualities he could argue you out of anything. He and Carl Dodge were the prize debaters their four years in high school, and took all the laurels that were coming along.

An attorney who was a great friend of our family, Mr. I. S. Thompson of Goldfield, Tonopah, and Las Vegas, had made a will that when he died his whole law library was to go to my son. Later on, when he saw that Bud turned to architecture, he came and told me that he was going to change his will and that the law library would not be Bud's but that he wanted to give me something to pay for the library that he intended to leave Bud. And I said, "Oh, no, Judge, you mustn't do that." But when he died there was a fifty dollar government bond in his desk drawer with a little note on it, "To be delivered to Minnie Blair in Fallon." He was a fine old man. He was originally an Alaska sourdough, and one of those who drank heavily. (I don't know whether I mentioned that in my Goldfield chapter or not, but when we wanted to vote prohibition, I was going to go against it because I didn't think prohibition was going to be good for this country. "Why," he said, "Mrs. Blair, how can you do that?" He said, "With this little boy here growing up, why, we've got to have prohibition so that he doesn't know the bars and saloons that I knew in my youth. We must eliminate them so that that boy won't ever know anything about it." And along came prohibition. We were in prohibition when he was old enough to find bars and clubs if he was looking for them, and it was a much, much worse situation than ever. He couldn't have gone into a bar, but any fellow with a jug of wine would sell these teenage boys a gallon of wine, and didn't care at all. They were ruthless about it and in many, many Fallon boys we had to correct the error that they mustn't do those sort of things.)

When Mr. Cannon ran for election the second time, Paul Laxalt was his opponent on the Republican ticket. In my opinion, Mr. Cannon won this election by very foul means, ballot boxes found not counted after

the official day, and even with this apparent unfair means, Mr. Cannon won only by a slim majority. A recount was held after the election, and he won by eighty-four votes.

Mr. Cannon as a Senator has had his name connected with some people with unsavory reputations. Money always seems to talk louder than morals. So it has been difficult to convict those apparently guilty.

I never saw Mr. Cannon to speak with again after our first meeting. Apparently my good Republican voice was beard by our Senators Bible and Cannon, and in the last state election for Governor Grant Sawyer, my kitchen and Spudnut Shop became a no man's land for them. However, I heartily supported Walter Baring for Congress. Congressman Baring was elected for two terms after he first ran in 1948. Then since 1956, he has served continuously.

The first Nevada congressman I knew was Charles Evans, a former Goldfield man. Mr. Evans was the owner of the Bank Club in Goldfield. and a popular man in the community. Mrs. Evans and young daughter Martha were also loved by those who knew them. Perhaps this was the congressman I knew best, not as a congressman but as a neighbor. Mr. Evans was not a very forceful legislator, and was only in D.C. one term. He was succeeded by Sam Arentz, Republican from Yerington, who served one term and was unseated by Charles Richards of Tonopah. Here was another man who I knew well. Representative Richards served only one term and Sam Arentz was elected again and served four terms before being unseated by former governor of Nevada James Scrugham.

Men interested in mining were popular candidates in Nevada. Sam Arentz was not only interested in mining, he also owned a ranch in Yerington, hence helped the farmers with their irrigation problems. He was also

instrumental in improving railroad facilities to Yerington. However, Republicans did not serve in the House for long periods and Arentz, after four terms as Congressman, was followed by James Scrugham, a Democrat. Mr. Arentz's four terms was as long as any Republican had served in Congress since I began taking part in political campaigns.

Maurice Sullivan followed James Scrugham to Congress in 1943. He was well known in both Tonopah and Goldfield when he was elected lieutenant governor of the state in 1915. He served here until 1926, serving under two governors. Here again was someone I knew well, for he and his wife Lula were friends of the Goldfield days. Blairs and Sullivans wedding dates were just a few days apart.

But back to Maurice Sullivan. He came into the political spotlight again in 1942, and was elected to Congress for one term. I think I mentioned before that Maurice Sullivan was a very handsome man. Before the Goldfield excitement, Maurice had been what we called in those days, a "drummer" for a San Francisco wholesale hardware company. Later these tradesmen were called traveling salesmen. And as I remember the type, they were selected by their firms for appearances as much as abilities. Maurice was succeeded in Congress by Berkeley Bunker from southern Nevada, and this man I did not know personally. Charles Russell succeeded Bunker for one term and then was elected governor. Then came the magic name of Baring to run for Congress. Again here was a Tonopah-Goldfield man, and I not only knew the boy as he grew up, but through the years that followed. Walter served for two terms and as there was a national turnover to the Republican Party he lost the election in 1952 to Clifton Young.

My first acquaintance with Clifton Young was as a candidate for election; a fine young

fellow. The Republicans in Churchill County worked hard for him.

In 1956, Walter Baring decided to run for Congress again, and he has been reelected each election since. He is really a vote-getter, and regardless of being shunned by and insulted by the heads of the Democratic Party, he seems to be reelected each political year. He has now matched James Scrugham's five consecutive terms and served two earlier terms. I found him very cooperative when writing to him and I think that he has demonstrated that he is sincere always in his legislation for both Nevada and the nation.

In speaking of politics I wanted to tell about what might have been called an interesting failure. It was in the mid 1930's. It seemed there were many people who were not happy over the takeover of the United States by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The movement started in the eastern states and I remember Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was made honorary president of the movement. The membership was composed of women. Mrs. Matson of San Francisco was the head of the movement in California. She wrote to me, as I was at that time chairman of the Republican women of Churchill County. I called a meeting, and she explained the reason for the organization. It was not only Republican, but many of the Democratic party who were not in accord with the administration. Mrs. Matson organized groups in each of the counties of Nevada. I tried to create enthusiasm for what called Pro America.

A state meeting was called to be held at the Minden Inn, a luncheon meeting. I remember a few of those who were county heads or active members, Mrs. Sam Arentz, Mrs. William Dressler, Mrs. Otto Heizer, and Mrs. C. P. Squires. It was an enthusiastic meeting. Later on, a luncheon meeting of both Nevada and

California members was held at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

It did seem as though the movement was off to a good start. However, instead of gaining members, we lost members. After a while, the interest seemed to wane entirely and Pro America was no more. It was planned as a group with no political affiliation, as those from any political party was invited to join. Until recently, it was difficult to keep political interest up in the off-election years, and Pro America, though not affiliated with a definite political party, but with definite aims and hopes, faded away.

There were some local political people that I would like to mention. One of these is Ralph Lattin, a Republican leader in Fallon. First I'd like to say that his opposition, a senator from Tonopah, Herman Budelman with whom we had a very close family friendship, told me in personal conversation one time that although Ralph Lattin was called "Mad Hatter" Lattin, he was deemed a very fine senator. He was in charge at that time of the finances in the legislature. Mr. Budelman told me that the finances couldn't be in any safer hands than in the hands of Ralph Lattin.

The Lattins were a very fine family. I knew "Tody" as Ralph's wife was called, and her sister because the girls were in Goldfield when I lived there. Mrs. Greenough taught school there, and the two girls went through the grade school, and I rather imagine high school there - I think I left Goldfield before they did. But then later it was quite a coincidence that I went to have my hair done at a beauty parlor one day, and Dena Greenough or "Tody" as we called her—Ralph Lattin's wife—was the beauty operator. And of course, we reminisced quite extensively over Goldfield and the days that we both had lived there. They have two very fine sons, Bill and

Dick. They both bought land adjoining their father's farm. The acreage that is owned by the Lattins and farmed by the Lattins is quite extensive now.

Bill, however, is teaching at the prison. I don't know just what he teaches, but he is one of the teachers over there in the state prison. And I think his family probably lives part-time over there at Carson, but they still have a beautiful home here. And the farming probably is supervised by Dick, the brother who is left here.

Ralph Lattin, in his later years, was an invalid for quite a while. Then he went away and had a brain operation and effected a quite complete recovery to health, but later on was stricken and died some years ago.

I never felt too strongly about Eric Palludan, because Eric personally was a little difficult to get acquainted with and it was hard for him to give himself over to the people. And there was among the people who traded at his store, there was always just a little bit of, I would say, resentment of Eric. They felt that he was in business just for Eric, not for the community and for the people. But, of course, Churchill County had gone strongly Democratic and when he ran for the office of state senator he was elected by a good majority. It was hard to beat him, but this last time he went down to defeat.

Mrs. Hannah Palludan was a schoolteacher and she was very active in local affairs, too. She belonged to the BPW Club, became head of it, and she still is an active BPW member and participates in their activities. Hannah is very likable. That is, she's easy to know and has a very pleasant, nice disposition. And I think people enjoyed working with her. As a family, they are very acceptable to the community. Even Eric, though it was hard for him to give of himself, it was there. He was

honest and very strong in his opinions. If he was for a thing, he was for it whole-heartedly and would endorse it and work to the fullest extent for it.

Clyde B. Stark served as an assemblyman for years. He was a strong Republican and was elected and reelected for a number of terms. Here I'd like to say that his wife Lily was a very good legislator, in fact, I think she was behind Mr. Stark in suggestions and promotions, and I don't think she missed a day of the legislature. She was stricken one morning with a heart attack just after arriving at her motel. She drove from here that morning and arrived at the motel and was stricken with a heart attack and died immediately while the legislature was in session.

During the middle and late thirties Fallon had two large CCC camps, about a thousand boys in each camp. These boys came from areas far away such as the states of New England, New York, New Jersey, and I think the primary object of having the boys from the eastern states in western camps was perhaps to keep the boys from deserting camp and trying to go home when they became homesick. Likewise the boys from North, South, and West were sent opposite directions for the same reason.

It was during this period of time that Fallon built a municipal swimming pool. Because of the free labor of these CCC boys, the pool, which would have cost at that time around \$80,000, was an inexpensive project. Before this pool was built, the children in the valley used the canals for swimming and some lives were lost almost every year.

From 1933 until about 1939, Mr. Blair commuted between Fallon and Yerington where he was employed to finish liquidating the Lyon County Mortgage Company.

This bank closed before the collapse of the Wingfield banks.

After Mr. Roosevelt was elected President he called for a bank holiday and as he had a Democratic Congress, it was granted. Mr. Hoover tried to do the same thing, but his opposition, Congress, wouldn't do anything about it. Mr. Hoover did get through Congress his Reconstruction Finance Corporation which is still a very active organization.

Because of Mr. Blair being away from home and not able to help at all with the poultry work, I hired a man who, like many others, was looking for work. He was a veteran of the first World War and told me that when the veterans succeeded in getting the war bonus passed, that so many of the single men just squandered the money and in no time were in the so-called "jungle camps" again.

My brother Clarence was not for the bonus. He said he had done his duty when he went to France, and that was all there was to it. However, he did receive around \$800, which he added to his savings and had a home built in Sacramento. Incidentally, he still lives in the same house. He and his wife Helen had two daughters who are now married and have children, so they are a couple again as in the beginning.

I happened to be in Sacramento several times during Hoover's last year as President and I saw men marching on the street to show people that they were going to march to Washington to place their demands in force. Many will recall that the President asked them to leave the White House lawn. He threatened force as I remember, but I believe fire hoses got them off the lawn. The type of men that marched, at least those that I saw, were really not representative of the American army, and most of them had not seen service outside of the United States.

Certain types of young people, boys and girls were at the same time riding trains in every direction. They were not put off, and the empty cars of the freight train carried many passengers going in every direction. I think many of them were young people who saw a chance for thrills and excitement, and here again I don't think they were representative of the average American boy and girl.

It was in 1928 that President Coolidge approved a plan for building the highest dam in the world. And in 1930, President Hoover provided the money for the construction which began after the election of President Roosevelt in 1933. It took two years to complete this massive structure which formed a lake behind it known as Mead Lake, one of the largest man-made bodies of water in the world and it lies mostly in Nevada.

As I recall, James Scrugham, known as "Governor Jim," was intensely interested in the site that would be covered by the dam and was inhabited by prehistoric men of over a thousand years prior to this time. He also regretted some of the small towns that would no longer exist because of the water that would be backed up by the dam. When I talked to him, he always alluded to the location as Black Rock Canyon.

After the completion of the dam, four of us made a trip there over the Thanksgiving holiday, Mr. Blair, our son Bill, my niece Velda, and myself. Through the courtesy of an old friend of the Goldfield days, I. S. Thompson now practicing law in Las Vegas, we had a really good tour of the dam and all its facilities. The trip down the elevator through the center of the dam and the tunnel to where the giant turbines were generating electricity for as far away as Los Angeles and southern California, it was awe-inspiring. The walk through the tunnels was,

especially. The tunnels were beautifully clean and electric lighted and had insets of tile. Then we had a motorboat trip on the lake to the dam which rose, even with the water in it, high above us. The city of Boulder was government-owned and controlled. At the ranger station office a lecture and film was given and shown to visitors, and it was most interesting. It showed the dam from its very earliest conception to completion. I'd say such a trip is very worthwhile for anyone to take.

Boulder City was built and operated as a model community by the federal government. The creation and completion of this great dam insured for all times any further flooding of areas in southern California. Two more dams have been built, the Parker and the Davis dams, and from these dams water is carried hundreds of miles to be used for irrigation and water for many communities, which never could have been possible without Hoover Dam.

The recreational area about the dam is very important and all of this started the great development of now Nevada's largest city, Las Vegas and her largest industry, tourism and gambling.

During this year I was, as I have written earlier, increasing my poultry production. We now had Bud back in college and, of course, were delighted.

Trouble, however, was brewing ahead. Europe was in turmoil and governments made concessions to Hitler to try to prevent war. However, this didn't do much good, for Germany was desperately trying to conquer the world. Mussolini and Italy joined with Germany, and things looked very bad. Japan was also seeking world power and from the East and West the unrest and war conditions were frightening.

Fallon was selected as the site for a Navy air base; this to operate as a training site in conjunction with the Alameda air base. Hawthorne was already a Naval ammunition base. This base was built and in operation separately from the town of Hawthorne. Construction of the base in Fallon brought in more people, and housing became a problem. Everyone with a room to spare took in the servicemen. This is where I went into another phase of business besides my poultry.

Divorcees and divorces, the first two that I took into my home, proved quite exciting. Answering my telephone one day, Mrs. Mabel Cushman said there were two people at her house looking for board and room. They had been driving all around in the valley looking for a house they thought might have extra rooms. The Cusmans had a large house but no extra room. Mabel, knowing my family had grown smaller, wanted to know if I might be interested. I told her to send them to see me and then I'd make a decision.

The two people were a man and a woman, and the lady had a six-year old son, she said. They introduced themselves as Mrs. Hoskins and Mr. Page. They said they expected to stay in the Fallon area perhaps two months. I said, "Well, you will have to tell me more than that if you expect to live in my home. Are you sales people for some product or another, or are you perhaps just two people who have come to Nevada for the cure?" That did it. They both said they were going to get divorces.

I told them I was a very busy person raising poultry and had little time to do my housework. They said, "Oh, we will help you. We will do all your dishes and take care of our rooms, if you will only let us stay." I then said I would board and room the three of them for one hundred dollars per month; forty dollars each for an adult (that's all I got, too). Then they told me why they were leaving Reno. It

seemed that Peter's (the little boy's) father had made an attempt to kidnap the boy in Reno. Mr. Page when asked if he could keep his car in the garage where the New York license would not be seen. I agreed, and they returned to Reno, coming back next day with Peter.

They tried not to bother me, and they prepared their own breakfast as agreed and washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. If they slept late they skipped lunch and I prepared dinner in the evening.

A contractor friend of Mr. Blair's came over from Yerington one weekend, ostensibly to help Mr. Blair with some roosts and things to be built to take care of our expanded chicken business. He took up his abode with us and he never left us. He died in 1954, and we paid all the expenses—he had a son in California who said he was harvesting his almond crop and couldn't come to his father's funeral.

But to go back to when Vic Mecum came, we learned he had been locked out of his cabin in Yerington because of non-payment of rent. Mr. Blair went to Yerington and saw the landlord, telling him he could not take Vic's tools as that deprived him of a way to earn the money to pay the rent. Well, we paid the rent and brought the tools home and paid several hundred dollars more that was owing to others in Yerington.

Vic was an excellent gardener, and that is my reason for telling about him. Little Peter followed Vic everywhere, and as his mother did not want him to play where he could be seen from the road in front, she was delighted. So all day the little boy was in the garden with Vic or in the poultry yards. She bought him a little pair of overalls, and in the time they stayed here, he had practically worn those little overalls out. So his mother said, "Well, we'll throw the overalls away now, Peter. We're going back home and we'll throw the overalls

away." And he said, "Oh, no Mother, you can't throw them away. I like my overalls. You can't throw them away. I like my overalls. You can't throw them away. I'm going to take them with me." So when Delores went to straighten up the bed a day or two before she went away, she found Peter had hidden the overalls under the mattress so she couldn't throw them away. He had never had a pair of overalls before in his life.

After my so-called boarders were here a few days, I sometimes heard parts of conversations that led me to believe I still did not know all that I wanted to know. So one morning I told them that I would appreciate their confidence. Mrs. Hoskins was Delores Mills and Mr. Page was Dr. Phillip Palisano. They were both from Mt. Morris, New York. Delores' husband was a very wealthy man, and had political influence. They had a very difficult time to get divorce papers served on him. In fact, Delores went to Reno one day to see her lawyer, and her husband's lawyer was chatting cozily with her lawyer in her lawyer's office. Someone was evidently paying someone off, and so she dismissed him as her attorney and hired another one in Fallon. Then she had a friend of hers from Rochester, New York, go to Mt. Morris, and he was able to give the papers to Mr. Mills.

The doctor also had some difficulty in getting his wife served. It took much longer than the usual six weeks, and, as Peter was missing school, he was tutored privately for some time before they left Fallon. Dr. Palisano received his divorce in Virginia City and Mrs. Mills in Carson a few weeks later. I was their residential witness and Mrs. Mills' testimony was something to listen to. The judge in granting her freedom said to her, "Your husband was truly a beast."

After World War II started, Dr. Palisano signed up and was made an officer. He was first

sent to the Canal Zone, and Delores flew there a week before the baby they were expecting was born. The doctor's next assignment was at Camp Manzanar, a Japanese internment camp between Lone Pine and Independence, California. Doctor came to see me once before Delores joined him there, and they both came over once again bringing their baby, a girl, for me to see. I've never seen them since but they are presently living at McCallum, Texas, and I hear from them at Christmastime.

One little incident happened a couple of years after Mrs. Mills and Dr. Palisano received their decrees. A nice looking young man knocked at my door and asked if I was Mrs. Blair. I told him I was. Then he asked me if I was alone in the house, and I told him no. He said that what he wished to speak to me about was very confidential, and would I come and sit in his car. I agreed. When we were in the car, he showed me his identification card with his picture and that he was a member of the FBI. He said he was investigating a Delores Mills, whom he had been told had lived in my home while securing a divorce. He asked me many questions about her and her activities while in Fallon. She was supposed, so he said, to have been a subversive person and the FBI was notified to track activities. told him that the only disagreements that she and I had ever had were over President Roosevelt. She loyally supported him and I was not able to see his programs at all. She could definitely out-talk me when discussing the Roosevelt administration. But I did tell the young man of the attempts of the husband, Mr. Mills, to kidnap her six-year old son. After that, also that I thought Mr. Mills was again exerting his political influence to take the boy from his mother, although she had been given complete custody of Peter. I have forgotten the name of the young FBI man. He came from the Salt Lake headquarters. After he was

gone I think I was maybe a little angry, so I sat down and wrote to J. Edgar Hoover himself to find out if he was an authentic agent, and a letter back from Mr. Hoover said he was, and that my conversation with the young man would not be divulged and was treated very confidential. This is chapter one of my divorce tales.

The next customer, I shall say, was a young captain from the Army who was on extended leave. When the day before his divorce would be in court came, he got up unusually early and told me he was going to go back home. He was Jerry O'Hagen, and a Catholic. He said he'd called his father the night before, on Sunday, and had made arrangements to have his wife go to Niagara Falls and he would meet her there on the following Thursday. I called his lawyer for him and told him Jerry's plans. He paid the lawyer his fee, \$175, and started for Niagara. He drove almost eight hundred miles that day, then had some car trouble but made Niagara on Thursday. He was sent to Germany when his leave expired, and his wife joined him later. Apparently she was an alcoholic, and his commanding officer told Jerry that he would have to send her home. While he was still overseas, he again brought suit for divorce but not in Nevada. He returned to Europe again, and shortly after peace was declared married a German girl, who was a stenographer in his office.

In 1949, I was surprised one evening to see a familiar face come in to the Spudnut Shop and it was Captain Jerry and his German bride. She did seem very well and accepted my invitation to stop over and rest. I discovered later, after a few days, that she was pregnant and the trip by plane from Europe and by car from the East coast had been hard on her. They were headed for an Army installation near San Francisco Bay area. From the Bay

area, he was sent to Fort Knox where the nation's gold was supposedly stored.

I have never seen them since, but after their baby was born the young German wife found life in this new country hard to harness. She had one love affair after another, and asked Jerry for a divorce. She did not want the little boy, Pat, just her freedom. I had very pathetic letters from Jerry, asking me to write and beg her not to break up their home. She went to New York, and that's the last I knew of her, but I still hear from Jerry and Pat. Jerry works in a bank in Evanston, Illinois, and has raised Pat by himself. Pat is now about sixteen.

The next group crowded me a little. A young man from Washington, D.C., and a young man and young lady from Connecticut. Johnny Johnson was the one from D.C., Alice Bettini and Silvio Tedesco from Connecticut. I never did get very closely acquainted with the latter, but Johnny Johnson was a very pleasant person to know and did so many things around the house and yard to help me. I learned after the Connecticut couple left that girl Alice was pregnant and was afraid to tell her people at home.

Johnny Johnson was here some weeks ahead of them and ready to leave, of course, before they were gone. He told me of his troubles with his present wife and of his romance with the other woman. Said he would like to have her fly out when his decree was granted and they would be married in Nevada and drive back some in his car. Wondered if I could take care of her for a few days, and said that he could sleep outside if necessary. He told me that she was quite a bit older than he was, and asked my advice about her. I said I could probably tell better after I had seen her. And when I did see her I could see difficulty ahead for Johnny. She looked

old enough to be his mother. I visited them in 1953, and could see breakers ahead. And sure enough, a letter came asking if he could come again to Nevada as he was not happy.

The facts were a young neighbor lady had a husband who was ill, and no chance to recover his health. Johnny had volunteered many times to sit with the sick man and before he realized what was happening, he had fallen in love with Betty, the pretty neighbor. The husband died and the wife taught school, and Johnny and wife Marguerite drifted farther apart. Another trip to Nevada and when the six weeks were up, Betty flew out to be married and go back by car. I have never seen them since but hear from them, and although Johnny isn't very well—he has heart trouble-- they seem happy. Betty has an executive position of some kind in a school system in D.C. And before Johnny left, he told me that he told the Connecticut couple to come to see him and Betty as they came through D.C. on their return. Well, the Johnsons wrote me afterwards that Silvio Tedesco refused to marry Alice, that she remained in D.C., and when her baby was born gave it to be adopted. That was the last I heard of them. Tedesco did look like a young gangster, and was only conversant about baseball. It was garden time when this group were here, and Alice Bettini never did seem to get her fill of cucumbers. She said a cucumber in Connecticut markets never sold cheaper than twenty-five cents each. She said they didn't grow them in Connecticut.

One day when I answered a phone call, Mr. Andrew Haight, a Fallon attorney, wanted to know if I needed a secretary. That was the last thing I needed. The story was that a young Negro woman wished to come to Nevada for a divorce. She was taking some

graduate subjects from Columbia University in New York. She didn't have much money and wanted to work for room and board. I could always use help, and with food available on the ranch that cost would be small for me to furnish. I figured if she was any help at all I could let her come, but here was a problem. Fallon had no Negroes and I didn't know just what Fallon would do to me if I brought one in. Mr. Haight presented the problem to the lawyer in New York, and he in turn told Nannie Armstrong the situation. Nannie agreed to stay close at home while here, and soon after, she arrived.

She was a nicely groomed and good-looking Negro girl and instantly tried to be of help. (In telling of all these incidents please keep in mind that I was raising a large flock of turkeys.) Nannie had a typewriter and her room upstairs was directly above mine. She spent hours of the daytime when not helping me and well into every night typing. I asked her finally if she was writing a book. She replied that she was writing lectures as she planned to talk to her people and lecture them on segregation. Her theory, as she intended to present it, was that nothing would ever be gained by violence and that the Negroes should take all the time to educate themselves and be ready to be responsible citizens when segregation and equal rights were made law. This was in the 1940's.

When Nannie first came, she set a place in the kitchen for herself, but I did not find her objectionable in any way, so after a few days I invited her to sit at the table with Mr. Blair and myself, also the hired man, as Vic was called. She was a devout Baptist and asked grace before tasting her food. Her father was a Baptist minister in North Carolina and, of course, there was a boyfriend in the background, an undertaker in Georgia.

Her husband came home from service, she said, and deserted her. Her stay with us was longer than some, for it was necessary to publish the divorce summons for thirty days after established residence, in the newspaper.

She was anxious to attend some classes at the University of Nevada, so she arranged to go. I cannot recall the fee she paid; she had to pay to be a guest student for two days at a time. She would leave Fallon one morning, and return the next day in the evening, and that was when I testified as her witness I could say I saw her each and every day of her residence since coming to Nevada. She created some interest at the University, and was asked to be a guest speaker at a special meeting. She also addressed a meeting at the local high school.

One day she asked Mr. Blair if she might wash his car. She said she would like to tell her boyfriend that she had done it, and that she didn't intend to do it for him. She said, "You know, Mrs. Blair, when colored folks fill their heads, they do not work with their hands anymore."

She told me of attending Communist meetings in New York; that the landlord where she lived was a Communist recruiter. She said that groups of persons of perhaps ten or twenty would be instructed as to what they would do when the word to uprise was given. These ten or twenty in turn would each instruct similar groups in violence and every technique needed to be able to overthrow neighborhoods and districts. She really invited my curiosity. I wish I could have followed her career farther, but I never heard from her after she left Fallon.

Another New Yorker who established her residence with me was Pearl Alexander. Pearl was an artist, and was employed by a company in New York who designed ladies, misses, and girls coats. She was under contract to produce

so many plates a week. She had an office force in New York, and she would make the plates here in black and white and mark on each the color and color of decoration, buttons and so forth. Sometimes to render one design she might draw fifteen to twenty plates, and she would spread them out on the bed selecting from each what she liked best and draw a plate. Her office in New York would render the design in color and submit the plates to the coat manufacturer.

Pearl loved swimming, horseback riding, and would go to the local pool almost every day. She joined a steak fry club and went for evening drives and campout meals. Her husband, whom she called Alex, called her on the phone frequently and it was not unusual that they talked from a half an hour to an hour, he asking her not to go ahead with the divorce, but to return to him. And I heard him tell him one evening, "Look Alex, I'm going through with this divorce. If when I come back home, you would like to come and court me again and try to win my love, it will be all right with me." She also told me that the day she arrived in my home there was a Ladies Home Journal laying on the table and open to an article written by Alex Alexander on marital relations. This was her husband, and his chief reason why he didn't want her to divorce him when he was writing on such subjects. I visited Pearl in 1953. She was married, and was Mrs. Walter Lipman.

A group of three woman at one time was almost too much for me. These were Ethel Wollfert from New York, Hilda Ironside from England, and Katherine Payne from California. The last mentioned had two little boys. Hilda's husband was in the service in Singapore and posed some problems in getting papers signed. Hilda had come from England on a limited visa, and she was visiting in the home of her future in-laws. They

brought her to Fallon when Tom, the son, was finished with his service. At the time she came to America, the English government would only allow so much money to be taken from the banks there. It posed some problems for her, but I believe she finally, after becoming a citizen of the United States, received it all.

It was hard to believe the stories of how the food was rationed in England during the war. One egg per person per week, and very little meat, mostly bread and starches, no fruit. If I served sliced or canned fruit as her dessert, the sight of it would cause the saliva to flow so freely she would have to leave the table. It was terrible. The acid of the fruit which she hadn't had for so long, just bread and starches, would start the saliva to flow and she'd hurry up quick and go to the bathroom. After she obtained her divorce, she and Tom decided to live in Fallon, which they did for a few years. They now live near San Jose, California, and I still hear from them.

Katherine Payne wasn't too stable. She put the children with a lady who took day care of under school-age youngsters and went to Reno many times, did some part-time office work at the Washoe General, and had numerous romances. After her divorce she married a young Mexican by the name of Ayala, who had also worked in the hospital. Later he worked for the California State Highway Department, living for a number of years at Floriston. They now have a large family, mostly grown, of course, and they are living in Grass Valley.

Ethel Wollfert from Long Island was really my problem-child. A very unstable young woman, only daughter of very nice people. When her divorce was over with, she wouldn't go home. She was violently in love with a young man, a buckaroo, who wasn't worth a hoot. I finally, without telling her, called her mother on the phone and she flew out to

take Ethel home. There was a violent quarrel upstairs after her arrival, but in the end she took Ethel home.

The three women while living here in my home, at times were not on speaking terms.

Lorena Mapes of Modesto, California, and Fay Dutchco were two more boarders for the cure. They were not here together and neither one caused any ruffling of our daily routine.

Eleanor Whiteman from New Jersey and her daughter, Joan, a dear little girl not of school age, were here over a Christmas. Eleanor's husband came all the way out to Fallon from New York to try to make her change her mind, was in the courtroom the day the divorce was granted.

The western atmosphere did seem to be sort of rough on these eastern girls. Eleanor became enamored over the young man helping me with the turkeys. The young man was a drifter and I had a hard time disentangling her heart strings. After her divorce, she returned home, and married, and moved to northern New York.

Then we had another exciting case, a Sharp's Park, California, young woman, Delores Payne and her daughter, Sandy. I think Sandy was about five. Sandy's father was not too willing to give her up and he came to Fallon to visit her. One Sunday afternoon, he asked to take her to the movies. When he didn't bring her home in a reasonable time, Sandy's mother became worried and an inquiry disclosed that Mr. Payne had not taken Sandy to the show, but checked out of his hotel and gone. An alert was put out for him, but no word. About a week later, Mr. Payne called and said he had Sandy and that she was all right, but would not say where she was. Delores' attorney advised her to not to try to locate her until she was divorced and married again and had security to offer for Sandy.

The Paynes had lived in Michigan, and Mr. Payne's people were there. Delores had some friends of hers do some sleuthing for her and found out that Sandy was there. After her marriage in Fallon to Ray Higgins, they drove to Michigan, and one day when they saw Sandy playing in the yard they called to her from the car. She ran over to her mother and they pulled her into the car and were on their way. The Higginses had contacted the police before doing this and had shown the police that Delores had been granted legal custody of Sandy so they had police protection as they fled Michigan for Chicago where they bought Sandy some clothes. They stopped to see me on their way back from Chicago and Sandy's father visited her in California many times as she grew up. Sandy is now a schoolteacher in California.

This just about covers my guests who came to Nevada for the cure. These boarders covered quite a period of time. I'd say from 1939 'till 1949. It has been easier to tell the story this way than trying to recall definite dates when they lived with me.

Now to go back before 1941, and the beginning of the Second World War. My son Bud had finished college and was married. Helen and her husband Bill were living in San Francisco. Bill, the youngest boy, doing well in high school. I was a proud grandmother. Bud and Ruth Ann had a daughter. Then came that fatal Sunday morning, December 7, when the shocking news came over the radio that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor. It was just unbelievable, but oh, so true. Fallon had a causality on the Arizona, Dick Weaver, and he, of course, with thousands of others on the sunken battleship is buried in Pearl Harbor. The battleship Arizona has been sealed over with cement and is a national monument.

Bill, our youngest, had graduated from high school and was attending the University

of Nevada taking electrical engineering. Knowing that they were eligible for draft, Bill and four boys attending the University of Nevada had gone down to Mather Field in October, and signed up for Air Force reserve. These boys were just about to enter their second semester when they received their greetings from the President. Bill had to give up a Rotary scholarship, as it was for the second semester, and of course, he wouldn't be there. At my request, a Fallon boy who was a cripple and in college, was given the scholarship. By the first of March, Bill and his chum Franklin Wilson were on their way to boot camp near Omaha, Nebraska.

The training was methodical. Franklin Wilson, from a running exercise, developed a double hernia, so when Bill was sent to Bozeman, Montana, Franklin was still in the hospital. At Bozeman they were given what was called pre-flight training. From there they were sent to Santa Ana and here Franklin caught up with Bill again, but Franklin's eyes were found 20/30 or 20/40 or whatever it is, so as far as pilot training was concerned, Franklin was out.

Bill went next to a camp near Hemet, California. Here he was taught flying, and more flying later at Taft, California. From there to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where he was graduated a second lieutenant and a co-pilot. I went to Fort Sumner for graduation and he pinned his silver wings on me.

Franklin Wilson, in the meantime, was sent from one college to another, the last one I remember was Harvard. He soon was installed in an office in Boston, engaged in highly secret work. I recall that one day a secret service man called on me to talk to me about Franklin. All during the war a guard was stationed outside his office door. I wouldn't be surprised if such was still the case. Franklin has made many trips out into the

Pacific to advise on bomb explosions there, and likewise in Las Vegas.

Bill's next camp was at Muroc, or very near there. Here the crews for the B-24 were assembled and trained. At that time, the B-24 was the largest bomber flying. If my memory serves me right, there were eight men in the crew, a pilot, co-pilot, navigator, bombardier, a tail gunner, and three crewmen. It was now May of 1943, and the question in all of our minds was when and where. And it wasn't very long until we knew. A tele phone call one evening to say good-bye. Of course, he couldn't tell us where he was calling from, but as soon as he'd hung up, I called central and asked where the call had come from and she innocently said, "Fairfield, California." From then until April of 1945, it was worry and suspense.

Forty missions was the required number of flights then. After twenty had been flown, the crews were given a month's vacation in Australia. It was while Bill was in Australia that he wrote, "Mother, never regret what you have done for and given to the Red Cross for they have been just wonderful to us here."

Mr. Blair finished his work in Yerington in 1939, and was home full time again. When war was declared, both Hawthorne and Fallon had growing pains. A large town called Babbitt sat next to Hawthorne, and work was proceeding feverishly on the Fallon base. When it was first started, it was to have been an Army air base, but the Navy took it over as an auxiliary to Alameda. When it was finally occupied, the Fallon women loyally took up the duty of furnishing a recreation place for the enlisted men. The officers had quarters at the base for relaxation. The recreation room was a large empty building formerly occupied by the Frazzini Furniture. It was called the AWVS headquarters. Fallon women worked in teams as hostesses and others on

refreshment and coffee committee. In the evening, Fallon girls were allowed to come in as dancing partners. It was well-supervised and run. Margaret Kent was perhaps the most active Fallon lady in the AWVS.

On one New Year's Day, I roasted three large turkeys, about ninety pounds, and started serving turkey sandwiches at 1:00 p.m. I said I would make them until it was all gone. The word spread fast and I had plenty of customers; a continuous line until about 9:00 p.m. when all the slicing meat was used up. I scraped the carcasses and ground it up with celery and hard-cooked eggs and mixed it with mayonnaise, making sandwiches until it was gone, and the bones scraped clean. High school girls helped me. It was as fine a New Year's celebration as I have ever had.

The years from 1941 until 1945 were busy ones. We were on rations for food and gasoline, and spent our stamps carefully. Beef was important to the Army, so civilians were asked to use as much poultry as possible, and not only to use it, but to produce poultry. I have already told you in my turkey raising story of the difficulty encountered there, also told of prices paid for turkeys during the years I raised them.

In the egg-producing business there was always cracked eggs. Some of these my customers bought, but many of them I made up into sunshine cakes. I sent some of these to Fallon boys in training camps. I sold them also and gave the money to the Red Cross. I think doing this started me making decorated cakes.

My tools in the beginning were crude, inexpensive little sets from the five-and-ten-cent store. I got my ideas for decorating from the home magazines, and people were not critical, so I progressed. First thing I knew I was making not only birthday and shower cakes, but wedding cakes. This has

been something very difficult to stop. I made christening cakes, then birthday cakes, next shower cakes, and, of course, the wedding cakes. It was not too long before the process was repeated for the next generation, and so on. Now I only make an occasional cake for a real special person, for after all, I am in my eighty-first year.

The war years dragged on. Our lives were full of worry and fears. Red Cross drives, selling bonds, and keeping house in between, and raising a large flock of turkeys and chickens, accommodating a few boarders and roomers, and not the least was the canning program. Also we learned to dry vegetables. The shelves in the cellar were really crowded. Nothing was allowed to go to waste.

I don't think I mentioned that before Hill went into the service he became engaged to his school sweetheart, Margaret Crehore. Margaret dropped out of college and worked in Los Angeles in the blood plasma bank. After Bill was sent to the South Pacific, Margaret returned to the University of Nevada. She was there when Bill came home in 1945.

They were married in May of 1945. Bill stayed in the reserves and was sent to Texas to train Chinese boys to fly. In October, he asked to be released to go back to school. The following January, he took an entrance examination to enter Cal Tech. He passed the test and was one of five percent accepted for entrance. He graduated in 1949.

In 1946, I decided it was time to quit raising turkeys. This I have told of. So in the spring of 1947, we leased the equipment and the yards to Mr. W. D. Howard, another turkey raiser. By 1948, I found I had too much time on my hands. Helen and Bill had come back from a visit in Utah with a story about a wonderful new doughnut franchised under the name of Spudnut. Later in 48, we made a trip to Salt Lake to investigate the franchise,

and right then you might say I was in business again. I explained our ranch was on a well-traveled road just one mile from the center of Fallon, and an alternate truck route was to be built. There would be plenty of parking space. The company liked my description, and consented to the franchise. I was to take it up in six months, but made a down payment of five hundred dollars. And this is where Vic, the man who adopted us as his family, really helped a lot.

The Spudnut Company had plans for the small building necessary to start a Spudnut operation. They had even the colors they wished to use. Red trim on the outside, which was an exciting color, peach on the inside, which was pleasing and conducive to appetite.

I would like to go back now and speak of some of the people who were here from just about the beginning of Fallon and before.

I'll speak first of the Wallace Fergusons, this because I am presently living on what was part of the original Ferguson ranch. Mapes Ferguson, who is the only Ferguson of this family still living in Fallon, told me that his grandfather took up the land way back in the seventies. Mapes's father was Wallace Ferguson, Jr., and it was this family who were my neighbors when I came to Fallon in 1924.

"Pop" Ferguson, as everyone called him, besides being a farmer had been a schoolteacher and a representative in the legislature, an assemblyman. He was a real gentleman. I imagine the ranch was originally a section or more, as most of the early ranches were. However, much of it had been sold when I came. I think there was about 160 acres on both sides of Taylor Road owned by the Fergusons when we came to Fallon. A number of the cottonwoods that were originally fence posts still are standing here and there. The cottonwood is a fast growing

tree and they were planted close to and around the homesites for shade. This 160 acres have all since been divided and sold, and Mapes is retired and living in the city of Fallon.

The townsite of Fallon was the ranch of a man named Fallon, hence the name. Bordering on his land, besides the Fergusons, was the Oates ranch and the Williams ranch. Both of these were large acreages and have also been cut up and sold. The Venturacci and Mon places are the only parts of the Williams' holding that still have farmland. Part of this land has been added to the city of Fallon when Fallon expanded. The Gates ranch lay to the north and east; a great deal of it was in the city townsite. The Williams was north and west, and the Ferguson on the south. The Northside school buildings are on the original Warren Williams land. Mr. John Gates donated a number of pieces of his land for use by the city of Fallon. Among these was the ground for the Gates Park, a city park, old high school and the Gates Park School. A monument stands in the center of the city park with a plaque in his memory.

The "old high" I speak of was the original high school and was used later by the lower grades and then being an obsolete building was torn down and replaced by the Cottage school buildings. The Gates Park School is still used, but a junior high school was built (I haven't the date on that—it isn't very old) on ground purchased from Gates brothers. This, when dedicated, was called the Elbert C. Best Junior High, Mr. Best a longtime principal of Fallon schools. Also on ground purchased from the Gates brothers, stands the Fallon Armory, home of the National Guard. The Gates brothers still own extensive acreages in the Fallon and adjacent areas. They have a registered Holstein dairy with many heavy butterfat producing cows. Their young bulls sell for what seems fabulous prices.

The Bailey ranch east of the Oates ranch was more recently owned by George Wingfield. The present owner is Joe Serpa. He lives in Fallon, retired, and his son runs the ranch.

Just east of Fallon lies the Tom Dolf ranch. Mr. Dolf also was an early settler here. He and a partner, Mr. E. H. Harriman, first ran the ranch. Mr. Harriman sold to Mr. Dolf and moved to a ranch up the Carson River below Lahontan Dam.

The Dolf ranch is presently run by his grandson, Kenneth Kent. Mr. Dolf was an immigrant from Switzerland and he lived in the eastern part of the United States when he first arrived. Later he decided to come west and he did not have much more than his train fare. He told me one time about that. Of course, he was several days on the train. He bought food frugally and was down to his last dollar and he decided on a piece of fruit to eat. At that time a person was allowed to sell fruit, candy, and nuts, and popcorn in the cars called day coaches, and this was Mr. Dolf's menu while coming west. The vendor was usually called a "peanut butcher." Mr. Dolf asked him for a piece of fruit and gave him the dollar to pay for it. The young man said he would have to get some change in another car, and that was the last Mr. Dolf saw of him and the dollar. That day and the next, he had nothing to eat and pretty poor thoughts of the honesty of Americans. Mr. Dolf was another who served in Nevada's legislature.

His only child, a daughter Margaret (I believe there was a son who died early) married Ira Kent. The Kent family probably was one of the most important families in Lahontan Valley. They were originally in Stillwater. I. H. was one of the first merchants in Stillwater to move to Fallon. The Kent Company long commanded the reputation of the biggest business establishment in Fallon.

Besides the grocery store and meat market, they had an extensive lumber, feed, and grain businesses, sold farm equipment, and operated an alfalfa mill. The farmers of the valley were extended credit at Kent Company, and Kent Company in turn could use their hay and grain crops when they matured. Charles Kent, Ira's brother, ran the extensive ranch holdings in Stillwater, and after the death of I. 1-1. Kent, Ira L. was head of the Fallon business. When Ira L. passed away, his sons took over, Robert in the store and Tom in the lumberyard and feed and grain and alfalfa mill. The third son, Kenneth, the other grandson of Mr. Dolf, ran the Dolf acreage. These ranches were partly in and adjacent to the city of Fallon. Mr. Dolf, the Kent family and Mr. Robert Douglass were all of the Democratic Party and held what you might say party control in Churchill County. Also included in this political control was the Lem Allen family.

In speaking of the Kent family, I nearly forgot to mention Florence Kent Wallace, sister of Ira L. Mrs. Wallace was born in Stillwater and has lived in Churchill County since, the mother of two sons, James and Joe, and one daughter. The daughter Evelyn passed away many years ago. James is with Harvey's Wagon Wheel at Lake Tahoe and Joe, manager of Kent store in Fallon.

Mr. Robert L. Douglass came into his ranch holdings through an uncle, who upon his death left several thousand acres in the southern end of the valley to him. This, like the other ranches, has been divided and they are now many ranches.

The Allen family, located in the St. Clair district, were pioneers in the valley. At this place was an overnight stopping place for the travelers going west. The Bass-Hardy ranch was part of the Allen family holdings.

An incident happened while Mr. Blair was cashier at the Churchill County Bank. Dick

Bass came to him for some advice about some coins he found while digging post holes for a pig pen. Some \$2,500 was dug up. In tossing a shovelful of dirt aside, Mr. Bass heard a metallic clink and he investigated. After many more shovelsful of dirt, he picked up the above amount. He wanted some advice as to what he should do. Mr. Blair took him to the bank's attorney, Mr. Andrew Haight, and after searching through some law books Mr. Haight said it was—what do you call that treasure when it's dug up and found, treasure trove would it be? There's a word that fits that—and he said that he said that he could keep it.

When the news spread around, there were many stories remembered of robberies. One of these was that an overnight guest had asked the Allen's storekeeper to put that amount of money in the safe for overnight. The next morning it was gone, and it was supposed to have been stolen. Some of the Allens thought that the thief had buried it, intending to come back for it. No one could furnish sufficient proof, so the money remained Mr. Bass's.

The senior Lemuel Allen was a lieutenant-governor of the state. Lemuel Allen III has been Fallon's postmaster for many years. Lemuel Allen II raised fancy race horses. One of them I remembered was Procter Hug, the winner of several races.

The Fred Wightman ranch was in the St. Clair district also. Mr. Wightman was one of the directors of the Churchill County Bank, and also a power in the Democratic party. I remember a story he told me about when he was assessor of Churchill County. He was assessing the ranch of a man who did not like to pay tax values, and this man was working in the field when Mr. Wightman came to assess the values on the farm. Mr. Wightman went out to talk to the man where he was plowing. He admired the team of horses and commented what a fine team it was. The man

spoke right up and said he wouldn't take \$200 for either one of them. Mr. Wightman pulled out his assessment paper and said he was glad to know how much to assess the value of them.

The Miolas, Testolins, and Mon families were successful ranchers, just anything that could be raised on a ranch, they had. These three families were all Italian-born and were such good people to know and were real friends. Their ranches were all sizable, but they did not participate too much in the social or political life of this community.

Many fine foods were served on the Blair table that originated on these three farms. Mrs. Testolin made wonderful jack cheese, and her salami and Italian sausage were delicious. They all made wine, so we never lacked for a good glass of wine—and this was especially nice during prohibition. I cannot quote, but I believe a certain amount of wine could be made legally. They also made a grape brandy that we used in cooking, mincemeat, fruitcakes and so forth.

Going back to when we came to Fallon in 1924. The city engineer was Larry Crehore. Larry had come to Fallon in 1912, and really saw the town grow from an unsanitary sort of a town to a very modern little city. He engineered the installation of the sewers and electric systems and paving of the main streets, also put in the deep well water system and installed the pressure water tank on Rattlesnake Hill, engineered the construction of the Emhoff tank that took care of the sewage. He built the substation that is still in service on the canal bank just south of my acreage.

There are also many homes in Fallon for which Larry Crehore, Sr., was the architect. He engineered the building of the Cottage School building for primary grades after the old high school building was torn down. The Crehore family became close to our family, for our son E. W., Jr., married Margaret Crehore.

Besides Margaret, the youngest, there were two other children in the family, Larry, Jr., and Patricia. Larry, Jr., was in the service stationed on Bataan when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. He was taken prisoner and was in the Bataan death march and a prisoner in Japan for three years, three years that Larry doesn't even today like to think or talk about. Larry was the oldest child, Patricia next, and Margaret the youngest. Patricia graduated from Stanford University and both Patricia and Margaret worked in war work in and around Los Angeles.

Margaret and F. W. (Bill), were married when Bill came home from serving in the Army Air Force in the South Pacific in May, 1945. After a short time in the air force reserve, Bill asked out, to go to school. He was accepted as a student at Cal Tech. Margaret worked to help keep up with the expenses. Two girls were born to them and after they were well along in school, Margaret returned to college to get her diploma, and is presently teaching school in the Los Angeles area.

Gladys Willis Crehore was a pioneer in the Fallon area. This is the mother of the family, her folks coming from Missouri to take up farmland on the Newlands Project. Gladys taught school in Fallon before her marriage to Larry Crehore. Larry Crehore, Sr., was in the service, a captain, during the first World War. During World War II, Gladys Crehore returned to teaching in the Fallon schools. Occasionally in conversation with some of her former pupils, they tell me that she was the best teacher that they ever had in grade school.

I have almost overlooked an event that took place annually when we came to live in Fallon. It was a nice project; the annual State Fair. The State Fair was given to Fallon by the state legislature in 1912. Washoe County was trying to get an easy divorce law passed, and told Churchill County that if they would

support the bill, they in turn would agree to the State Fair in Fallon.

In 1924, my first year in Fallon, many of the Ag students from the University worked at the fair. Two that I remember and had a firm friendship with were Clarence Thornton and Lee Burge. Later, in 1929, Clarence Thornton became manager of the fair and remained manager until 1947. Because of the indebtednesses incurred in 1949, Churchill County bought the fair buildings and grounds from the state for \$12,000. The grounds and buildings were used for the 4-H junior fair, an annual rodeo and "forty-niner" celebrations, a three-day celebration for Labor Day, by local service clubs, a meeting place for the National Guard until the armory was built a few years ago, and a number of other meetings during the year.

During the big years of the Fair, many of the farmers who grew vegetables and fruits had their own exhibits in the main building. There were other buildings for poultry, pigs, sheep, cows, and horses. I entered jellies, poultry—both chickens and turkeys—and your pride was really something when the judges put ribbons on your exhibits. The floral show was really lovely. Because I grew turkeys and used sunflowers for shade and feed, I had no trouble taking the blue and red ribbons for the best exhibit of sunflowers. I won these ribbons every year that I exhibited them.

There was an amusing incident in connection with the sunflowers. O. B. Harrell, carpenter and contractor, and M. B. Johnson, who owned the Fallon Bakery had a sunflower hobby. They would come out and actually measure mine as they grew, and I was always ahead of them. One day O. B. came out and he suggested that we play a joke on M. B. He cut down several of my biggest ones and in a carpentry way joined them together. Then that evening after the bakery was closed and

M. B. had gone home, with some help he wired the giant sunflower to the front of the bakery. You could imagine the surprise when M. B. saw the tallest sunflower in Fallon growing up the front of his bakery when he came the next morning. And, of course, he was written up in the local papers as champion. Seems to me we had more fun or a better sense of humor in those days.

I cannot recall exactly when the state went out of the picture and the county took over. The county bought the ground and the buildings from the state and then the county put on the fair. In the meantime, 4-H clubs were established in the schools and their work was the prominent exhibit at the fair; the girls in sewing, cooking, and canning, and the boys in livestock projects.

I seem to recall that around 1949, a fast-talking promoter came to Fallon and was hired by the Churchill Chamber of Commerce to put on the rodeo and fair that year. He also promoted "buy at home," and convinced the merchants that the advertising and the work that he was doing would keep the people from going to Reno to shop, and they would buy at home. But I often went to the express office and I noticed in the express many packages coming from San Francisco to his wife, so she wasn't buying at home. Well, the promotion was a dismal failure, and those merchants and others who advanced funds to guarantee payment to the rodeo stock owners and prizes lost all that they put up and the county was in debt. There was no doubt in anyone's mind what became of the money. The sharp promoter left town, leaving debts behind him. The fair since then has been put on by the 4-H clubs and were called the junior livestock shows.

6

FALLON, NEVADA: 1948-1968

Returning now to the beginning of our biggest, and in some ways, most important project; as the spring weather started in 1948, Mr. Blair and Vic laid the foundation for a pumice block building. Mr. Blair shoveled sand and hauled sand and gravel in his pickup from the back of the ranch, and gravel from the gravel pits on the Schurz summit about fifteen miles from Fallon. Mr. Blair stockpiled these materials, and had plenty on hand when ready to start the building. Vic was an expert cement man, and was familiar with beginning a project such as we were going to undertake. We did as much of the work ourselves as was possible, and it wasn't long before the little building began to take shape. We decided not to tell what the building would house, and there was a lot of curiosity and guessing going on.

In June, I returned to Salt Lake to take up the franchise and order the equipment necessary for a Spudnut business. By the first of August these supplies began to arrive and we en countered some problems. A new alternate or truck route high way was

being built and the street in front of us was practically impassable. The large truck bringing the freight could not come across the temporary bridges so we had to meet them at the intersection of 95 and alternate 95 with the pickup, and bring the freight back down from the canal crossing to the new building.

By the middle of August, we knew we could open by the end of August. We sent word to the Spudnut company and, as agreed, they sent a man from the company to set up the equipment and teach us the know-how of rolling out Spudnuts.

We contacted the newspapers and we posted extensive advertising in them, telling everyone that the Spudnut Shop would open on Saturday, August the twenty-ninth. We had a so-called trial run the evening before and gave the neighborhood the samples. And miracle of miracles, Andrew Drumm finished and opened the road for the traffic that same evening.

The opening was a grand success. Helen and Bill and their friends, the Duldas, came up from San Francisco. We started making

spudnuts very early in the morning, and before the day was through, we had fried three hundred dozen. We gave a cup of coffee and a Spudnut to each person coming in the shop, and at ten in the evening we had to practically push them out. Sunday, the second day, was a repeat performance, and we were started on a successful business.

As it settled down to routine the next few days, Mrs. Leah Paulsen and I ran the shop, with an occasional hand from Mr. Blair. Mr. Blair did all the letter-writing, the bookkeeping. I put in hours, 4:30 a.m. until 10:30 or 31:00 p.m. everyday. It was not any wonder that in 1952, I was ready to give it up. I had Helen and Bill come up from San Francisco to see if they would like to take it over. After several trips up from San Francisco, they decided to come. The self-employed were under coverage from 1950, so I decided to take my social security retirement in January, 1953, when Helen and Bill took over. I was allowed to earn some wages, so I helped in the shop after taking my retirement. Mr. Blair was, of course, already retired and we planned many nice things for the years ahead. This, however, did not come to pass, for in August of 1953, Mr. Blair succumbed to a heart attack. How fortunate for me that Bill and Helen were here.

Helen and Bill lived with us after they came from San Francisco to take over the shop. We had to do a little remodeling for our house was a typical old-fashioned ranch house, one bathroom, and that was downstairs. It was nice to have another one put in upstairs. It was hard to realize that we had lived in a house with one bathroom almost thirty years and we seemed to always have had guests.

Los Angeles Electric Department had sent Bill (E. W., Jr.) to New Jersey to inspect a large order for underground cable that was being

manufactured by the General Cable Company there. He would be stationed there at least one and a half years. They sold their home in Pasadena and moved to Staten Island. This was in 1953. As I was feeling very sad over Mr. Blair's passing, I decided to take the trip we both had planned to make and spend two months in New York and New Jersey visiting Bill and his family. We made many trips to points of interest while I was there.

One trip was up the west side of the Hudson visiting points of interest, namely West Point and on up to Poughkeepsie and Hyde Park. Here we visited President Roosevelt's grave, and buried beside him was his pet dog, Falla. On the tombstone was Mrs. Roosevelt's name and the date of her birth, her death a blank space. It was filled in the year she died. We also made a tour of the Roosevelt mansion. It was much more homey than one imagined it would be.

Returning to Staten Island, we came down the east side of the Hudson and was that an historic ride. Every few miles were markers of battles fought during the Revolutionary War and the generals in charge. And we came through Sleepy Hollow and one could clearly imagine seeing the "headless horseman" on the road ahead. As we neared New York City we passed the apartments and houses of the United Nations representatives. These were built in sort of colonies, so that the delegates and members from each country were together. I think this was done because of the language in each section. It was surprising to see the numbers of buildings required to house them.

A trip through Connecticut and on to Boston was another full of history. In Boston the statue of the minuteman, the tower where hung the bell to warn of the English invasion, Bunker Hill, and the famous Boston Commons, a large square park used as a

public meeting place in the earliest days. I think most all towns of the pilgrim days have such a place in the center of town. Across the Charles River were Harvard, Radcliffe, and MIT colleges.

We also made a trip through New Jersey, where Washington and his army spent those dreadful winters, and the Ford home where Washington was quartered. A trip to Baltimore and a look at the row houses with the marble steps. To one used to wide open spaces, houses built one against the other were hard to understand.

When I left Staten Island, I flew from New Jersey to Washington, D.C., to visit for a few days. As we came over Washington, D.C., I looked down from the plane. It was night and such a beautiful sight. The capitol at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and the Washington Monument at the other, and the illumination was something to see. Lighted up also were the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials. The ribbons of white and red light on all the streets as the auto traffic moved and the neon signs flicking on and off made it all look like a real fairy land. As I gazed from the window of the plane my heart filled with pride; this was the capitol of my land, and I, with millions of others, owned a little bit of it. During the few days I visited in D.C., my host showed me all the special points of interest, and one day we took a trip on the Skyline Drive, and as the day was nice and clear, from one point on the highway we could look down into the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. The visit to the Washington Memorial was very interesting. Mt. Vernon is a beautiful spot and as nearly as possible in its original state. The rose gardens, the herb gardens, and the store rooms stocked with life-like models of meat, fruit, and vegetables.

Leaving Washington, I flew to St. Louis and from there to Springfield, where I was

met by my friends who lived about sixty miles from Springfield. I visited them almost a week and had many interesting drives around the countryside. Missouri has many large springs—gallons and gallons of water bubbling out of the ground. Among some of these springs were the remains of the grist mills with the large water wheels still intact. And to see all this water that apparently couldn't be put to use, and a terrific drought existing over the state. For that matter, the drought was existent over the entire plains states.

It was October and November when I made this trip to the East coast, and I had been told of the gorgeous autumn colors. But nothing had been told with an adequate description of the grandeur of nature that I was visiting. On all the trips from Boston south to Virginia, Mother Nature had painted with lavish abandon the trees and shrubs covering the rolling hills of the countryside. And in Missouri, I was particularly impressed with the vivid red and yellows of the low-growing oak trees. No description could do justice to autumn landscape that I saw.

From Missouri, I flew to Denver and Salt Lake via Tulsa, Oklahoma. The first lap to Tulsa, where we changed planes, was like riding a bucking bronco. The air was full of pockets and we would either go soaring upward or drop, sort of a roller coaster-like, and it was raining buckets when the plane landed in Tulsa. Men with large umbrellas helped the passengers into the airport.

The trip to Salt Lake was in a four motored plane and fast. I had told Mrs. Crehore, with whom I was going to visit, that as long as I was arriving so late—it was midnight—I would take a taxi to her home. I had a real nice tour of Salt Lake before the taxi driver found Mrs. C's house. I wonder why cities lay out streets that end, and then several blocks further on you are on the same street again.

In a few days I was home again. The trip to Fernley from Salt Lake was by bus. I had had a very nice trip, and was glad to see Nevada again. While I was gone my kitchen had been remodeled, and was a nice change of scenery and helped me to adjust myself to the loss of my partner of nearly forty-six years. I continued to help in the Spudnut Shop. Helen and Bill had added sandwiches and hamburgers to the Spudnuts, and the barbequed buns and ice cream.

In 1955, Helen and Bill made a trip to the East coast to visit Bill and Marg, and I took over the supervision of the shop while they were gone. One morning I engaged in conversation with an interesting couple from Bay Village, Ohio. At this time the newspapers were headlining the Bay Village murder of Dr. Sheppard's wife, and the doctor was being tried for the murder. (A footnote to this; he was retried this year, 1967, and found not guilty after fourteen years in jail.) In the conversation I learned the names of the people. Mr. Fred W. Brush was a lawyer and Mrs. Molly Brush a fourth grade teacher. As she was leaving the shop, she said she had enjoyed visiting with me and was interested in the anecdotes that I had related. She asked me if her fourth grade pupils wrote to me as a pen pal, would I answer their letters? I told her I would be happy to do so. For a time I thought she maybe had given up the idea, but one day in October, I received a large manila envelope containing seven letters from her pupils. She said she had collected the most legible of the class letters to send to me. I answered in a letter directly to Mrs. Brush and her fourth grade pupils. I asked in my letter that the class secretary send me the names and addresses of the entire class so that I could send them post cards from Nevada and every place that I might travel.

I had told Mrs. Brush that Nevada was a rockhound's paradise, and she wondered

if I would send a few specimens. I gathered together quite a variety, gold and silver and copper ore, and copper blister—that's the scum from the top of the copper kettles and which hardened in beautiful shapes and colors. Then I sent pieces of mercury, scheelite, iron pyrite, flourspar, obsidian, arrowheads, fossils with leaves imprinted on them, other fossils from caves with skeletons of very tiny fish on them, wonder stones beautifully polished by many years of being washed and rolled around in the streams and prehistoric lakes, so pretty they looked good enough to eat, and best of all, an ichthyosaur bone with an amanite attached to it.

It happened that when I gathered this collection together, the issue of the Nevada magazine published by the state had an article about Ichthyosaur Park and I sent it along also. This was close to Christmas time, and instead of Christmas cards to each pupil, I sent the picture postcards telling of Nevada, even a prospector's burro and a rattlesnake.

When school opened after Christmas vacation, the children told of their cards. Some of the parents even called Mrs. Brush to tell her that the children thought more of the cards from their pen pal than of the Christmas presents they had received. Mrs. Brush suggested that the children bring their cards to school and each one read theirs aloud. Then she made an exhibit of the collection of rocks, the picture of the ichthyosaur from the magazine, and all the postcards, and had a "Nevada day" session.

There was so much talk about the program that the class had had, that the Cleveland Plain Dealer heard of it. They asked permission to photograph the exhibit. -J was quite surprised to receive a copy of the Cleveland Plain Dealer with the picture and a nice article telling of the Nevada pen pal of Mrs. Brush's fourth grade. The Cleveland Plain Dealer at that time was

150 years old and had a circulation of 3013,000. In the article Mrs. Brush commented that no class had a better opportunity to learn history, geography, English, and science than had her class through their pen pal in Nevada. You might wonder where the English lesson came in. Each letter they wrote in was an English lesson. They were corrected and then rewritten to send on to me.

For Valentine's day I made heart-shaped cookies and heart-shaped chocolate and white fudge. I wrote with frosting the name of each student on them. I packed them carefully and they went through in perfect shape. I didn't leave out the teacher. They had, Mrs. Brush wrote, a nice party.

I continued to send cards to the class for several years from Mexico, Hawaii and the Bahamas, and gradually a few stopped writing. And as time went on, a few more, until now I hear from only four, Mrs. Brush, Diane Lloyd, Missy Thomson, and Robert Saville. The two girls will be married this year, 1967, and Robert Seville is still in college. Strange to say, I hear most frequently from Robert, long newsy letters as if he was writing to one his own age instead of an eighty year-old grandmother pen pal. Missy Thomson is a bank clerk and Diane Lloyd is an accomplished pianist and organ player. She has had a number of pupils and plays the church organ for church services and for many weddings.

One member of the class, Robert Ziegler, was a retarded youngster. It was interesting to watch the progress he was making in his letters to me. In Mrs. Brush's final school letter, she said that the letters Robert wrote to me were his best school work of the year. That alone made this pen pal project about the most rewarding thing I had ever done.

In June of 1954, Fallon had a bad earthquake. We were awakened about 3:30

a.m. with a heavy rumble and a terrific shaking. The wires at the nearby substation were slapping together causing loud explosive noises and lightening flashes. A Navy commander lived across the street, and when he saw the flashes and heard the noise at the substation he was sure that the Navy base was being bombed. I was the only one sleeping downstairs. In a matter of minutes, four frightened people came downstairs. We sat in awed silence in the living room with the french doors rattling and the chandeliers swinging. Our house was an old house and had weighted windows. This heavy weight banging added to the weirdness.

Finally I suggested we would probably be better off sitting in the car in the yard. We could hear our neighbors all outside in their yards, so we drove next door. Mr. Ray Couch had already been downtown on Maine Street, and said it was covered with bricks from the cornices of the buildings, and some of the smaller stores had roofs caved in from the bricks that fell. Many people lost their chimneys and had dishes and food thrown from the cupboards. We were lucky. Nothing was tipped over or broken, and our chimney intact. It was a brick chimney. The conversation all day long was about damage done.

Stillwater was hit real hard, bad trenches three and four feet deep and from six inches to six feet wide were numerous. The Indian cemetery was a shambles, and in many places water and mud and sand spouted from the earth. On the Charles and Hammie Kent places, haystacks were tumbled over and chicken houses were hanging over deep trenches, cupboards emptied of canned and bottled goods, and, of course, the glass jars broke, making a nasty mess.

Places on Highway 50 dropped a couple of feet. On the days following there were many

aftershocks. We were almost afraid to go to bed. Then came August and another quake.

I think I'd like to go back just a little bit. Two of my grandchildren from Oakland were here for the summer. They had been given bombing drills at their schools, so when Melody was awakened thinking surely that the Navy base was being bombed, she screamed to her brother in the next room to get under the bed, with one breath, and "Dear God, save us," with the next, but she didn't get under the bed. Bill was holding Helen in bed, and she was reaching out holding a floor lamp from falling over. I had been told always to stand in a door frame if possible. I stepped into the bathroom that had two doors and a window for protection. The window was open and I kept calling to the ones upstairs not to be afraid and it would be over in a minute. Ricky, my grandson, opened his mouth with a yell and he didn't seem to stop until the heavy shock was over. Just a long continuous yell. Then came August and another quake, maybe not quite so bad as the first one as it was not so close to town.

It was early December when number three got us out of bed. Had this one been nearer to Fallon, I think it would have been the worst one. This one centered in the Dixie Valley area and made crevices in the earth many miles long and some quite wide and deep. One never gets used to earthquakes. You just feel so helpless when this old earth rolls and tosses.

During the years and prior to these quakes that we had lived in Fallon we had experienced several smaller quakes, but I hope I shall never be awakened by another earthquake. These last three were enough for a lifetime. Fortunately, they happened at the time of day when the stores were closed and no traffic on the streets and there were no casualties or deaths from any of the three. I was told the seismograph at the University

of Nevada records tremors almost constantly. Only occasionally are these quakes felt.

The next few years following Mr. Blair's death, I did not participate in very many of Fallon's activities. And as Governor Russell was elected in 1950, and we had also a Republican President, the political situation was calm as far as I was concerned.

In 1956, Helen and Bill and I had a delightful trip to Hawaii. A trip to the Hawaiian Islands is often spoken of as a trip to Paradise. It really was just that. It was Christmas time and delightfully warm, and such a profusion of beautiful flowers and lush vegetation. We stayed at the Moana Hotel and every day we sat under the huge banyan tree which shaded an open court with tables and chairs where refreshments were served, and dinner in the evening. The hotel was sort of built around this historic tree. We were told that it was the tree under which Robert Louis Stevenson had sat when he wrote his stories and poems of the Pacific. Of course, we all know perhaps the most famous one, Treasure Island. We were also told that Princess Liliuokalani and her pet peacocks came there to visit with him. The monkey pod tree is more beautiful than the banyan, because of its symmetry and size.

We rented a car, as our time was our own. We visited points of interest and had a tour of the island. The Mormon Temple was an inspiring sight; built and landscaped to be eye-catching. We saw Pearl Harbor and the sunken Arizona only from the roadside as the hours to go in were past when we arrived back on that side of the island.

All too soon our time was up, and we were homeward bound by plane as we had come. The trip then was made each way in an unbelievable eight hours from San Francisco.

After having spent such a delightful warm vacation in the wintertime of '56, we

planned another for '57, this time to Mazatlan, Mexico. This called for smallpox vaccination; not necessary to get into Mexico, but very necessary to get back into the United States. This trip could not compare in any way to our Hawaiian trip, just the climate, which was nice and warm. The motel where we stayed had ocean beach view from one door and the other door opened onto a landscaped lagoon.

On this trip we took two of my grandsons from Oakland, Mickey and Ricky Blair. We arrived in Mazatlan in a rainstorm, and hired a Mexican taxi to take us to the motel. Right here, let me say, that I had often wondered what became of the used cars in the United States. And, I am sure I found out, for those Mexican taxis were the most dilapidated vehicles you could imagine. Our driver had apparently been imbibing tequila, for after we were seated we had a crazy ride. He finally got the wreck started and although it was only a little over a mile to our motel, he stopped several times to get out and wipe the rain off the headlights. There was a small rise in the road as we approached the motel and in shifting the gears, he killed the engine. When he finally got it started again the car gave a leap forward, the door on my side flew open and I all but flew out. When we pulled up to the motel and Bill asked him the charge, he said, "Four dollars." Bill objected and went to the desk to find out what it should be. The man was charging about double.

The most exciting thing we did while there was to charter a fishing boat and go out to ocean water to fish. Helen was the lucky fisherman. She caught a fish weighing over a hundred pounds. It took forty-five minutes to land the fish. It was exciting to see it fight and leap high out of the water. I think its common name is the sailfish. Bill and one of the grandsons each caught a dolphin. These weighed about sixty pounds each. We came

close to a large sea turtle, and the crew forgot who was fishing and paying for the trip while they stopped the boat to catch the turtle. They turned it upside-down on the top of the cabin and tied it down with ropes. I understand that nothing of a turtle is wasted, that it is quite a delicacy, and the shell is valuable.

During this operation while the boat was still and the motor idling the gasoline fumes got me down and I began to feel ill. About this time Helen said she was hungry and would someone pass her a sandwich from the lunchboxes. As she took a bite, that was all I needed and I didn't make it to the rail. When we got in motion again I was good as new. Short sight-seeing trips were about all else there was to do.

One trip to the big market was something. The most unsanitary conditions you might imagine. Live poultry standing on the counters of the butcher shop. Large pans of butter and other foods not covered and flies crawling all over them.

The churches were beautiful structures, both inside and out. It was Christmas and New Year's time and it seemed we could hear string bands playing almost everywhere we went. Every afternoon for the entertainment of the children who were guests at the hotel, a piñata was hung on a rope and the children took turns hitting it with a stick to break it open. It contained wrapped candies and goodies which would scatter when broken and the children would scramble to see who could get the most pieces. The piñata was a large paper ball, and someone would be at the end of the rope pulling it up and down to make hitting it very difficult.

We tried to be choosy about our food for we had heard if you ate or drank things you shouldn't you would get dysentery. We fared pretty well until about time to leave. They had some pills you could take, so we were

not too inconvenienced. A New Year's Eve celebration in the motel dining room was very dull, especially so if you have ever spent a New Year's celebration in San Francisco. As we returned home I stopped off for a visit with the E. W. Blairs in Pasadena.

1958 was an election year, and Governor Russell announced he would seek a third term. I didn't think third or longer terms were necessary for any executive and when I learned Grant Sawyer would be a candidate on the Democratic ticket, I became a bad Republican and threw what influence I thought I had into the Sawyer campaign. Rex Bell was the lieutenant governor and a close friend of mine, and I told him what I was going to do. Naturally, he told Governor Russell, and when Charlie and Marge were on their way to the horse races or fair in Elko on Labor Day, they stopped to see me and talk it over. I told the governor that my little Spudnut Shop was like a miniature Gallup Poll, and I gathered from the conversations that I overheard that voters were against the third term. Charlie was sure I was wrong, but I offered to bet him that if Grant Sawyer won the nomination in the primaries that he, Charles would be defeated in the general election. I'm afraid I at once became a so-called enemy and I have never had a visit with either of them since, nor the usual Christmas card.

This was the fall of 1958, and we were doing extensive remodeling on the Spudnut Shop. Our very popular little shop had become small, and our nice customers were asking for more services than we were offering. We operated for awhile as the remodeling went on, but finally had to close down as the walls were broken or cut into to join up the new part. It was well into November before we could open for full operations again.

The election by this time was over and Grant Sawyer elected. (I didn't tell before that

Grant Sawyer and his two brothers while still of school-age, came every summer to spend their vacations in Fallon with their father, Dr. H. W. Sawyer and their step-mother, Byrd. I usually had a houseful of young people at the same time and the Sawyer boys were frequent visitors in our home. Milo and Pete were the names of Grant's brothers. Milo became a Baptist minister and preached his first sermon as a guest minister of the Fallon Baptist Church. Pete became a doctor and started his career in San Francisco. Pete married a Fallon girl, one of the Best girls. Milo later located in the Midwest, but passed away later a few years from a serious illness.)

Doctor and Byrd and myself worked diligently to get Grant elected. This election over with was followed by the usual lull in politics. I was not disappointed in Grant as a governor, but I returned to the Republican ranks again and did not support him for his second term, but he was reelected.

This year was building expansion at the shop and our Christmas trip was only to Oakland to my son Bud's for the holiday.

In 1959, we planned to go to the Bahamas. Marian Trabert from Reno planned to go with us. Our trips were always at the Christmas holiday time. This time we flew from San Francisco to Chicago, another plane from there to Miami, Florida. The weather in Chicago was wet. We had about an hour's wait time. I sat in a wheelchair with everybody's coats on my lap while Bill and Helen and Marian explored the airport. It was O'Hare Airport and a big one. One wondered where so many people came from. There were several telephone booths, glass all around and lines of people all waiting to have a turn. I mention this to show how selfish people can be. The planes were all running late and passengers were calling friends, but the waiting line did not seem to disturb many of

them and they chatted on and on. Seats were scarce and the crowd milled around restlessly. It was the day before Christmas and it seemed that everyone was carrying gifts, the children dolls and furry toys.

At last our plane was called, and we were enplaned. It was still raining. We soon gained the proper altitude, about 30,000 feet, and the air was quite turbulent. After a time, the pilot asked permission to fly higher to see if he could get above the turbulence. It was granted, but apparently the air was full of pockets. We really rocked and dipped. The stewardesses served the meal but apologized for no liquids, no water, milk, or tea or coffee. The solids couldn't spill. And most of the food was taken away undisturbed for the passengers were beginning to think they were on the ocean instead of in the air and stomachs too upset to eat. We finally ran out of the disturbances and when we landed at Atlanta, Georgia, emergency lunches were brought aboard.

Our next stop, Miami. We spent the night here and after breakfast next morning, we were enplaned again and headed for Nassau. We were not flying very high and the ocean was beautiful, greenish-blue and clear, and many times you could see the ocean floor below the water. Also they kept telling us "there's the underground river, you can see it. It's a different color." I guess it was the Gulf Stream we were looking at.

After having seen Hawaii I guess I thought the Bahamas would be about the same, but the terrain was very different; no towering mountain peaks and just low, rolling lands. Where the land was not developed or inhabited, it was covered with low-growing, dense brush. sort of like Nevada's mesquite.

Our travel bureau had put us up in a hotel in the heart of Nassau. We weren't too happy with it and Helen and Marian explored

around and found a nicer hotel right on the beach, the British Colonial Hotel.

There was something interesting to do every minute of the time, day and night if you could extend your day that much. For instance, a ride in a buggy with the fringe on top. This trip took us to the old fort built at the time of the sea pirates in the early 1700's. Inside the fort were waxworks that simulated the occupation of the fort. A boat trip to the outer islands and bathing beaches. From the boat we were shown private docks leading to the homes of the millionaires on some of the islands. They were wonderful places for the homes of the millionaires.

There were two more forts on the island apparently built because of trouble with the pirates and other ships trying to capture the island prevalent at this time. The "queen's staircase" of sixty-five steps carved out of solid rock by the slaves in 1793, led to the rear of Fort Fincastle.

There were wonderful places to eat and we tried a lot of them. One restaurant had a glass swimming tank and while you ate you could watch mermaids swimming. Then there was Bloody Mary's, which was a crude sort of place, but not so bloody. Another was famous for its steel drum orchestra whose instruments were made from oil barrels, each one tuned in some way to make the proper tones. The native singers at these places were pleasant to listen to.

Another buggy trip to the Ardastra Gardens and here were the trained flamingos, about fifty of them, trained to parade position. Hard to believe what you were seeing, but delightful.

We spent New Year's Eve at the British Colonial. The help in Nassau is all Negro. It was interesting to watch the waiters swinging to time as the orchestra played during dinner. Bill took a number of silver dollars on the

trip and he gave them as tips. You should have seen the waitresses and waiters showing them off. I think some of them wondered if they were real. After the New Year had come in I went to bed, but Bill and Helen and Marian went out to see the sights. This is the night of the "junkano," a native celebration. Some of weirdest costumes that you could ever imagine, all with fantastic headpieces and the costumes were all made of paper of every color and description. The ages of the performers ranged from children four or five up to the adult ages. There was a rhythmic type of music played, and they danced sort of springy jig steps. The dance started about one and lasted until about ten o'clock in the morning. Certain streets were blocked off and they covered the same route time and time again as time wore on. In order to do this exhaustive parading they started to practice about September, so many hours each day. I think Marian, Helen, and Bill came to the hotel for me about six o'clock. I really had not slept much for you could hear the dancing divisions coming in every so often.

The basket market was quite famous. Each sales person had his own stall and you could watch them weaving purses, bags, hats, and just everything that could be woven from straw. Intricate patterns were woven with colored straw. This sort of shopping was a bit dull for Bill, and when we missed him we could usually find him window gazing at an import perfumery store or in amazement at the prices displayed in the liquor window. And they don't charge any duty for you to bring it back to the mainland. The prices there are really quite ridiculous; they are so cheap compared to those on the mainland.

We left Nassau and the brief plane trip landed us back in Miami. We had hotel reservations in Miami Beach, and unless you actually see it, it is hard to imagine the lush

hotels of Miami Beach. The Fontainebleau, the Americana, and the Eden Rock at this time the newest and plushiest. We stayed at a nice hotel, but not of this expensive type. Our hotel was the Lombardi. Marian left us here and went on to Jamaica.

Our highlight trip while there was up the Indian Creek or River across the Biscayne Lake on up to Fort Lauderdale. On both sides of the Indian Creek were homes of millionaires. Each had a boat landing and faced or backed on a road. This ground had been dredged out of the water, and the bridges connected them with the mainland. Notable among the homes were the Woolworths of the five-and-ten and McKnight of Scotch tape, and Gene Tunney. Our vacation time was growing short. On the trip up the river the boatman also said that many of the beautiful homes they couldn't mention the names of them because the people wouldn't allow their names to be told as to whom the homes belonged.

And then also a sight to be seen was a dredger digging way down deep into the tule mud ground and dumping it up high and you'd see the water running out of it. And in some places, signs, "This lot sold" or "For sale," making new land for sale in Florida. And that's how most all of this land where all these millionaire homes were built was dredged up out of the water and made solid land.

The boat up the river made stops on the way to Fort Lauderdale; one at a Seminole Indian village and another to see some Indians fight with alligators. At the Indian village before we got off to go among the tents and so forth, the man who steered the boat told us to get the small change out of our purses because the little Indian kids all expect money when you come ashore.

We left Miami late in the afternoon and made a stop at Vero Beach. Our former Fallon friend, Vera Moore, lived at Vero Beach. As

everyone knows, Vero Beach is where the Dodgers training quarters is located. Being an avid baseball fan, we went to see the park. There were many playing fields laid out, homes for the higher-ups and dorms for the aspiring players. It was quite a layout. Let me say here that when the Dodgers were in Brooklyn, they were my team, always so near to the championship; but never quite there. I think I have always pulled for the underdog. When the Giants and Dodgers moved to the West Coast, the Dodgers at once became my arch enemy, for they went to Los Angeles and the Giants to San Francisco, my favorite city.

The Ocean Grill in Vero Beach was an interesting spot. Here we saw the largest wrought-iron lamp shade in the world and wrought-iron grill brought from a cathedral in Spain, and the largest known one-piece solid mahogany dining table.

From Vero Beach our hostess drove us to Orlando, Florida, where we enplaned to New Orleans. Somewhere between Vero Beach and Orlando, Florida, I am quite sure I heard Vera say that in the distance was Cape Canaveral, where all of the air experiments were going on.

Our vacation time was growing short and New Orleans lay ahead of us. Here we stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel. We took bus trips through and around New Orleans, the old French quarter, so interesting with its grilled iron architecture and the homes with iron gates and gardens leading into them, veritable little garden courts they were, and you could just peek through because the iron gates and the grill was up in front to keep you from going in. You just didn't go in without an invitation.

There was one fence that was called the "corn fence" and it was made like corn stalks growing and ears of corn all out of iron work. It was beautiful. Gardens leading up to them as if they were seeking seclusion. The above-

ground cemetery where you paid rent for some of the vaults and if the rent wasn't paid the vaults would be emptied and re-rented. And, of course, a haunted house. That, even today, is held in awe. Jackson Square where stands the beautiful St. Louis Cathedral was erected in the early 1700's. And we dined at the famous Antoine's restaurant. Our stay here was much too short and we were aboard a plane enroute to San Francisco via Los Angeles.

The same year, 1959, we again made a change in the Spudnut Shop. We needed more dining space, particularly at the noon hour. This time we took in what had been the attractive front porch; of course, it had to be made wider. By now my building investment in the Spudnut Shop was close to \$40,000, not counting the values of the lot.

1960 perhaps, was the most exciting and thrilling year at the Spudnut. The Wheat Institute of America and the National Restaurant Association put on a sandwich contest each year, and Helen sent in some recipes. The decision as to the best sandwich took many weeks. Finally, twenty of the best were selected, the decision being made by judges trained in home economics and other food services.

It was in April that Helen was notified that hers was in the twenty best sandwiches. In May at the National Restaurant convention, her sandwich was selected to be in the top ten and at the close of this convention she had been selected as in the top three. Photographers came to take her picture in many poses. Then she was notified to be in New York on July the twenty-eighth for the final judging. From the time of the top twenty to this point the suspense was terrific. The little town of Fallon was really stirred when the Spudnut Shop was called from New York to tell us that Helen had won first prize and she was the sandwich queen of the United States.

Besides the trip to New York for two, for the final selection, she was awarded a trip to Europe for two and five hundred dollars in cash. Helen was on Dave Garroway's T.V. "Today" show and on KOLO in Reno. And all the leading newspapers and many magazines of the United States carried the story and her picture and her recipe for the "Atlasta good beef" sandwich.

The following year, her sandwich, a "glazed gobbler," was in the top ten, and the association wrote her that it was the first time that a winner of the year before had come back in the top ten again. The "Atlasta good beef sandwich" has been a popular item of food in the Spudnut Shop. During the three years following, we had made and sold 22,661, and that many, or probably more in the years following up to the present time.

This year our holiday trip was to the Bay area. We made two more trips to Hawaii. In 1961, our trip was very interesting. We had already covered the islands of Oahu and Kauai on our first trip. This 1961 trip was made by jet plane and we were in the air just a little more than four hours from San Francisco—hard to realize that such a distance could be covered in so few hours. This time we did more island-hopping and stopped on Maui on our way to the big island, Hawaii. Maui had interesting sights; this island was the seat of the whaling vessels in the last century. The whales came down there to the warm water surrounding Maui, to have their young. Many of the early buildings and the jail still stand. Apparently the whalers imbibed quite freely and spent a great deal of time in jail sobering up. The big island carries many scars of the volcanic eruption, and the trip around the island from Hawaii to Kona via the big crater Volcano House was spectacular. There were large coffee plantations and ferns growing like small trees, flowers in abundance, and

such beautiful orchids. Kona coffee is a real strong coffee, and is used by a great many coffee companies as the blend in their coffees.

In 1964, we were again Hawaii-bound, this time accompanied by the two youngest granddaughters, Janet from Pasadena and Valery from Oakland. It is a delightful place for youngsters, and both the girls learned to ride the surfboards. This trip was also made by jet from San Francisco in a remarkably short flying time. We spent New Year's Eve at Waikiki. There is a large Chinese population there. I don't think I ever heard such a noisy one, millions and millions of firecrackers. The grandchildren tape recorded the New Year's noises.

In 1964, Helen and Bill flew to God's lake in Canada near Hudson Bay country to do their fishing. In 1965, the trip was to the interior of British Columbia. And in 1966, to the Great Bear Lake near the Arctic Ocean. In each of these areas the fishing was fabulous and as they traveled to these places by plane—the only way to get there—they brought home both fresh and frozen fish. These fishing trips were not for me, so I remained at home to look after things here. I mention all of these vacation trips for they were very special events to me in my life, and the Spudnut Shop and Helen and Bill made them all possible.

I am going back now to some things that I have nearly overlooked. In 1952, Fallon completed an airport. Before this, there was a small landing strip, and a few private planes took off and landed there. When the city of Fallon took it over, the necessary area was black-topped, electricity and telephone, water, and all of the usual facilities were installed for the use of the public.

For many years, I had wished there was some way that I could get some electrical services for the Indian colonies. When I inquired as to what the cost of the project

would be, I was told that it would be in the neighborhood of \$2,000 for the poles, lines, labor, and transformers. I knew I could never get that much financial help, so it just seemed wishful thinking. Then one day when I drove to the colony to talk to Eva Austin who worked for me, I saw an electric line going directly across the colony. As soon as I was back in town I made inquiries to find out if we could hang a transformer on the big pole that was directly in the middle of the colony. I was told yes, if I could pay \$385 for the transformer. The line to each house and meter deposit would be about \$39. It took a little courage and quite a little time to start and complete solicitations from lodges, city clubs, stores, drink emporiums, individuals, and wherever I thought I saw a donation. Letters to be written took time and there was footwork up and down Maine Street; it also took time. At that same time I was getting up at 4:00 a.m. to start operations at the Spudnut Shop and closing said shop around eleven at night.

When I solicited aid from the merchants, I told them they could not lose, for these people in the colony, after getting electricity, would be customers for all sorts of electrical appliances, and at Christmas time, lights and accessories for Christmas trees. I was right, for they bought washing machines and electric irons and so forth. I had Mr. Blair drive me out to the colony on Christmas Eve, and almost every house had a lighted tree and two of them had outside trees. I felt so happy and proud to have helped them.

Of course, my primary object had been the little church. The minister, the Reverend William F. Plants, had knowledge of wiring, so there was no cost to this work. The other residents of the colony helped one another, and when everybody had completed the work, I told the TCID they were ready for meter installation. The meter deposit was to be paid

by each individual user. The district agreed, at my request, to divide these payments over several months. I had collected around \$425, and the transformer, as I said, cost \$385. When the church wiring was completed, all the meters installed, Reverend Plants wanted to have a dedication service. I attended the service that evening and a very grateful colony of people heaped their thanks and prayers upon me. The extra money I collected I gave to the church to pay monthly light bills as long as it lasted.

Some people were skeptical that I could do the project. One of them, Andrew Drumm, Jr., said, when I approached him for a donation, "Minnie, you'll never do it. I'll tell you what I'll do, if you can get \$350, I'll give you fifty dollars." He was surprised, I think, when one day I returned with my subscription list and I had collected the \$350. He promptly handed me a check for fifty.

Another surprise contribution was from a former Fallon resident, Mrs. Charles O. Leighty. She read of the project in the Fallon Standard, to which she was still a subscriber. She sent me a check for five dollars. I have a clipping in my files telling about it, and also a clipping about the lighting project.

When the town of Fallon was started, the Indians were on a reservation near Stillwater. Many residents of Fallon hired Indian women to help with the laundry and housework. The reservation was about fourteen miles from Fallon, and too far for the women to walk to work. Several families took up adobe on the edge of Fallon and the sanitary conditions became bad, so steps were taken to move them further from the town. A piece of ground was located and given to them near Rattlesnake Hill. This was ground still with federal controls, and just a small acreage of it on the south side of the canal which ran through the colony was all that could be cultivated. It

was a dreary place to say the least, bordered on one side by a city dump and on the other side the cemetery. The city water tank was atop of Rattlesnake Hill, and a pipeline was laid to the colony with one faucet for the entire colony. They carried the water by bucketsful to supply their needs.

Shortly after I helped them get the electricity, I approached the city engineer to talk water. I asked him if the Indians dug their own pipeline and furnished their own pipe, would he consent to tap a line at a point where the pipelines could be run to the houses. It took a lot of persuasion, but the engineer finally consented. So now several families had water in their homes for which they paid the city one dollar per month.

Things seemed serene for a few years and then another thing happened. I think it started when someone wanted to buy Rattlesnake Hill and the land where the colony was. As usual, the Indians came to me for help. The ground had been pronounced a no man's land. I immediately contacted the Bureau of Land Management, wrote letters of the situation to our senators and congressmen, and it took some time, but the result was that the title of the land was returned to the real owners. I cannot say just why the Indians adopted me as a helper, but they came to me for all kinds of advice and help.

I want to tell also of the consolidation of the Churchill County schools. So many of the districts had a school system of their own. Every once in awhile, a district would petition to come into the Fallon schools. And in 1956 and 1957, the consolidation was completed. Of course, it meant more school buildings and more school bonds. The whole state of Nevada came into the same system. The legislature had a Peabody system investigation and decided the school funds could be more evenly distributed this way. There were a

few exceptions where the schools were too far removed to come into the system. One of them in Churchill County was in Dixie Valley, but the Churchill County School District controlled the policy of this school. This consolidation was not without protest from many of the schools in the Lahontan Valley. They thought it was a waste of money in the city of Fallon when school district all had school buildings. The rumbling finally ceased, and now the school buildings are used for farm bureau meetings and other district meetings and voting places at election time.

The earthquakes of 1954 caused considerable damage to some school buildings in Fallon, west end school particularly, and a new building was started there almost at once. It has since been considerably enlarged and other schools have been built, mainly Northside and the Elbert C. Best Junior High. And the consolidation called for a number of more and larger buses. I am very glad that my children had an opportunity to go through and finish high school in the Fallon schools. The reputation of the Fallon schools has spread beyond our immediate vicinity and some people moved to Fallon to avail themselves of the opportunity of such good schools.

The present city hall of Fallon was started in October of 1930, and completed in 1931. J. N. Tedford, Sr., was mayor at that time, and the following men were successive mayors: Tom Kendrick, E. H. Hursh, Daniel Evans, Jr., Dr. Hobart Wray, and J. N. Tedford, Jr., who is now the present mayor.

Across the street from the city hall was built the new volunteer firemen's building. This was done in 1950. The story of our volunteer fire department is a fascinating one. There are no paid firemen, and always a list of Fallon citizens awaiting to be a volunteer. Only so many can belong to the volunteer

firemen and a vacancy is created only by resignation, retirement after twenty years of service, or death. They hold regular meetings and members seldom miss a meeting. Once a month, there is a social meeting with a sort of pot luck supper. The reception room is always open and furnished with comfortable furniture so firemen at leisure may drop in any time. Sometimes the room has been used for marriage ceremonies. Besides the city volunteers, there is also a county unit. I am very sure that Churchill County is very proud of its volunteer firemen.

Fallon had many growing pains since I came here in 1924. Business has drifted away from the two blocks of Maine Street and out Williams Avenue and also out Taylor. What was the Sam Mon ranch, originally the Williams estate, almost entirely a residential district now. This has been taken in by the city of Fallon, but many residences have been built adjoining this area, one called Manchester Manor. In driving over the valley now, 1967, one finds many of the smaller ranches have been cut up and sold in small tracts and there are many beautiful homes built on these small acreages. Maine Street has gone through several face-liftings and is now quite aglow with neon signs and it looks very gay in the evening.

The Churchill County Telephone Company is another thing that has had an interesting expansion. After I had been in Fallon just a short time, it was common talk that the telephone company made enough profit to pay the county's monthly expense. This may not be entirely true, but earnings were good. When the dam was constructed the government built and maintained its own telephone system, and in 1917, the county took over the system and agreed to maintain it and give the government free services. This agreement remained in effect until 1946, when the county purchased what was left of

the old government plant and again started charging the government for their services.

Improvement in the telephone company was constant from the telegraph system purchased from the Western Union in 1889, then in 1896 to talking instruments. In 1902, this single-line magnetic system was so overloaded that a switchboard became necessary, and was purchased and installed in the I. H. Kent Company store. The rent of the space was eight dollars per month. As the system grew, rules and regulations were established, two of which were, no vulgar, profane, or obscene language would be permitted, and "please do not spit tobacco juice into the transmitters."

In 1917, the switchboard and associated lines were moved into the new courthouse where they remained for four years. In 1911, the county built its own building to handle its business. That building still stands, but has been added on to. And in 1960, plans were laid for an extensive expansion of the system.

In 1933, in spite of the depression, the growth and needs were such that the system went into a more modern common battery type of operation. Almost every year for the next few years, new switchboard space was needed and toll lines out of Fallon added. Of course, a great deal of this expansion was due to the increased business from the Fallon Navy base. After V-J Day in 1945, this business came to a halt, and with a sizable number of spare telephones on hand we wondered when we would ever use them all. However, the economy of Fallon was moving ahead, and before long the surplus was gone and the company in the market for more instruments. By 1953, the capacity of the exchange switchboard was reached and the next move forward would be dial operation.

On October 1, 1954, the county put it into operation. It was believed this expansion

would take care of the next fifteen to twenty years. However, the growth and demands knocked that forecast out completely. The dial system only covered the local area. However, a year or so later, telephone users could dial to many long distance cities. The Churchill County Telephone Company had come a long way since 1889. The original cost was \$974, and now the county has an equity of more than one million dollars. Of course, a great deal of this expansion was due to the reactivation of the Navy base and the Air Force base here.

When World War II was over, the Navy installation was completely closed, just one hanger and two or three other buildings left. Then came the Korea disturbance and now the Viet Nam "trouble." (No war has been declared, so I don't know what they call it.)

When they first decided to build an air base in Fallon, we understood it would be an Army air base. After the land was acquired and the necessary surveying and leveling done the plans were changed, and the Navy took over. It was to be an auxiliary station to Alameda. Hawthorne, nearby, was an ammunition base, a Marine base.

Fallon's economy was certainly increased when the base was completed. Many people didn't like this idea of so many sailors being stationed here—I guess they were afraid for their teenage daughters. I'd like to say the Navy boys were pretty well behaved. In fact, a great many of them married Fallon girls.

This big installation was almost completely removed after World War II, only to be again restored to activity in the 'fifties. When the first installation was torn down, the recoverable materials were given to the Indians on nearby reservations. How much of it was ever used is doubtful, for I heard from several observers that it's just dumped in piles like kindling wood. Too bad so much waste just has to go

on in government operations. Now as I said, it all had to be rebuilt and large sum has just been approved for further improvement; this in 1967.

Going back again to June 24, 1961, I received a letter from Kay Parson, president of the Soroptimist Club of Fallon, telling me I was to be nominated an honorary member on June the twenty-ninth, and would I be her guest for the evening.

The Fallon-Churchill County Library has finally become a reality and will be dedicated on April 16, 1967. There have been many contributing members, various kinds of sales, memory donations, and finally with the federal funds and Fleischmann donation, the library site was selected and construction began. The library has a hard-working board namely William Davis, chairman; Pat (Mrs. Beryl) Boden, Joanna (Mrs. Jack) Ross; Dorothy (Mrs. Erb) Austin; and Bud Berney, E. S., Jr.; and Dora (Mrs. Edward, J. Jr.) Witt, who is the librarian. Mrs. Witt's sister Norma, Mrs. Emery Morgan, has been a tireless worker for the success of the project and has been joined by many of the schoolteachers and members of the various clubs and organizations in Fallon. The building is a fine structure and Fallon can be justly proud of its new county library.

Now a swimming pool is being planned. The present one has served since in the 1930's and is in need of so much repair and equipment that it isn't wise, I've been told, to spend any money on it. Something called an Olympic type pool is planned, but like most projects there is the cost. Money is not easy to come by these days. The Fleischmann Fund committee has been approached but no promises yet have been made to help us. The city and county are both working to secure funds for the project.

CONCLUSION

I have spoken of my children through the various interviews that have been taped. I'd like to put them all together in a final paragraph.

Helen was the first born. This was in Goldfield in 1910. Two years later Seward James, S.J., came to keep her company, their birthdays separated by only two hours. F. W. and I were pleased with our children. They were both good babies, and well behaved as children. I was never embarrassed by them when I took them out with me.

When a Ford car came into our lives we made many camping and fishing trips. We always laid out limits for them while we were fishing and I am happy to say they were obedient. Only on a very few occasions, and I recall only one, that Buddy, as Seward was called, ventured closer to the creek and, of course, was punished by his daddy. This was out of the ordinary, for F. W. left the spanking, if necessary, to me. But a spanking from his daddy left a lasting impression and we did not have to worry ever again.

We had moved to Tonopah before our third baby came, ten years after Buddy's coming. The older two just worshipped the new baby and he, Ernest William, Jr., called Billy, responded to their adoration and our love by seeing what we called a little bit of heaven. So we were really blessed with three fine, healthy children. Now in 1967, they all—and have been for years—happily married.

Helen and her husband Bill have no children. I am happy to have them living with me. They are the owners of the much-enlarged Spudnut Shop which I started in 1949.

Bud located in Oakland, married Ruth Ann Hatch, and they are parents of five children: Melody Ann, Michael John, Richard Scott, Kenneth Lee, and Valery Joan, and five great grandchildren, Robin, Kevin, and Coleen Moore—Melody's children. The latter two were twins. Lynette and Scott are the children of Michael John. Richard Scott and Mary have been married not quite a year and live also in Oakland. Richard "Ricky" is employed by Xerox. Michael by Kaiser, and

Melody's husband Roger by IMB in San Jose. Kenneth "Kenny" will enter UC this fall, 1967, and Valery is in high school. Bud has been an engineer with Owens Glass in Oakland for twenty-eight years.

Bill and Margaret have their roots planted in southern California, Pasadena. Their family is two teenage girls, Constance Diane in College at UCLA, and Janet C. in high school. Marg is teaching school and Bill an engineer for IMC in Maywood, California.

I am proud of my children, grandchildren, and the young great-grandchildren and my memoirs would be incomplete without them.

Somehow, and I do not know why, friendships we made in the mining camps were so deep-rooted and lasting, I think I shall always remember my fifteen years in Tonopah and Goldfield as the best years of my married life. Those were the young years, the time when we were blessed with the birth of our children. I am not complaining of the years in Fallon, for here too, I seem to have been surrounded by wonderful people. Circumstances have been so different from those that I have related in previous paragraphs; I really worked hard accomplishing the comforts I enjoy today.

APPENDIX A: DISTINGUISHED NEVADAN AWARD

The time now is November 1967. It was just a little over a year since Mary Ellen Glass of the Desert Research Institute (D.R.I.) patiently listened to, and taped the "Story of my Life." I am hoping that some of the incidents recorded may be of use to students doing research for educational help.

Soon to be eighty-one, I didn't think that anything more could happen that would be of note. However on April 13, I received a letter from President Charles J. Armstrong, of the University of Nevada, telling me that the University Board of Regents had voted to confer upon me the Distinguished Nevadan Award at Commencement 1967. The letter brought tears to my eyes and a feeling of great humility. Anything that I had done for people, places, or things was always done from an inward desire to help wherever I could. No thought of recognition ever entered my mind.

Probably the presentation at the Commencement on June 3, of the award, was the greatest day of my life. No greater honor could have been achieved. The events prior to commencement were outstanding,

a banquet at the Holiday Hotel, given by the Board of Regents, the evening of June 2, honoring the honorees and their relatives, and at noon June 3, the luncheon for the honorees, given by President and Mrs. Armstrong, were delightful affairs.

I was privileged to have my nearest relatives present at the Banquet and they were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miliward of Fallon, Nevada, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Blair, son and daughter, Kenneth and Valery of Oakland, California, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Blair, Jr., and daughters Constance and Janet of Pasadena, California. Present at the luncheon with me were the Millwards, Helen and Bill.

The presentation of the Award was preceded by the following remarks from Dr. Fred Anderson, President of the Board of Regents, and the award presentation by Dr. Armstrong. Dr. Anderson:

Minnie P. Blair, a native of California came to Nevada in 1909 as the bride of Goldfield banker Ernest W. Blair. In 1919, the Blairs resided

in Tonopah, and at the decline of the Divide Boom in 1924, established residence in Fallon. On purchasing a ranch in the Fallon area, Mrs. Blair entered the poultry business, and after many years of hard work, established the distribution of Fallon turkeys as one of the area's most important industries, ultimately becoming nationally famous. Upon retiring from the poultry business, Mrs. Blair entered the restaurant business and was extremely successful in this venture, which she still supervises. She has always been extremely active in civic, charitable, and political affairs in every community in which she has resided, and while in Tonopah she organized and headed a charity fund for underprivileged residents there. Her works of charity have gained for her the widest respect throughout her adopted state. Mr. President, I present Minnie P. Blair as a Distinguished Nevadan.

Dr. Armstrong:

On behalf of the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada, I confer upon Minnie P. Blair the citation of Distinguished Nevadan, in recognition of her significant achievements contributing to the social, economic and cultural advancement and the human welfare of our State and Nation, and for exceptional service to the well-being of mankind.

I was a proud lady when I received a parchment telling of the event and was being applauded by the thousands in attendance. Truly a great moment. The

telegrams, congratulation cards, and gifts were overwhelming. One outstanding gift was from Molly Brush, teacher of my fourth grade pen pals. She had secured the present addresses of the now twenty-one year old former fourth graders and had them write letters and send their pictures which she put in a memory book and sent to me. A high-level teacher I'd say!

Arrangements had been made by the University for a special parking lot for the honorees guests and seats in a special section with names on for each guest.

Following the commencement a family re-union dinner for thirty-two was held at "Trader Dick's" in Sparks, and numbered in the group were five great grandchildren, Lynnette and Scott Blair, and Robin, Kevin, and Colleen Moore.

Helen and Bill arranged a wonderful surprise for my eighty-first birthday. They "flew" one of my fourth grade pen pals from Cleveland, Ohio to Fallon for the occasion. One of the three young people who had continued the pen pal correspondence for eleven years after fourth grade. It was Robert Saville that was selected to come. I had often expressed a desire to meet Robert, for from his letters he seemed a very fine young man. I was not disappointed when a tall 6' 2" young man sat down on a stool at the counter beside me in the Spudnut Shop. A few casual remarks and I realized who he was. I sort of felt like the Sleeping Beauty of fairy tale lories awakening to find the handsome fairy prince beside her. He was a handsome young man of twenty-one, and improved with acquaintance. It was so nice to finally meet one of the twenty-nine pen pals of 1955-1956. Incidentally, the two girls who had kept up the correspondence had June wedding plans, one, Diane Lloyd's ended happily, the other was sad. Missy Thomson's fiancé was a recently discharged Vietnam

veteran, and suffered a complete nervous breakdown, making marriage impossible, and the doctor says his recovery so remote that marriage is out of the question forever. Vietnam has caused much unhappiness.

This bring me close to the end of 1967. I am recovering nicely from emergency surgery on September 30, for a strangulated hernia, and am looking forward to the holidays ahead.

I hope the words I have written will have some value in the future for researchers. It has been a pleasure to recall to mind the events in my life.

APPENDIX B: “SPUD”

“SPUD”

During the taping of this memoir, our dog of fifteen years passed away, and I wrote his memoirs.

I remember that Christmas morning! Minnie and Helen came into the shed where my brothers, sisters and mother were with me. They looked us over rather discriminately, and selected me as the one to give to Bill. Vernon had told Minnie she could make a choice. Bill had never owned a dog, all his own, and it was to be his Christmas present. They tied a big red bow around my neck, with a Christmas card, and carried me into the house where Bill was waiting for us. He surely was surprised, and I could see he was pleased and ready to love me.

That was the beginning of almost fifteen years of life at Atlasta. Because Bill and Helen had come to Fallon to take over the Spudnut Shop, they named me Spud.

There were many things that I must learn, and I soon learned that I must remember the rules, for I didn't like the punishment for

disobedience, nor the cross words spoken with emphasis. There were limits to where I could go. I was not allowed in front of the Spudnut Shop, but Monday was the day the Shop was closed and that day, I was monarch of the front walk. I could lay down at the front door and it all belonged to me. There was always a cat, and I sometimes wondered why the cat could go into the house, but only on rare occasions was I allowed in. Black cats seemed to be favored, and I took it upon myself to police the yard and alarm the family if there was a stray cat or one dropped by thoughtless people. I never could understand how anyone could discard pets to shift for themselves. So natural for a cat to catch birds, and to them a bird was something to catch and eat. Many little pheasants, quail, robins and other song birds have been destroyed by hungry cats.

I grew to be a big dog. Although I was not a full Chesapeake, I had the color and appearance of one. Until I became fully acquainted with those who came to the Spudnut and Atlasta, I gave the alarm by

barking. Often people feared me, for I “barked” them right to the door.

On two different occasions, I had a prowler stopped in the yard. The prowler begged to call off the dog, but the police were called instead. This, of course, was late at night. With so many cars, I just didn’t see why people should walk, so I usually barked at people walking the road at night. If they had an intention of coming in, my bark would discourage them.

I heard people ask how old I was, and when told, they would multiply it by seven, as a comparative age to humans. I realized that a dog’s life was not too long, but I loved the people I lived with and wanted my life extended as long as possible. As I grew older I was plagued by the same conditions that attack humans, and arthritis really hit me hard. And I guess my digestive organs were not so good either. Days came when if I laid down, I needed help to get up, and I hurt so bad that I barked for help. Then my appetite left me completely. I could hardly breathe. Here was where I could be helped. A human in similar circumstances must go on, aided only by sedatives. A veterinarian was called, and he mercifully administered some shots that put me to sleep. But as I went to sleep watched by those who loved me, I was glad to have been their dog and thankful for my good life and their love.

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